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# CURRENT OPINION

*Edited by  
Edward J. Wheeler*

JANUARY, 1919

The League of Nations as the Central  
Problem at the Peace Conference

European Views of President Wilson's  
Personality and Power

What Constitutes the Freedom  
of the Seas?

By Frederick R. Coudert

Maeterlinck's Mystic Sequel to  
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*You have been so close to us through all the years of our struggles toward the light. Your hands outstretched to us have never been empty.*

**A**ND now we cry to you from the depths of a greater need than even our torn souls have ever known. In the name of pity—do not fail us!

There has been cruel suffering in our lands, massacre, famine, death. But the spirit of our people still lives, and calls to you across the sea to send help, lest we perish.

Our God is your God, and we bare our souls for your searching eyes that you may see how we have never de-

nied Him, nor shamed Him. When our world rocked in misery about us, in our torn and tortured bodies our hearts still cradled and sheltered the crucified Christ. We held true in our allegiance to God and humanity.

The people of the Near East are old in suffering. The way we have traveled has been via Dolorosa, the way of tears and blood. And now—we are so low in the dust that only your young, unshattered strength can raise us.

Around the world the news has gone, is ringing today clarion-clear, that America's men and America's women have never yet been called upon in vain to right a wrong, to protect the weak, to succor the defenseless. We cry to you, help us—America! We are Armenian, Syrian, Greek, Jew, and we speak strange tongues, but our need of you is so great. What is left of our children are starving. What is left of our men and women, young men and maidens, are without work, without shelter, without clothing, racked with disease. Open your great hearts and give, and our people will pay. In the years to come, how they will pay in return! You, who are so safe and strong beyond the reach of such misery as ours, open your heart to our cry.

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## THE BATTLE OF BELLEAU WOOD DESCRIBED BY SECRETARY DANIELS

["In all the history of the Marine Corps there is no such battle as that in Belleau Wood," writes Secretary Daniels in his report on the work of the American Navy in the war. "Men fell like flies," he tells us.]

IN the black recesses of Belleau Wood the Germans had established nest after nest of machine guns. There in the jungle of matted underbrush, of vines, of heavy foliage, they had placed themselves in positions they believed impregnable. And this meant that unless they could be routed, unless they could be thrown back, the breaking of the attack of June 2 would mean nothing. There would come another drive and another. The battle of Château-Thierry was therefore not won and could not be won until Belleau Wood had been cleared of the enemy.

It was June 6th that the attack of the American troops began against that wood and its adjacent surroundings, with the wood itself and the towns of Torcy and Buresches forming the objectives. At 5 o'clock the attack came, and there began the tremendous sacrifices which the Marine Corps gladly suffered that the German fighters might be thrown back.

The Marines fought strictly according to American methods—a rush, a halt, a rush again, in four-wave formation, the rear waves taking over the work of those who had fallen before them, passing over the bodies of their dead comrades and plunging ahead, until they, too, should be torn to bits. But behind those waves were more waves, and the attack went on.

"Men fell like flies," the expression is that of an officer writing from the field. Companies that had entered the battle 250 strong dwindled to fifty and sixty, with a Sergeant in command; but the attack did not falter. At 9:45 o'clock that night Buresches was taken by Lieutenant James F. Robertson and twenty odd men of his platoon; these soon were joined by two reinforcing platoons. Then came the enemy counter-attacks, but the Marines held.

IN Belleau Wood the fighting had been literally from tree to tree, stronghold to stronghold; and it was a fight which must last for weeks before its accomplishment in victory. Belleau Wood was a jungle, its every rocky formation forming a German machine-gun nest, almost impossible to reach by artillery or grenade fire. There was only one way to wipe out these nests—by the bayonet. And by this method were they wiped out, for United States Marines, bare-chested, shouted their battle-cry of "E-e-e-e y-a-a-h-h-yip!" charged straight into the murderous fire from those guns, and won!

Out of the number that charged, in more than one instance, only one would reach the stronghold. There, with his bayonet as his only weapon, he would either kill or capture the defenders of the nest, and then swinging the gun about in its position, turn it against the remaining German positions in the forest. Such was the character of the fighting in Belleau Wood; fighting which continued until July 6th, when after a short relief the invincible Americans finally were taken back to the rest billet for recuperation.

IN all the history of the Marine Corps there is no such battle as that one in Belleau Wood. Fighting day and night

(Continued on page iii)



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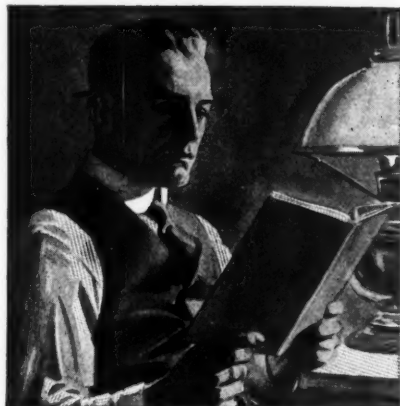
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(Continued from page i)

without relief, without sleep, often without water, and for days without hot rations, the Marines met and defeated the best divisions that Germany could throw into the line.

The heroism and doggedness of that battle are unparalleled. Time after time officers seeing their lines cut to pieces, seeing their men so dog-tired that they even fell asleep under shell-fire, hearing their wounded calling for the water that they were unable to supply, seeing men fight on after they had been wounded and until they dropped unconscious; time after time officers seeing these things, believing that the very limit of human endurance had been reached, would send back messages to their post command that their men were exhausted. But in answer to this would come the word that the lines must hold, and, if possible, those lines must attack. And the lines obeyed. Without water, without food, without rest, they went forward—and forward every time to victory.

### THE EX-KAISER AND FORMER CROWN PRINCE IN EXILE

["Nothing in history that aimed so high has ever fallen so low," says President Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia University, in a recent address, apropos of the German defeat. In illustration of this statement may be cited two accounts of the present plight of the ex-Kaiser and of his heir. The first, by George Renwick, appears in the *New York Times*.]

WITHIN the moated Castle of Amerongen William Hohenzollern is more isolated from the world than ever.

Day by day, most of the day he is in his study, where he sits alone writing, writing, always writing. Sheet after sheet of foolscap has the ex-Emperor covered with, they say, his replies to the world's dreadful arraignment against him. His private correspondence outward, too, is heavy apparently, but out of all proportion to the number of letters which reach him.

SO much we know, but there is still mystery enough about the Castle of Amerongen and its royal refugees. Strange whispers get abroad. There are those who dare hint that Amerongen will soon be free of its unwelcome guest, that at any moment he may disappear as unexpectedly as he came. Others speak of a complete physical breakdown and of the arrival from Germany of the ex-Kaiser's personal physician, of the ex-Majesty's early removal to a nursing home for nerve patients. They act and gossip, but there seems no change inside daily.

No feudal fastness was more faithfully guarded than Count Bentinck's castle. Half a dozen policemen stand always in the entrance. Others patrol the approaches and exits. On three sides of the Lordship of Amerongen there is a high wall, but the fourth is bordered beyond the moat by an open, public roadway, built on a dike. From this may be had a view of the garden and castle.

When I was there yesterday a thin rain was falling. No figure was to be seen under the dripping trees, and in the house there was no sign of life. Over many of the windows blinds were drawn. About it all was a sombre air of mystery. The castle looked deserted, tho you knew that



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## What Did the Abbé See in the Moonlight

as he peered stealthily down upon the river path after rushing forth, cudgel in hand, to avenge a fancied slight upon his honor? Was it the two young lovers clinging to each other under the stars, or the witchery of the night, or the almost forgotten romance of his own youth that transformed him from a judge to an accessory, causing him to exclaim to himself:

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somewhere in its depths was that fallen monarch, always filling his vain reams of foolscap with vain writings.

The following account of the arrival of the former Crown Prince at Weiringen, Holland, is written by Cyril Brown and appears in the *New York World*:

TWO hundred loose-breeched, wooden-shoed Dutch fishermen, two local policemen, a Burgomaster and half a dozen newspaper men silently watched the crestfallen former Crown Prince of Germany land at 1:30 on a bitter cold and cheerless afternoon on the dismal island in the Zuyder Zee, where he has been formally interned.

The "has-been Crown Prince," as the Dutch call him, was accompanied by a small personal suite. He landed from a white 50-foot Dutch Government yacht, the *Noord Holland*, and he cut a pathetic comedy figure as he posed conspicuously in the stern, trying to keep up appearances as he gazed on the unpromising shore line of the island and its deadly dullness.

His sheepish grimaces were plainly forced. He wore a green Alpine hat with a feather, an old winter sheepskin front coat with a beaver collar. He twirled a pair of gray suede gloves in lieu of a cane.

IT was a perfectly silent reception. He was not permitted to land until the Dutch lieutenant, his chaperon for the internment, surveyed the scene and called out loudly in German a phrase which meant: "All right, you can get busy now." Then the Crown Prince leaped ashore, dashed across a narrow roadway like a frightened jackrabbit into a waiting ramshackle, two-horse, seagoing cab, the best the town could boast.

He looked shyly from the windows and began to salute and bow to the fisherfolk. When, far from cheering, the stoic natives failed to respond to courtesies of their unwelcome guest, he checked himself.

Leaving his suite to look after the ex-royal baggage, the ex-Crown Prince directed the cabman to go full speed to the parsonage which had been assigned for his use. Arriving there after a drive of nearly an hour, a fresh shock awaited him, which probably brought home to him more vividly than had anything else the depth of his fall.

HE saw there that his house of detention is a mean two-story brick structure which would pass for an extremely modest tenement in furthest Bronx. The impression it made on the new arrivals was tersely expressed by the German orderly who showed the *World* correspondent the bed-room of his chief, saying, with a sob in his voice: "Es ist traurig, damn it." (In plain English, "This is tough," etc.)

A hall-room in a Harlem flat is quite sumptuous in comparison with this chamber, which is done in dingy, dark green paper. There is a single bedstead with an iron frame, a small dresser in one corner, an oil-stove in the other, and in the center of the room a tiny table, adorned with a photograph of the ex-Crown Princess in an oval gold frame, two photographs of the ex-Kaiserin in wooden frames, an atomizer and other bottles and some shabby writing material. Such lodgings would be dear in New York at \$5 a week. The house is on the eastern side of the island, and the only view looks out upon the cheerless expanse of the gray and gloomy Zuyder Zee.

# CURRENT OPINION

EDWARD J. WHEELER, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:

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WILLIAM GRIFFITH

## A REVIEW OF THE WORLD

### PRESIDENT WILSON SMASHES ANOTHER PRECEDENT AND GOES TO FRANCE

His Departure Raises the  
Question Whether or Not  
We Have a President

WITH the departure last month of President Wilson to participate in the deliberations of the Peace Council, various questions were raised and among them this: Has the office of President been vacated for the time being? The question will probably remain an academic one, altho Senator Sherman, of Illinois, has introduced a resolution to the effect that it is "a matter of imperative necessity" for Congress to declare that the President has, by absenting himself from the soil of America, vacated the office and rendered officially invalid all executive acts performed by him in the meantime. The welcome extended to Mr. Wilson in France, according to the Senator, is not extended to the President of the United States. "The President of the United States is not its President in France; he is an alien there, a mere citizen of this republic, shorn of all his sovereign power." The Senator, moreover, does not lack weighty legal support for his view. Ex-Senator George F. Edmunds, whom the *N. Y. Times* terms "the greatest constitutional lawyer now living who has served in any American Senate past or present," gives it as his opinion that "the President, by going abroad, will for the time being cease to possess his executive powers." Mr. George W. Wickersham, former Attorney-General of the United States, is a little more wary in his statement of the case, but inclines to the same conclusion, and thinks it clear that a court mandamus would lie compelling the Vice-President to assume the duties of the office. The question involved hangs upon the phrase in the Federal Constitution, "inability to discharge the powers and duties" of the office of President. As the Vice-President emphatically disclaims any intention voluntarily to assume the duties, and as a court mandamus would doubtless be fought in the courts and delayed until after the President plans to

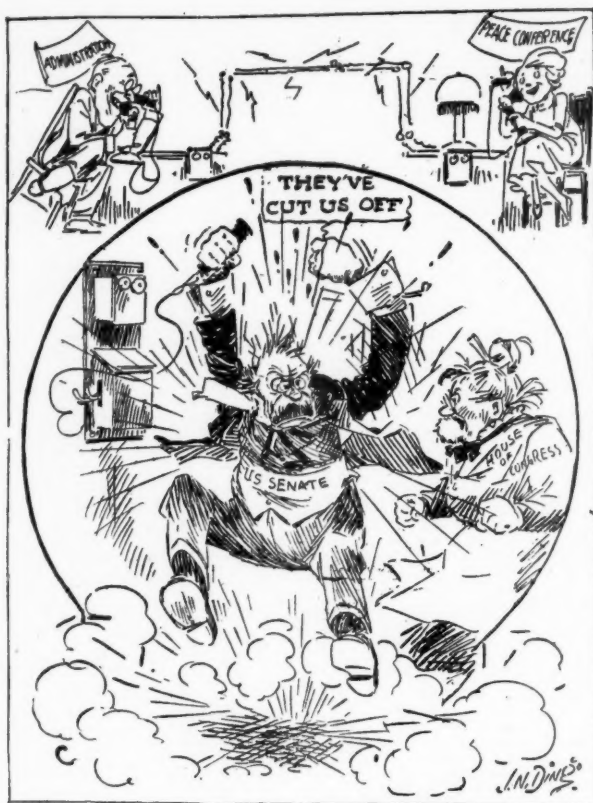
come back, and as Congress, with a Democratic majority and with many Republican leaders opposed to drastic action, is entirely unlikely to declare the office vacant, the only way in which the legal question involved seems likely to become one of practical importance is through an appeal to the courts to decide on the legality of an act of Congress during the President's absence, when he can neither veto it nor affix his signature to it. As Congress rarely enacts any legislation of importance in the first few weeks of a session, such an appeal to the courts seems also a remote contingency.

#### Why the President Has Gone to Paris.

BUT the legality of the President's departure from the country while still exercising the duties of President, and the wisdom of the departure are two different things. The purpose of the departure, as officially given by the President himself in his address to Congress, is "to join in Paris the representatives of the governments with which we have been associated in the war against the Central Empires for the purpose of discussing with them the main features of the treaty of peace." The President adds to his statement as follows:

"The Allied Governments have accepted the bases of peace which I outlined to the Congress on the 8th of January last, as the Central Empires also have, and very reasonably desire my personal counsel in their interpretation and application, and it is highly desirable that I should give it in order that the sincere desire of our Government to contribute without selfish purpose of any kind to settlements that will be of common benefit to all the nations concerned may be made fully manifest. The peace settlements which are now to be agreed upon are of transcendent importance, both to us and to the rest of the world, and I know of no





THE DISCONNECTED TELEPHONE

—Darling in N. Y. Tribune

business or interest which should take precedence of them. The gallant men of our armed forces on land and sea have conspicuously fought for the ideals which they knew to be the ideals of their country. I have sought to express those ideals; they have accepted my statements of them as the substance of their own thought and purpose, as the associated Governments have accepted them; I owe it to them to see to it, so far as in me lies, that no false or mistaken interpretation is put upon them, and no possible effort omitted to realize them. It is now my duty to play my full part in making good what they offered their life's blood to obtain. I can think of no call to service which would transcend this."

He promises that Congress shall be kept informed of all that he does, and asks for its "united support." Shortly before his sailing, Mr. Roosevelt thought fit to declare to the world that "Mr. Wilson"—notice the Mr.—"has no authority whatever to speak for the American people at this time." The N. Y. Tribune delivered itself of the opinion that "he goes abroad a rebuked and discredited leader," referring, of course, as Mr. Roosevelt did, to the result of the Congressional elections. And Senator Sherman, not to be outdone in untimely partisanship, expressed his fear lest "the savory fragrance of incense offered by alien satellites may mount with intoxicating power to a head already strangely obsessed with the phantasy that he has become the state."

#### Great Expectations of What the President Will Achieve.

FOR the most part, however, the President's political foes ceased their criticism as soon as his departure was an accomplished fact. But a new and more insidious danger then made its appearance in the extravagance of his friends. The Newark Evening News, for

instance, began to tell its readers what the President has gone abroad to do. It is an impressive bit of work for a six-weeks' absence. He is going to "organize peace and democracy for two thousand million people"; to "construct a world of free peoples upon the ruins of autocracies"; to "stabilize the forces which, after being pent up and oppressed for centuries, have broken out of their old channels"; to "smash the autocratic spirit and institutions," and to "make freedom of every true sort real." But the Newark paper's expectations are hardly any more extravagant than the expectations held abroad as indicated in the cablegrams from various points. The latest one comes from Rome and is to the effect that the Pope is hoping that the President will restore the temporal power of the Papacy before he returns! Others tell us of the hopes of the Irish that he will make England give them their independence; of the hopes of Venizelos that he will restore the glory that was Greece; of the hopes of the Germans that he will see that they are fed and insured against the retribution that threatens them from their own Frankenstein monster of Bolshevism; of the hopes of Poles, Jugo-Slavs, Czecho-Slovaks and various other Balkan peoples that he is bringing the dawn of a new day for them all. One Washington correspondent describes the expectations of the Allies as follows:

"It is conceived that if the President is present while the peace conference is in session he will prove to be the grand buffer between conflicting international ambitions, the great conciliator of disputes and composer of differences. As the President of the nation that has no territorial interests at stake and whose substantial interests are not likely to be affected one way or the other by the conclusions of the conference, he will be the final court of appeal of all."

That the President himself has an adequate idea of the importance of the part he may be called on to play is indicated in the fact that he takes with him twenty-three specialists in European history, ethnography, geography and cartography, with three army truck-loads of books, documents and maps of all kinds, that have been gathered for him by a staff of 150 scientists, who have been busy for more than a year under the supervision of Colonel E. M. House. According to a statement issued by the American Geographical Society:

"Every important nationality of Europe and western Asia has had representatives here for conference with the Inquiry. Authorities native to the affected countries in Europe have lent their aid and have placed at the disposal of the Inquiry all sources of information in their native languages. These, together with numerous secret documents and much information hitherto unavailable to scholars, has resulted in a bibliographic collection altogether unique and valuable."

#### Personal Power of the President in Making Treaties.

SEVERAL things of interest are emphasized in the President's defiance of precedent in going abroad for an indefinite period. One of these things is the power he has under the Constitution in the making of treaties. The President takes with him, as delegates to the Peace Conference, Secretary Lansing, Colonel House, General Tasker H. Bliss and Ex-Ambassador Henry White. Not one of these selections has come before the Senate for approval. They are the Presi-

dent's personal selections. The treaties they may sign will have to come before the Senate for ratification, but as they will be a part of the general treaty of peace the Senate will have, in fact if not in theory, no option but to ratify them. Any other course would throw the whole result of the Peace Conference out of joint. The situation is thus described by Mr. Wilson himself in his book written many years ago on "Constitutional Government in the United States":

"One of the greatest of the President's powers I have not yet spoken of at all: his control, which is very absolute, of the foreign relations of the nation. The initiative in foreign affairs, which the President possesses without any restrictions whatever, is virtually the power to control them absolutely. The President cannot conclude a treaty with a foreign Power without the consent of the Senate, but he may guide every step of diplomacy, and to guide diplomacy is to determine what treaties shall be made, if the faith and prestige of the Government are to be maintained. He need disclose no step of negotiation until it is complete, and when in any critical matter it is completed the Government is virtually committed. Whatever its disinclination, the Senate may feel itself committed also."

In this power of the President to negotiate treaties is found one of the causes of irritation over his departure at this time. With him exercising this power three thousand miles away, the Senate feels distinctly out of touch with events for which it is in part at least responsible. There has been no disclosure by the President, so far as the public is aware, of the program he has in mind to carry out at Paris, aside from the famous Fourteen Points, which are a statement of principles rather than of a program. The President's reserve is maintained toward his friends, apparently, as well as his foes. He has not received the newspaper correspondents in a body since May, 1916, and, according to David Lawrence, he has not given audience to a single one of them in the last twelve months. Mr. Lawrence, who has been one of the friendliest of interpreters for the Administration, says that "a feeling of genuine regret is developing among friends of the President on all sides that he is not taking the people into his confidence



THE GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND HIM

—Marcus in N. Y. Times

even on foreign politics," and much of the irritation of his opponents is due to his failure to consult them even on matters strictly American and not partisan. "The public is in no wise taken into counsel," complains the N. Y. *Globe*. "This does not show respect for Democratic principles. If it is not aggravated secret diplomacy, what is it?"

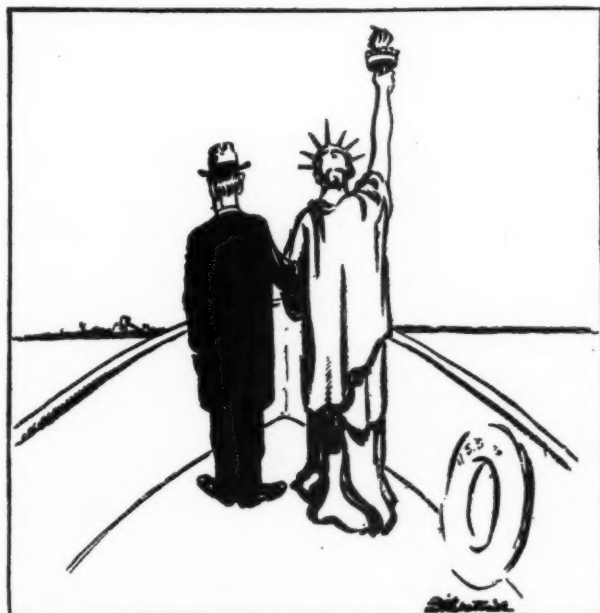
#### New Relations of the United States to the Rest of the World.

**A**NOTHER thing emphasized by the departure of the President is the extent to which this country has, for good or ill, come into active participation in world politics. "This nation has put aside its old aloofness," says the *Denver News*.

"It no longer shies at foreign alliances—and all alliances must be more or less 'entangling,' in that they require reciprocity from the nations allied. It has taken its place as a world-power, having to do with European, African and Asiatic affairs. . . .

"It will be impossible for many years, if ever, for the United States to 'go it alone' again—and we are not preaching Internationalism either. A flare-up in the former cockpit of Europe would affect us more keenly than we ever thought possible a few years back, if it came now or later. That strict neutrality which we were cautioned to observe a few years ago can no longer obtain. We are intimately bound up in the terms of peace which are to be arranged for more than a single continent."

It is a dramatic step the President has taken, so the *Topeka Capital* observes, and "it emphasizes as nothing else perhaps could emphasize the changed relationship of America to Old-World life and affairs." The *Capital*, as well as many other journals of standing, such as the *Springfield Republican*, the *Atlanta Constitution* and the *Philadelphia Ledger*, justifies the course of the President on the ground that the diplomatic needs for his presence in Paris are more important to this country just now than any needs that can arise at Washington. He is charged with the duty of making treaties, the *Springfield*



PERSONALLY CONDUCTED

—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch

*Republican* reminds us, and he is justified, if he thinks the need of his presence is required, in going where the treaty is to be made.

"Mr. Wilson's influence in foreign countries is undoubtedly much greater than it is here at home. It is particularly great in the Balkan States and the new States to be created out of Austria-Hungary. If the representatives of all the countries abroad can go back to their homes from the peace conference and defend some criticized portion of the settlement by saying: 'President Wilson was there and he personally agreed to this provision and he believes it should be accepted in the interest of the world's future peace,' the task of those representatives and their governments would be much lightened."

The *New Republic* finds in the controversy over the President's departure (as it is wont to find in most controversies on whatever subject) a new phase of the

contest in the world at large between liberals and reactionaries. It says:

"There are at present two great international parties. One of these looks forward to a peace of reconciliation, to be perpetuated by a solidly established League of Nations, under which every State, great or small, shall enjoy security, justice and equality of economic opportunity. The other party would impose a punitive peace, to be perpetuated by a formal or informal combination of the chief Allied Powers, with their frontiers strengthened by strategic annexations and the Central Powers kept under control by dismemberment, by naval and military restrictions and by economic burdens and discriminations."

The liberals, we are told, have come to regard President Wilson as their natural leader. The Tories and Imperialists fear his influence at Paris. Hence the diverging views as to his trip.

German efficiency has had a sufficiency.—*Columbia Record*.

The Kaiser was in Dutch long before he went to Holland.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman*.

The "mania" is about out of Germania.—*Los Angeles Times*.

Through tickets from Berlin to Bagdad may now be secured at any of the Allied ticket offices.—*Columbus Dispatch*.

## POINCARÉ'S ELOQUENT GREETING TO PRESIDENT WILSON

*At a luncheon given on December 14 in the Elysée Palace, in Paris, in honor of President and Mrs. Wilson, the President of the French Republic, Raymond Poincaré, expressed his sense of France's debt to America in connection with the war. "Our common ideal," he said, "has triumphed." It was the first time that Paris had ever entertained an American President.*

**MR. PRESIDENT:** Paris and France awaited you with impatience. They were eager to acclaim in you the illustrious democrat whose words and deeds were inspired by exalted thought, the philosopher delighting in the solution of universal laws from particular events, the eminent statesman who had found a way to express the highest political and moral truths in formulas which bear the stamp of immortality.

They had also a passionate desire to offer thanks, in your person, to the great Republic of which you are the chief for the invaluable assistance which had been given spontaneously, during this war, to the defenders of right and liberty.

Even before America had resolved to intervene in the struggle, she had shown to the wounded and to the orphans of France a solicitude and a generosity the memory of which will always be enshrined in our hearts. The liberality of your Red Cross, the countless gifts of your fellow citizens, the inspiring initiative of American women, anticipated your military and naval action, and showed the world to which side your sympathies inclined. And on the day when you flung yourselves into the battle with what determination your great people and yourself prepared for united success!

Some months ago you cabled to me that the United States would send ever-increasing forces, until the day should be reached on which the Allied armies were able to submerge the enemy under an overwhelming flow of new divisions; and, in effect, for more than a year a steady stream of youth and energy has been poured out upon the shores of France.

No sooner had they landed than your gallant battalions, fired by their chief, General Pershing, flung themselves into the combat with such a manly contempt of danger, such a smiling disregard of death, that our longer experience of this terrible war often moved us

to counsel prudence. They brought with them, in arriving here, the enthusiasm of Crusaders leaving for the Holy Land.

It is their right to-day to look with pride upon the work accomplished and to rest assured that they have powerfully aided by their courage and their faith.

Eager as they were to meet the enemy, they did not know when they arrived the enormity of his crimes. That they might know how the German armies make war it has been necessary that they see towns systematically burned down, mines flooded, factories reduced to ashes, orchards devastated, cathedrals shelled and fired—all that deliberate savagery, aimed to destroy national wealth, nature, and beauty, which the imagination could not conceive at a distance from the men and things that have endured it and to-day bear witness to it.

In your turn, Mr. President, you will be able to measure with your own eyes the extent of these disasters, and the French Government will make known to you the authentic documents in which the German general staff developed with astounding cynicism its program of pillage and industrial annihilation. Your noble conscience will pronounce a verdict on these facts.

Should this guilt remain unpunished, could it be renewed, the most splendid victories would be in vain.

**MR. PRESIDENT,** France has struggled, has endured, and has suffered during four long years; she has bled at every vein; she has lost the best of her children; she mourns for her youths. She yearns now, even as you do, for a peace of justice and security.

It was not that she might be exposed once again to aggression that she submitted to such sacrifices. Nor was it in order that criminals should go unpunished,



that they might lift their heads again to make ready for new crimes, that, under your strong leadership, America armed herself and crossed the ocean.

Faithful to the memory of Lafayette and Rochambeau, she came to the aid of France, because France herself was faithful to her traditions. Our common ideal has triumphed. Together we have defended the vital principles of free nations. Now we must build together such a peace as will forbid the deliberate and hypocritical renewing of an organism aiming at conquest and oppression.

Peace must make amends for the misery and sadness of yesterday, and it must be a guarantee against the dangers of to-morrow. The association which has been formed for the purpose of war, between the United States and the Allies, and which contains the seed of the permanent institutions of which you have spoken so eloquently, will find from this day forward a clear and profitable employment in the concerted search for equitable decisions and in the mutual support which we need if we are to make our rights prevail.

Whatever safeguards we may erect for the future,

no one, alas, can assert that we shall forever spare to mankind the horrors of new wars. Five years ago the progress of science and the state of civilization might have permitted the hope that no Government, however autocratic, would have succeeded in hurling armed nations upon Belgium and Serbia.

Without lending ourselves to the illusion that posterity will be forevermore safe from these collective follies, we must introduce into the peace we are going to build all the conditions of justice and all the safeguards of civilization that we can embody in it.

To such a vast and magnificent task, Mr. President, you have chosen to come and apply yourself in concert with France. France offers you her thanks. She knows the friendship of America. She knows your rectitude and elevation of spirit. It is in the fullest confidence that she is ready to work with you.

I LIFT my glass, Mr. President, in your honor, and in honor of Mrs. Wilson. I drink to the prosperity of the Republic of the United States, our great friend of yesterday and of other days, of to-morrow and of all time.

Peru has apologized to Chili and the world breathes again.—*Baltimore American.*

Big Bill has quit Germany but a big bill remains.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

## THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS AS THE CRUCIAL PROBLEM OF THE PEACE CONFERENCE

On Its Solution Depends the Assurance of Future Peace

**E**VEN before the Peace Conference has met, the formation of some kind of a League of Nations has emerged as the central problem for solution. On the way on which that problem is to be solved all the other problems seem to depend—the control of the Dardanelles and of Constantinople, the “freedom of the seas,” the question of disarmament, the disposition to be made of the German colonies and of the surrendered German fleet, the enforcement of the terms to be exacted from the Central Powers for restoration and reparation over a period of many years, the preservation of the new boundary-lines to be drawn and the adjustment of relations between the new nations that are likely to be created. Every one of these problems will require some kind of a League of Nations, if it is nothing more than the old-fashioned “concert of powers,” to make the work of the Peace Conference effective after it has adjourned. And yet we have come up to the very eve of the Conference with almost no ground plans for such a league, no working model. There has been some very important discussion of the kind of work the league is to do; but plans and specifications for the constitution of the league itself are conspicuous by their absence. The writer listened a few weeks ago to the very important address of Viscount Grey, in London, and it was admitted by him that up to that time no “working model,” to use his own phrase, had appeared, and he furnished none. It is doubtless necessary to have the principles on which the league is to work clearly defined, as well as the nature of the work it is to perform; but questions of this kind must remain more or less in the air until certain practical details are settled, such, for instance, as whether Liberia and Great Britain are to have an equal voice in the league and whether the colonies and dominions of Great Britain are to have

separate representation. While the great majority of the American people favor the principle of the league, said the *N. Y. Times* last month, “there is no understanding of how the principle is to be applied, how the league is to be constituted, how far membership would involve the surrender of sovereign rights and how the decrees of the league are to be enforced.”

The “Most Monstrous Doctrine Ever Proposed,” Says Senator Reed.

**O**PPPOSITION to the participation of the United States in such a league arises because of these uncertainties. “Who is to control this tribunal?” asked Senator Borah the other day in a discussion in the Senate. Are Costa Rica, Nicaragua and Bulgaria to be given the right to determine the size of our army and navy? Are our national interests to be determined by Turkey and Asia and races in Europe absolutely different from us in aspirations and ideals? If we withhold from the league our vital interests, such as the Monroe Doctrine, Japan will withhold her own Monroe Doctrine, England will withhold her vital interests, and so the whole project goes to pieces. Senator Reed sees in the League of Nations “the most monstrous doctrine that was ever proposed in this republic.” He said a few days ago: “The man who proposes to thrust America into the controversies of Europe, binding her for all time to the intrigues and conspiracies and ambitions of Europe, proposes to reverse the policy of Washington, the opinions of Jefferson, the doctrine of the fathers and proposes a policy that will unmake this great republic.” The *Chicago Tribune* is fearful lest in our enthusiasm for the good intent of the projected league the American people, prone to embrace an altruistic idea before studying it carefully, may commit an



THE SOONER WE ENGAGE A GOVERNESS, THE BETTER  
—Darling in N. Y. Tribune

other generation of Americans to danger. The *Tribune* also proceeds to ask questions:

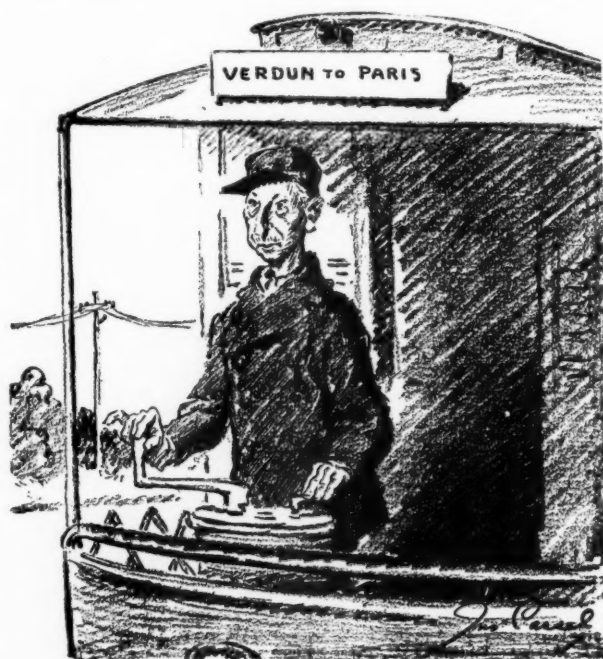
"Will the British give up their substantial power to a League of Nations? Will the French surrender their newly regained substantial power to a League of Nations? We insist that neither will. They may play with words and phrases. They may in semblance enter an arrangement which subjects them in their national being, ambitions and aspirations to the decisions of a world-council, but we know that they will retain in some fashion the power and the right to assert themselves and be in themselves the defense of their own cherished nationality."

We may involve ourselves, the same writer fears, in every issue which can be raised in Europe and yet retain no power to assert ourselves in any issue that the league may raise in this hemisphere. "We cannot afford to go hand-tied into any such agreements. We cannot afford to commit the future of the United States." Only on condition that we preserve the power of our army and navy, and thus the power to take care of ourselves, the *Tribune* thinks, can we afford to subscribe to such a league. All these objections are founded upon ideas of a league none of which are authoritative. No one, for instance, can say that the league that may emerge from the Peace Conference will or will not call for disarmament, tho it is a safe bet that France will have nothing to do with a league that calls upon her to give up her army or England anything to do with one that calls upon her to give up her navy.

Lord Robert Cecil Tells of  
the Economic Boycott.

**S**ITTING in his office last September, Lord Robert Cecil, then Under Secretary of Foreign Affairs for Great Britain, talked with engaging frankness and impressive sincerity to American editors on the subject

of a League of Nations. As he talked he slid down farther and farther in his chair until his knees were higher than his shoulders, then pulled himself up with a jerk, repeating the process half a dozen times in the course of an hour. Lord Robert has been chosen to head that section of the British peace delegation which will deal with the question of a league. At the time of the interview his ideas involved the familiar distinction between justiciable and non-justiciable issues. All of the former are to be arbitrated by the league, whose verdicts are to be decisive. All of the latter are to be submitted to the league for consideration before any nation begins a war, but the power of the league on such questions is to be advisory, not decisive. Germany and Austria-Hungary are to be admitted to the league on the same conditions as other nations after they have conformed to the terms imposed on them by the Peace Conference. The most important point advanced by Lord Robert pertained to the power to be wielded by the league in enforcing its conclusions. That power is not to consist of an armed force to be used for making war, but of an economic boycott in raw materials. Every nation is to-day dependent, in peace as well as in war, upon other nations for important supplies of raw materials and foods. The league should have control over international commerce to the extent necessary (1) to insure economy and efficiency in transportation of the raw materials required for years to come in the reconstruction of industries and homes and transportation service destroyed by the war, and (2) to enforce its decrees upon a recalcitrant nation by suspending the supplies of raw materials essential to its industries and to its manufacture of ordnance and munitions. Upon this economic power, rather than upon an army or navy or an international police force, Lord Robert Cecil seemed to rely to enforce the decisions of the league. According to the recent news-dispatches from England "a considerable number of British statesmen are inclined" to the same view. Apparently Mr. Lloyd George, Viscount Grey and Mr. Balfour are



A JOB FOR THE CROWN PRINCE

—Cassel in N. Y. Evening World

among these, and presumably Mr. Asquith. It may be assumed to be the accepted British idea of the league.

**We Have the Beginning of a League of Nations Already.**

FOR such a league the beginnings are already to be found in the Inter-Allied Missions organized for carrying on the war. These Missions regulated maritime transport, war trades, war finance and war purchases, as carried on by the Allies and the United States. Not a ton of anything was shipped by Great Britain, for instance, to any neutral nation if the American representative on the War Trade Board said no, and not a ton was shipped by the United States if the British representative said no. In the prospectus recently put forth by the new League of Free Nations Association in this country, reference is made to these Inter-Allied Missions as follows:

"The administrative machinery of a workable internationalism already exists in rudimentary form. The international bodies that have already been established by the Allied belligerents—who now number over a score—to deal with their combined military resources, shipping and transport, food, raw materials, and finance, have been accorded immense powers. Any of these activities—particularly those relating to the international control of raw material and shipping—will have to be continued during the very considerable period of demobilization and reconstruction which will follow the war. Problems of demobilization and civil reemployment particularly will demand the efficient representation of Labor and Liberal elements of the various States. With international commissions, and exercising the same control over the economic resources of the world, an international government with powerful sanction will in fact exist."

Viscount Grey also calls for the continuance of the Inter-Allied Missions as a part of the League of Nations, and General Smuts, a member of the British War Board, speaks to the same effect, saying:

"We must feel that in the call to common humanity there are other purposes besides the prevention of war for which a League of Nations is a sheer, practical necessity. One of the first steps must be to create an organization against hunger and ration all the countries where disaster threatens.



HOME AGAIN!

—Cassel in N. Y. Evening World



ANXIOUS MOMENTS FOR A WELL-KNOWN CITIZEN

—Kirby in N. Y. World

"The existing Inter-Allied machinery, which is the nucleus of a League of Nations, probably will undertake this task. In the period of reconstruction after the war, all countries, Allied, neutral and enemy, will have to be rationed for certain raw materials. Here again international machinery is necessary. We thus are making straight for a League of Nations charged with the performance of these international functions."

**France Looks Askance Upon Any League That Includes Germany.**

IN France the chief stumbling block to the general acceptance of a League of Nations lies in the thought of admitting Germany on equal terms with other nations. Frank H. Simonds, writing to the N. Y. Tribune from France, tells why the people of that country look dubiously upon the idea:

"I do not think Mr. Wilson's League of Nations will arouse any great enthusiasm in France, because it is founded upon the idea of the moral as well as the intellectual and physical equality between nations. I find amazement in the minds of French friends at the idea that we should expect them, want them, to join with the Germans in a League of Nations. I find apprehension lest we should seek to compel them to enter such a league against their own better judgment. I find it among the very Frenchmen who are most sincerely grateful for American aid and frankest in expressing their conviction that without that aid the war would have been lost."

Such a league, according to the French view, as given by Mr. Simonds, must have as its basis international trust, and "it is not possible and will not be possible in our lifetime to restore confidence in Germany among the nations who have had in the past four terrible years a full realization of the German methods and German spirit." In the *Echo de Paris*, a writer—"Pertinax"—who is regarded as an anonymous spokesman at times for the French Foreign Office, sees danger in the league because of the artificial restraints which it will impose upon the sovereignty of independent states and the reactions which he foresees as certain to follow. Other writers, among them Marcel Sembat and Leon Bourgeois, take a different view. The latter, who was



formerly a cabinet minister, is head of a special commission appointed to study the plans for a league. He also lays stress upon the power of an economic boycott, saying: "If this weapon should fail, there would remain international military intervention. But economic measures which would deprive a country of raw materials and interrupt land and sea transport would be sufficient to crush resistance."

**The Only Hope of Permanent Peace  
Lies in a League of Nations.**

AMERICA was forced into this war and her main purpose, according to the *Baltimore Sun*, has been to bring about a peace settlement that will make future wars on a great scale impossible. "If she fails in that, she fails in her main purpose of war, and her only hope of getting it seems to be bound up in the League-of-Nations proposal." Some kind of league is sure to be formed at the Peace Conference, it thinks. If not, every nation "may be expected to arm itself as powerfully as possible and to seek to extend its boundaries as far as possible." Do the obstacles to a league seem insuperable? asks the *N. Y. World*.

"Very well; we must adapt to them the saying of the churchman of old: 'The league is necessary because it is impossible.' The very reservations of conflicting power, unspoken thoughts of revenge or conquest, honest differences between rival claims that stand in the way of agree-

The next war promises to be on the Penrose front with La Follette, Norris and the like going over the top.—*Springfield Republican*.

ment are so many reasons why the Parliament of Man must be formed, or statesmanship will stand condemned of the deepest guilt in face of the greatest opportunity of which there is any record."

Bolshevism in Russia must be dealt with, says ex-President Taft, by means of a League of Nations. The only way to dispose of the German colonies is through such a league. The same agency must govern in Constantinople. If, as seems likely, ten or twelve new republics are to be formed, all without experience in self-government, and the Balkans are to be redivided, it will be necessary to have "a very considerable police force to see that our children behave themselves and shinny on their own side." Furthermore, says Mr. Taft:

"After you have this treaty of peace, you can't interpret it unless you have a court to do it with. You can't establish all these Governments and keep them going and get along about it and stay in harmony unless you have a congress of powers which can make new international definitions, almost a complete codification of international law.

"This treaty at Paris is going to be worth nothing but the paper it is written on, unless you have a league to enforce peace upon one-half the world. Having done that it is easy to take the final step by agreeing among yourselves to abide by what you have imposed on others.

"Gentlemen, the Lord has delivered the foes of a League of Nations into our hands. You can't escape it. Unless you have such a league, your war is a failure, your treaty is a failure and your peace is a failure."

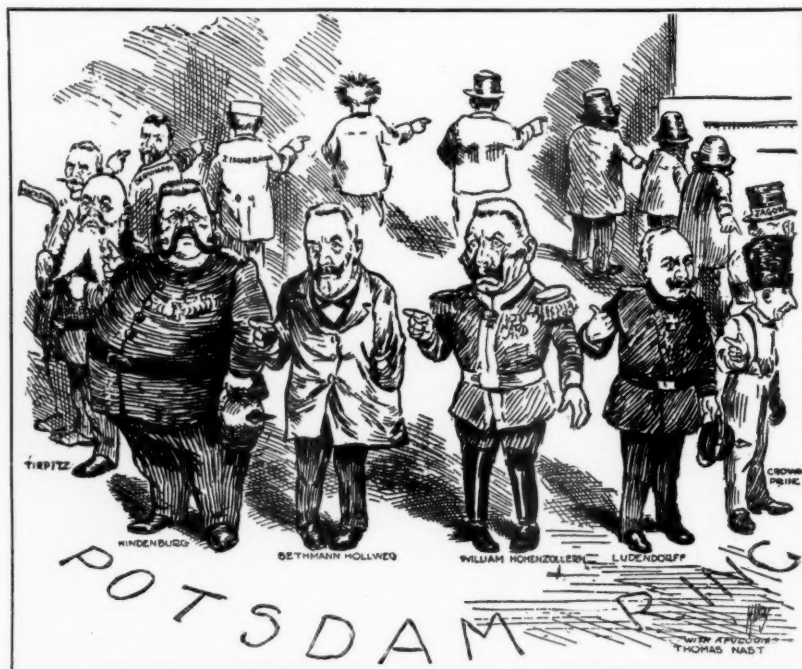
When Wilhelm declared that he "had left no stone unturned to shorten the war" he probably was thinking of some cathedrals.—*N. Y. Sun*.

## THE DELUSION OF SECRECY AT THE PEACE CONFERENCE

WHATEVER credit attaches to the publicity attending the gathering of rulers and premiers at Paris belongs primarily to M. Pichon, French foreign minister. He has acted in the spirit of M. Clemenceau's

assurances to the Chamber of Deputies that the governments dread secrecy even more than the newspapers dread it. The daily which is supposed to be in closest touch with the Quai d'Orsay, the *Paris Temps*, suspects

that certain disgruntled, if not sinister elements connected with German propaganda and Bolshevik revolution are disseminating the idea that negotiations of the utmost importance are proceeding behind closed doors. The theory is that accomplished facts will in the end be thrust in the face of helpless democracies. Mr. Balfour is made a head of a conspiracy. M. Clemenceau is represented as "irreconcilable" on some subject like a standing army. Signor Orlando, alleged to be trembling over the possibility of revolts in Italy, has a deep design upon territory in Europe and Africa. Mr. Wilson is assumed to cherish secret sympathies with German Socialists if not with Russian Bolsheviks. In the labyrinth of all this alleged intrigue lurks the Pope, playing the Irish question off against the loss of the temporal power. Finally, we have complaints about a censorship in the interests of secret diplomacy. Even the disclaimers made by men like Lloyd George and Albert



"WHO CAUSED THE WAR?"—"TWAS HIM"

—Marcus in *N. Y. Times*

Thomas seem to carry no weight. The democracies are in a suspicious mood. The Socialists through their press allege trickery. Some British Liberals believe that President Wilson is to be crowded into a corner by himself. Altogether, says the *Manchester Guardian*, the gathering at Paris has yet to disclose itself in a "democratic" aspect.

#### How Secrecy at Paris Would Defeat Itself.

ITALIAN opinion has been so exercised by the atmosphere of secrecy supposed to invest the Paris proceedings that Baron Sonnino, the foreign minister at Rome, has striven to reassure his countrymen through the newspapers favorable to him. The *Tribuna* also adds its interpretation of a crisis unfavorable, it believes, to "mystery mongers." All the cabinets of all the European powers, it notes, are threatened with a fall. Behind each is a powerful support, but there is also a tremendous opposition, not only in Rome and Paris but in London. Great Britain is represented as torn by the conflict over naval power. The two-power doctrine of Mr. Balfour by no means commends itself to the Laborites. The Liberals favor a scheme of universal disarmament along Wilsonian lines. The French Socialists seek the overthrow of Clemenceau and are urging immediate elections. Italy may replace Orlando, a prediction made with assurance by the *Avanti*, the irreconcilable Socialist daily. The feud between Greece and Bulgaria renders the preliminaries at Paris almost an open sore. These are the immediate political considerations rendering secrecy dangerous as well as difficult. There are other important factors making for publicity. France has her "revanche," it is true, but she has immense colonial possessions and would not let England swallow the German colonial empire without some compensation. Italy does not think the Mediterranean ought to be a British lake. America is not expected to give up the Monroe Doctrine. A pact of secrecy could not be observed even if it were entered into. The group or the faction which found itself on the losing side would at once create an uproar in the press. There would be interpellations in the parliaments. A ministry might fall. These and other considerations are urged in many dailies abroad as reasons why, on the whole, there is likely to be a flood of light on the conference rather than a shadow.

#### A German Plan for a League of Nations.

FIRST among the flurries over the Paris gathering is the alleged German plot to capture the League of Nations. M. Pichon and Baron Sonnino are understood to have warned American diplomatists that this peril is not imaginary. The *London Post* has long suspected a trick here altho the *Liberal Westminster Gazette* ridicules such fears. What the German middle classes desire, it says, is the entry of their country into this league. President Wilson is believed to be favorable to such a step. For some reason he is credited with partiality for some such league of nations as was outlined by Herr Erzberger last autumn. Objection is made to the fact that the league is to guarantee the territorial possessions of each of its members and of other states which formally declare their neutrality. One of the first tasks of the assembled statesmen in Paris will be the finding of a practical formula for the League of Nations. For months prior to the signing of the armistice the pupils and supporters of Colonel



"HURRY UP AND WAIT ON ME"

—Fitzpatrick in *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*

House were busy in New York upon a scheme for the reconstruction of the world politically and diplomatically. Nothing has been overlooked, the *Figaro* says, not even the elephant ranges of Abyssinia. The economic factor is to the fore in the American scheme, just as it figures conspicuously in the Erzberger program and in Lord Robert Cecil's. There is a plan of settlement for Ireland. The Americans come on the scene, says the *Echo de Paris*, with a plan of scope and adequacy, whereas the other nations are clamoring for things like freedom of the seas in which they are specially concerned. Already the talk of statesmen concerns itself with "the American plan." The French mind is pleased at the industry of the Americans, according to the *Débats*, whereas the British are afraid they may be committed to something that may render their fleet helpless in a great war. Clemenceau and Lloyd George are believed to have had long interviews on this subject before President Wilson sailed for Europe.

#### Injustice to the Policy of British Diplomats.

EFFORTS in the radical factions of the British political groups to involve the London foreign office in a "conspiracy of secrecy" at Paris have made Mr. Balfour talk. He accepts the League-of-Nations idea, he says, as a scheme to secure peace permanently. He will urge upon the statesmen at Paris that the map of Europe must be so rearranged as to render occasions for war unthinkable. This means, as he is quoted in the *London Times*, that central Europe must be reconstructed, that the peoples along the Baltic must be given hope of independence and freedom, that Poland must get satisfaction and that the Turk must be ejected. Italy, again, is to be "redeemed," all of it, Greece must be secure, Serbia satisfied, Belgium indemnified. When all these things and a few minor points are

settled, the League of Nations can come into being. The dream of the Germans that by merely subscribing their names to a petition for such a league they can persuade their enemies that their heart is changed—that, says Mr. Balfour, is a delusion. Germany really seems to suppose, he adds, that when the democracies talk of a change of heart and the destruction of militarism, all that is needed is a modification of the Prussian state and a subscription to the propositions which President Wilson has laid down. These superficial changes are of no value whatever if they stand by themselves. Germany can be a member of the League of Nations only when the international situation and the

international system have been reformed by "a great, a wise and an all-embracing peace." Germany may be left powerful, prosperous and wealthy but no longer the tyrant who can use the nations she is in a position to influence as instruments of some dream of future world-dominion. This is the gist of the British policy at Paris to-day, as set forth by its most authoritative exponent. It is hardly too much to affirm, Mr. Balfour believes, that Paris has at this moment no secrets of a diplomatic kind, no mysteries in connection with what may turn out to be the first real parliament of man. "If we had any secrets, the journalists would guess them; when we have no secrets, the journalists surmise them."

This time the watch on the Rhine will bear the stamp "Made in America."—*Baltimore American*.

If there is anything higher than the cost of food in Russia, it must be the life insurance rates.—*Newark News*.

## AN EFFORT TO WIN THE VATICAN FOR THE ENTENTE

NO basis in fact underlies some recent insinuations to the effect that Benedict XV. hopes for the reception of a nuncio by the Washington government. It is admitted in Vatican circles that such a diplomatic achievement would be gratifying and desirable. The Pope is nothing if not practical, however, to give the view expressed by a well-informed correspondent of the Roman organ of Signor Salandra. His Holiness is not one to waste time on wild-goose chases. The Vatican is well aware that the attitude of the Wilson administration is the same as that of former administrations. This government will not consent to the creation of an "imperium in imperio" by admitting that its Roman Catholic people can be made the subject of political negotiation with a foreign authority. Neither will the Wilson administration abandon the secular policy traditional here, whatever discontent may be felt at the defeat of hopes arising out of the situation here of the Knights of Columbus. The whole subject is well understood by the pontifical secretary of state, Cardinal Gasparri, who is not trying to have a nuncio received here. Such is the gist of European newspaper information. The press abroad agrees that the Vatican has had many diplomatic triumphs under Benedict XV. and it can well afford to let its relations with the United States remain upon the present basis. Benedict XV., says the *London Outlook*, has had a British envoy and a Dutch envoy sent to the Holy See. The Japanese Emperor sent him a delegate. Finland asked recognition of the Pope. There is an envoy to the Vatican from Monaco. There is a hint in the same paper about an envoy from France in due time. However, the optimistic forecasts of this nature are those of the clerical press only. The *London Outlook* has this to say:

"Pius X. did not think that the political successes obtained by the Holy See were necessarily religious successes. He bothered himself very little with the intrigues of diplomacy. Benedict XV., on the contrary, taking up and developing the tradition of Léon XIII., is inclined to regard the religious interest and the political-diplomatic interest of the Vatican as being exactly synonymous. Therefore he does not hesitate to negotiate with the heretic, the schismatic, and the infidel. It may be said on his behalf that he is an apostle, and that his representatives wherever they go prepare the way for the Roman faith. Perhaps.

## Influence of the Pope May be Responsible for a Change in Vienna

But Benedict XV. is also a realist. While he is waiting for the nations to be converted he takes them as they are, and does not think non-Catholic States less worthy than others to participate in the political glory of the papacy. Just as Christ, being God, reigns over entire humanity, and even over the people who do not recognize Him, so the Pope, as the Vicar of Christ, is by his very function invested with a 'supernational' jurisdiction which extends over the face of the whole world. Such is the theory."

### Benedict XV. and the World War.

THE Vatican does not relish hints in some newspapers to the effect that the Pope regards the Anglo-Saxon race with suspicion. The tale is put about by the Protestant organs of the British Isles, remarks the *Stampa*, or it appears in the harangues of those Italian anti-clericals who see in the new peace a fresh opportunity to attack the papacy. The misunderstanding that grew out of the despatch by the Vatican of Monsignor Petrelli as nuncio at Peking elicited an expression of discontent from the Quai d'Orsay through the *Paris Temps*. The Clemenceau ministry feels persuaded that a nuncio at Peking would be used by the Germans for purposes of propaganda or intrigue. In any event, the French paper says, the Vatican has nothing to gain by the presence of a nuncio. France has a treaty with China which makes a nuncio superfluous, or so the republic contends. The end of the episode is not yet, but it seems to have created some unpleasantness between the Clemenceau ministry and the Vatican. The English and the French have heard within their own countries a complaint that the Pope has been, under the guise of a preposterous neutrality, an advocate of the Central Powers and the object of a series of articles in the *London Telegraph* is to expose this notion as absurd. The articles go further. They hint that the Vatican may be won for the Allies, that the Vatican policy is disposed now to address words of solemn admonition—perhaps—to the men who do the will of the devil. The writer in the London daily utters this warning:

"Possibly at the time of making peace, certainly in the years to follow, it is to the interest of the Allies and it is practicable to cooperate with the great organization [that of



the Vatican]. Per contra, if the Allies are not willing to cooperate with it, it may drift once more into the German orbit. And surely the British Government do not want to see perpetual difficulties cropping up between them and the activity of that huge directorate and the sentiment of its 300,000,000 people. The British authorities have been misunderstood in the past; Catholic opinion in Rome and in neutral countries has been against them, and their cause has suffered. This is now greatly, if not entirely, changed; the logic of facts has destroyed prejudice. The British Government can now do one of two things—recognize and take advantage of the change, or lose the position that the justice of their cause and the honesty of their actions has won for them among Catholics. They can let the Vatican alone. If they do that it may slide back into the arms of Germany and Austria, and then the position will be as in August, 1914."

#### Wild Rumors Affecting the Vatican.

IRELAND has been used by English enemies of the Vatican as a warning of the consequences of papal interference with politics. It now appears from utterances in London papers themselves that the Vatican had nothing whatever to do with the action of the Irish episcopacy on the subject of conscription. The Bishops of Ireland did not consult the Vatican, which knew nothing of their famous manifesto until it was published. Equally baseless are stories connecting the Vatican with the activities of Caillaux and the *Bonnet Rouge* people. There have been reports of strained relations between the British government and the Holy See. These went

the length of assertions that the Count de Salis, envoy from England to the Pope, would not return to his post. He was supposed to have been indiscreet or offensive. The official organ of the Vatican has given the lie to these reports. In many other ways the Vatican has been prejudiced in Allied countries, to follow the *London Telegraph* still, by gossip and interference tending to show that the Pope is on the side of the German and against the Anglo-Saxon. The idea underlies an agitation in England among anti-clericals, who look with dismay at the presence of a British envoy to the Vatican. They wish the new relation severed. They keep up their agitation not in the newspapers but by means of more or less private propaganda. The issue is burning in what may be termed the cellarage of British politics. It would be folly, to the way of thinking of the writer in the *London Telegraph*, to withdraw the British envoy from the Vatican:

"Let any Briton think of his Empire, and then think of the huge organization that is the Roman Church, and ask himself if we want it against us, in the future, as it has been, to a great extent, in the past. German intrigue will be waiting on the doorstep of the Vatican; German missionaries will be crowding up the gangways of their ships to spread their Germanism the world over; there will be German priests for Poland, the Slav States, everywhere where we want liberty and true Christianity to be taught. We have only to antagonize the Vatican and they will have full play to do their part towards the Germanization of the world, in preparation, maybe, for the next 'Day.'"

The unscrambling of nations is proceeding at such a pace that we may again have 400, the number in Washington's day.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

Hungary has delivered the first real stroke against secret diplomacy by appointing a woman ambassador.—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

## THE AGONY OVER PEACE IN THE BALKANS

ALTHO he is the greatest living Balkan statesman, Mr. Venizelos confesses his failure to impress upon the western powers any adequate idea of the Greek claim upon them. His visit to this country had been planned for this winter, but, when he learned of President Wilson's purpose to visit Europe, Mr. Venizelos altered his arrangements. He will strive to impress personally upon the American precisely what the difficulties in the Balkans amount to. These difficulties have for a considerable time been set forth in *Atlantis* and other organs of Hellenic patriotism issued at Athens and elsewhere. Greece, our contemporary says, is the one land in the great alliance to which no attention is paid by London, Paris, Washington. Rome seems wide awake to the issue between Greek and Bulgar. Clemenceau says never a word. Mr. Lloyd George is casual. Mr. Wilson has expressed his warm sympathy with the cause of the Greeks in a letter which has attracted no particular attention outside of Hellas and Asia Minor. We are all familiar, complains the *Atlantis*, with the demands of Poland. Everybody has heard of the boundaries of Czecho-Slovakia, even if the memory fails to retain them. Armenia is in all mouths. Her horrors are in every illustrated paper of the West. The national and territorial aspirations of Serbia and Montenegro stimulate the friends of freedom to enthusiasm. The whole European press laments the fate of Rumania, to say nothing of what Austria owes to Italy and what

## Feud Between Greeks and Bulgars Threatens a New Crisis

Germany must restore to Denmark and to France. Greece? She weeps neglected over the atrocities perpetrated by Bulgars and nobody recalls what her territorial rights may be as regards the Turkish dominion. Mr. Venizelos can not understand it.

#### Devotion of the Greeks to Democracy and the "Points."

AS soon as Mr. Wilson has a little time at his disposal in Paris, he will be made acquainted with the nature of the new crisis that has risen in the Balkans, a crisis due mainly, if we may trust the Greek press, to persistent Bulgar machinations. The Bulgars are trying to escape the odium they have incurred by the atrocities perpetrated upon their foes throughout the Balkans. Controversies on the subject begin to fill the European dailies, official Bulgars giving the lie to official Greeks. Bulgaria sets up territorial claims in the near East which, Mr. Venizelos says, will lay the foundation for another war in the immediate future if Mr. Wilson allows himself to be misled. London and Paris are "worked," the Greeks charge, by shady diplomatists and venal journalists in the Bulgar interest who are trying to make it appear that everything done by the Bulgarians was the fault of their king, Ferdinand. That excuse infuriates the Greek journals, and there are many of them in some of the large capitals issued in the patriotic Hellenic interest. Ferdinand, it is urged, slew all the



HE'LL HAVE TO TAKE HIS PLACE IN THE LINE

—Darling in N. Y. Tribune

Greek women and children in Macedonia. He starved Greek prisoners. He invaded Greek territory and sold the inhabitants as slaves to the Turks. This artifice, worked through the medium of character sketches of Ferdinand as a combination of Machiavelli and Mephistopheles, seducing the Bulgars into error when all the time they thought they were fighting for democracy, has been controverted again and again in the Athenian press inspired by Venizelos. For some reason, complains the *Nemera*, the misrepresentations of the Bulgars seem plausible to many good people in London. Liberals there are still under the spell of the Gladstonian tradition and they can not disabuse their minds of an idea of Bulgaria that was perhaps sound forty years ago.

#### Outlines of the Future Balkan Peace.

GREECE has displayed more enthusiasm than any other country in the near East over the Wilson policy and the Fourteen Points. Athenian dailies have even urged an American protectorate over the Dardanelles as well as over Palestine and Armenia. Certainly, as the Greek press shows, the whole Hellenic people, in and out of the native land, is impressed with an idea that Mr. Wilson will vindicate the territorial claims of Greece against the Bulgars and their champions in London and Paris. However, Bulgaria has learned from grim experience in the past few years, says the *Atlantis*, that she is not to be allowed to extend her sway over races not Bulgar. "Four million Bulgarians, at most, can not be the masters of the twenty million souls living in the Balkans." In fact, the theory of a Bulgarian sway over the Balkans in any undue sense is well-nigh exploded in the Bulgar mind itself. So much may be inferred from the press swayed

by Malinoff and from the recent utterances of King Boris at Sofia, who has been receiving English and French journalists and telling them how glad he is that the evil days of Radoslavoff, pro-German premier until the crash, are over. The Bulgarian press echoed the royal sentiments and does so still. The Greek press hails with delight these manifestations of a better state of the national mind; but it retains a feeling of uneasiness because the western powers are as yet woefully misinformed. A comprehension of the crisis entails, the *Atlantis* says, some knowledge of what happened



CHANGING HIS ADDRESS

—Evans in Baltimore American

in Europe a few years preceding the outbreak of the great war.

"There was a general feeling of security and peace and a universal belief that a European conflagration was impossible. There was genuine attachment to the cause of peace and a general desire for the reduction of armaments everywhere. The democratic nations of the world were firmly convinced that the day of brute force as an argument was over and that international differences were to be settled by a mutual understanding.

"While these were the sentiments and the wishes of the democratic nations, and of their governments, Germany still ruled through the ideas and the principles of the Middle Ages. She was arming to the teeth and bullying the world. It was Germany that forced excessive armaments upon all Europe. It was Germany who rattled the sword and donned the shining armor whenever an international issue arose affecting the relations of the peoples and the governments.

"What could the other nations do but arm in self-defense against the impending German peril?

"Now what happened in Europe in those pre-war days happened on a smaller scale in the Balkans. The good hard-working populations of those lands of southeastern



Europe, just awakening from a long slumber of slavery and tired from the age-long struggles they had to put up for freedom, were eager for peace and anxious for progress. They had no desire to do each other harm—until the day when Bulgaria began to emulate the Prussian virtues."

**Basis of Greek Distrust  
of Bulgaria.**

MEMORIES are short, complains the *Atlantis*, and already London, Paris and Washington act as if they forgot how Ferdinand in Bulgaria was allowed to build up a powerful army. He could not have done this without the assent of the ruling statesmen. The Bulgars aspired to sway over all the Balkans. The men about Ferdinand boasted that they were the Prussians of the Balkans. Serbia first and Rumania afterwards had to build up a powerful means of defense. Thus the armies in these still distracted regions came into being. This is history as taught by Venizelos. The case of Greece was quite different, observes our Hellenic contemporary. Altho the independent Hellenic kingdom had a population of some two and a half millions, nearly three times as many of her people were suffering under the Turkish yoke. Such was the practical working of European diplomacy. There was no self-



"JOIN ME?"  
—Harding in Brooklyn Eagle

determination of peoples back in the days when Tri-coupis, the Greek statesman, thundered in his daily, the *Hora*, against the imbecilities of British policy under Disraeli. The name of Woodrow Wilson was unknown. The result was that the Balkans became an armed camp which, however, "by a marvelous combination of good luck," was turned against Turkey and "all but succeeded in solving the near-eastern question." The dream was not realized because of the imbecilities of the congress of the powers in London. That congress was told by Venizelos pretty much what Venizelos is

telling the powers to-day. Germany bullied and threatened a world-war which, in effect, she let loose upon the Belgians and the French a year later. The *Atlantis* and its Greek contemporaries are to-day asking if the great powers have learned nothing whatever from this accumulated experience dating from yesterday? The question has been put by Venizelos to Lloyd George, to Balfour, to Pichon, for the Greek statesman is easily the busiest person in diplomatic life to-day.

**A Pro-Bulgar Campaign  
Against the Greeks.**

LONDON is the center of a Bulgarian propaganda at which Mr. Venizelos stands aghast. Recent utterances in the *London Times* and the *London Westminster Gazette* are ascribed in the Greek press also to an active and subtle pro-Bulgar propaganda which stops at nothing to obscure Greece in the general mind. The Bulgarian Malinoff appears in this propaganda as the hero of Bulgaria's fight for democracy along Anglo-Saxon lines. He was always a friend of England and to his influence the friendliness of young King Boris for England is likewise due. Malinoff is a Bessarabian by birth and was trained to the law, altho he is no orator. A weakness in the character of Malinoff was his distrust of the Greeks, a distrust disseminated by him in the Bulgar mind, says the *London World*. Whenever Mr. Venizelos shows up at the Quai d'Orsay or at the foreign office in London, a Bulgar agent is going in or coming out. Bulgar agents hunt up Lloyd George, Pichon, Balfour, and warn those gentlemen against the machinations of Venizelos. Bulgar agents have made most elaborate preparations for a siege of President Wilson in Paris. They will be on his track in Rome. The letter he wrote in behalf of the Greeks from the White House has been a card to Venizelos; but the



ALL FOR SALE BELOW COST PRICE  
—Raemaekers in Springfield Republican



Bulgars will try to get something from Mr. Wilson to neutralize the effect of words which, Mr. Malinoff suggested at the time, were based upon the misunderstanding created in the President's mind by the Greek minister at Washington. This diplomatist is accused in the Bulgar press of having poisoned the American mind with an atrocity campaign of a type which, says King Boris, as quoted in the *London News*, is familiar

and deceives nobody. "Atrocities? Yes, a few," conceded Malinoff right after he went out of the war; "but we forgive our enemies." Officially the Sofia government says it wants "only" eastern Macedonia and Dobrudja and the so-called Enos-Midia line—a solution which the Athenian dailies insist would take the Balkan question back to where it was the year before the great war broke out.

Even under the most favorable circumstances we imagine that for at least two generations Russia will be chiefly famous for being muddled up all the time.—*Ohio State Journal*.

No doubt there are times when Russia sighs for the good old days when she could borrow money from the United States.—*Des Moines Register*.

## LATEST INSTALMENT OF THE RUSSIAN MYSTERY

THE mysteries of the Russian situation were intensified by the announcement that "Ambassador" Bakhmeteff, whom Washington has persistently recognized as envoy from Russia, will attend the peace conference. It has been held by the Bolshevik press for some time that Mr. Bakhmeteff has long been disqualified to act in any capacity for Russia in Washington or anywhere else. He has not been recognized by any official authority in Petrograd or in Moscow; but he has not lost his status here, apparently. Those foreign observers who follow Russian affairs most closely hint that in this development is evidence that some sort of undisclosed policy in Russia is given effect by this arrangement. It seems that Mr. Bakhmeteff will have his status at Paris fixed by arrangement between Washington on the one hand and London and Paris on the other. The Soviet government is understood to accuse Mr. Bakhmeteff of conducting a propaganda here against itself and to be favored financially and in other ways by our Department of State. This favor is alleged to go to such lengths as to comprize actual interference with the progress of political events in Russia. It is also alleged that President Wilson was on one or two occasions kept in ignorance of material facts about Russia by individuals friendly to Mr. Bakhmeteff. These and like charges, circulated abroad at Bolshevik instigation, formed the subject of pointed questions to Secretary of State Lansing, which, according to *The Nation*, that gentleman declined to answer. The appearance of Mr. Bakhmeteff under American auspices at Paris is heralded by the Soviet government as evidence that Washington has thrown off the mask.

### Disappearance of Government from Russia.

IN all that relates to Russia, Secretary Lansing is understood to be acting in harmony with the Quai d'Orsay. M. Pichon and M. Clemenceau, if the *Temps* is to guide us here, have made up their minds that there is nothing at this time in Russia to which the name of government can appropriately be applied. Mr. Bakhmeteff has a qualified status as the representative of elements in Russia which constitute the ingredients of a potential government that will satisfy America's just demands. It is erroneous to refer to him as an ambassador and it is inferred that our Department of State does not regard him in such a light. No explanation of the matter has been made from Washington because the Quai d'Orsay will have to be consulted before a policy is framed. Meanwhile the foreign office at Paris goes on the theory that a solution of the Russian problem is not to be found by instituting or by recog-

## Most Remarkable Reign of Secret Diplomacy in the History of World-Politics

nizing this "government" or that. When Paris, Washington, London or Rome speak of Russia, it should let the word "government" go by the board. It is a word for the moment devoid of meaning. It is even dangerous. It creates illusions in primitive Russian minds. It inspires ambitions in hot Russian heads. In each Russian city and in every Russian district there are some sensible and experienced men who understand local conditions and who can keep up some semblance of local authority. These political cells, still alive, will yet disseminate their vitality throughout the vast Russian body. There will be no premature recognition of anybody or anything at Vladivostock, Archangel or Omsk, whether Bolshevik, cadet, menshevik or revolutionary otherwise. Recognition merely inflates governmental bubbles.

### Another Curtain Down on Moscow and Petrograd.

BOLSHEVISM is said by its sympathizers to be perfectly satisfied with the attitude of the chancelleries. Lenin, seemingly recovered from his last wound, spends his time in a small flat with his wife. His leisure is consecrated to the study of agricultural pamphlets and reports, of which his supply is prodigious. His followers pronounce him the greatest living agricultural expert. Tales of blood-baths are monstrous versions of what took place when conspirators against the Soviets were repulsed or plotters were arrested. This, of course, is the Bolshevik picture, partially hidden by a curtain of censorship. When an event like a rising in Petrograd or the killing of General Skoropadsky, hetman of the Ukraine, lends excitement or imparts tragedy to Bolshevism, it leaks out. The rest is silence—agricultural reform, establishment of schools, opening of an agricultural institute or the inauguration of a judicial system for all alike. Lenin is lauded by his followers as the man whose Bolshevik system tends to bring Russia together as a self-governing union of proletarian states, whereas under the bourgeois revolutionists the country flew to pieces. Skoropadsky is believed to have paid the price of his subservience to the Hohenzollerns. William was still on his throne when he received Skoropadsky. Toasts were exchanged by the pair and Skoropadsky told William that the Ukraine had established a basis for its absolute independence. When Skoropadsky was slain, announcement was made by the clique in power that the Ukraine was to enter a federation of Russian self-governing "political units." That is the policy of the western allies—what the *Débats* calls a United States of Russia with a constitution on the Washington model.

# THE FREEDOM OF THE SEAS

By FREDERIC R. COUDERT

*Exactly what constitutes the freedom of the seas is a question that is assuming commanding importance in the peace negotiations at Paris. Of the fourteen articles laid down by the President of the United States, none is so enveloped in fog as this one and none more vitally concerns the destiny of the Anglo-Saxon world. Mr. Coudert, an authority on international law, director of the French American Commission and officer of the Legion of Honor, is peculiarly fitted to speak with authority on this timely and important subject.*

NO one has defined the term, Freedom of the Seas, with precision, and nearly everyone seems to have been content to discuss it without a definition. It is not a technical phrase. It has never been defined either in law or in politics, and, like all phrases related to freedom, the latitude of interpretation is a wide one. There has been of late years, and especially in America, a loud cry for what is called immunity of private property on the high seas. It is argued that under rules of modern warfare private property on land, saving special exigencies, is immune and that the same rules should apply to property on the seas.

SOMETHING in the nature of a sensation was caused during the war, in 1915, by a proposition of the unofficial spokesman of Germany, then in America, Doctor Dernburg. This gentleman claimed that he had the approval at that time of the leaders in Germany for his proposition, and he further stated that Germany would accept such a proposition as a basis of peace. Predicated, therefore, upon the correctness of his assertions at that time, it was given some serious consideration. It is strange to-day, looking backwards from the peak of our victory, to see how old ideas recur in new circumstances and, clothed in slightly different verbiage, create the impression of originality. This proposition, which was temporarily taken seriously, was phrased in breezy and popular fashion. It might appear upon reading to appeal to anyone who had not given the question considerable thought. His main proposition, stated in his own words, is as follows: "The great highway on which thoughts and things travel is the high seas. I can with full authority disclaim any ambition by my country as to world-dominion. She is much too modest, on the one hand, and too experienced, on the other hand, not to know that such a state will never be tolerated by the rest.

EVENTS have shown that world-dominion can only be practiced by dominion of the high seas; the aim of Germany is to have the seas as well as the narrows kept permanently open for the free use of all nations in times of war as well as in times of peace. The sea is everybody's property and must be free to everybody. The seas are the lungs from which humanity draws a fresh breath of enterprize, and they must not be stopped up. I personally would even go so far as to neutralize all the seas and narrows permanently by a common and effective agreement guaranteed by all the Powers, so that any infringement on that score would meet with

the most severe punishment that can be meted out to any transgressor."

CORRELATED with this statement was also a request for the freedom of cable and mail communication with all countries, whether belligerent or not, and coupled with this a general open-door policy. It was a vague proposition, but much broader in scope than the American doctrine of immunity of private property from capture on the high seas. It was intended to include the abolition of contraband and blockade. But even with this extension it was not new. The idea of exempting private property is neither original nor disinterested. It has been the cry of every nation with inadequate sea-power which has the pressure of war from a dominant maritime power. The same idea was put forth by Napoleon, speaking in high-sounding phrases of the rights of private property and the laws of nations, but in reality prompted by the dictates of the interests of his own nation. Napoleon was the most effective and vigorous apostle of the high-sounding doctrines of the Freedom of the Seas. Napoleon easily discerned that the great obstacle to the complete French hegemony in continental Europe was the sea-power of Great Britain. Possessing the most powerful military machine known up to that time, he knew that he could subdue the other states of the continent and create a great empire. This he might have done through the system of his customs officers, which extended from Danzig to the Spanish peninsula, except for the pressure of English sea-power, which finally destroyed his plan by detaching his continental allies and driving Russia into revolt.

THE immunity of private property on the high seas, or, as it is now termed in German propaganda, "the neutralization of the open ocean," would simply give to the powers maintaining great armies a preponderant position. The proposition is unworkable. Conditions to-day are such that it is extremely difficult to predict the future of world-politics, but some great combination of the nations may take place, and provision will be made for declaring outlaw any nation violating the world's peace. In that event there will probably be a trusteeship of sea-power, and the enlightened nations of the world forming some combination will deal with the offending nation as the police deal with burglars. No question of the belligerent right can then arise. This may not be so far distant as we now think, for the world-war may change the mental outlook of vast masses of people.

America will doubtless wish to take part in some great movement which, by creating a better world-system, will eliminate the old dangers to the peaceful neutral and will lead to a new Freedom of the Seas guaranteed not by phrases without force but by the trusteeship of the sea-power of the great enlightened democracies of the future. It is, perhaps, such a Freedom of the Seas that the President had in his mind in his eloquent address to the Senate on a League of Peace.

**F**REEDOM of the Seas had been talked about by a great many people, namely by the people who apologize for making the land free for assassination. The gentle Prussians who amiably shot down the civilians in France and Belgium are quite given to talking of Freedom of the Seas and making an arraignment of so-called British navalism. The Prussian view of biology was to make all people subject to the fittest national system, which, according to their view, of course, was Germany. They did not agree with Huxley, that "Laws and moral precepts are directed to the end of curbing the Cosmic process and reminding the individual of his duty to the community, to the protection and influence of which he owes, if not existence itself, at least the life of something better than a brutal savage." An attempt to modify the law of the sea in favor of neutrals was made before the war. British opinion generally had favored the adoption of the Declaration of London, which, if it had been law, would have rendered ineffective the use of sea-power against Germany. The Declaration of London grew out of the desire to avoid complications in war-time arising out of blockade and contraband. The principle was ever simple; it has been the application which has been difficult, for there was no general consensus as to the list of articles constituting contraband. When the list was extended by belligerent countries, neutrals naturally opposed the extension. The Declaration of London endeavored to fix a happy solution. Under its provisions the list contained three classes: 1. Those things useful in war; 2. Things useful in time of both peace and war; 3. Things only useful for peaceful purposes. They did not become law because the conservative House of Lords refused to permit the Government to ratify the treaty. It was, however, during the early days of the war taken as a basis by our State Department, but found unworkable, and it was necessary to fall back upon the old rules.

**T**HERE is always a natural conflict between neutral and belligerent points of view as regards sea-power. The wisest analysis affecting the Freedom of the Seas, particularly applying to the long controversies between the United States and Great Britain, which finally resulted in America's siding with Napoleon, has been made by Admiral Mahan. He said: "The acuteness and technical accuracy of Madison's voluminous arguments make but more impressive the narrowness of outlook which saw only the American point of view, and recognized only the force of legal precedent, at a time when the foundations of the civilized world were heaving. American interests doubtless were his sole concern; but what was practicable and necessary to support these interests depended upon a wide consideration and just appreciation of external conditions. That laws are silent amid the clash of arms, seems in his

apprehension transformed to the conviction that at no time are they more noisy and compulsive. Upon this political obtuseness there fell a kind of poetical retribution, which gradually worked the Administration round to the position of substantially supporting Napoleon when putting forth all his power to oppress the liberties of Spain, and of embarrassing Great Britain at the time when a people in insurrection against perfidy and outrage found in her their sole support."

During the Civil War the United States adopted, regarding belligerent rights, a very different attitude, and extended them further than they had ever been extended. Three thousand miles of coast were declared blockaded, and the doctrine of continuous voyage and ultimate destination was pressed to the full. Goods sent through Mexico or the Bermudas were held as contraband, or deemed violative of blockade. Facts must ever yield to fiction; had Great Britain allowed food shipments to go to Germany through neutral ports such as Rotterdam, which are neutral ports for Germany, the war would not have ended in Allied triumph; France and Belgium would have been destroyed. British sea-power has ever been the counterpoise to military power upon the Continent. The seas cannot be made free, in the sense of abolishing contraband regulations and blockades, until the land is made free from the danger of domination by military forces.

**T**HE real truth is that no great nation can now remain neutral in any great war. The position of all necessarily becomes vitally affected. The technical law of the sea can be applicable only to wars that may remain localized; neither Great Britain nor the United States will allow their trade on a great scale to be held up in any war regarding the issue of which they have no interest. If the world is to remain a group of small and great powers without any link between them, each following its own interests, with no limit save certain general usage regarding international law enforceable only by the belligerents themselves, it will be idle to attempt to soften the rules of maritime warfare as was done by the Declaration of London. The nations possessing sea-power will use that power to destroy enemy commerce, limited only by their fear of incurring greater danger than they avoid.

In defying all laws of humanity by their submarine warfare, Germany brought upon itself certain defeat by forcing the United States into the war. Their error was one as to psychology rather than as to law. The Allies at times stretched the rules of law, but remained ever within the rules of honor and accepted humanity. Frightfulness as a method of success never entered into their philosophy or military policy. But what of the future? What does the President of the United States mean when he speaks of the Freedom of the Seas? Is it an almost impossible, iridescent dream, or may something be done so as to safeguard future rights of neutrals that the seas will be open to trade, free from blockade and contraband? This will depend upon whether some sort of world-reorganization takes place. So long as the existing situation continues it will be impossible to obtain satisfactory guarantee for neutrals, nor am I sure that this is desirable. Modern invention has brought the nations of the world so close together that none of them can afford to remain indifferent to any great conflict; such conflict must now too deeply



affect their interests to permit of an attitude of aloofness.

THE United States will be forced by circumstances out of its supposed isolation, and must take active part with the great Powers of Europe in establishing the world's future. Some arrangement with the democracies of France, Great Britain, and, perhaps, Russia, for the settlement of the innumerable international disputes growing out of trade rivalries and undeveloped territory must be made. This is the work of the immediate future. Some trusteeship of land and sea-power, for the promotion of peaceful relations among the nations of the world, must ultimately be found, as existing law does not and cannot furnish the basis for the settlement of future controversies; such a combination of super-alliance must busy itself with the formulation of a policy. This policy must include the recognition of the duties as well as the rights involved in the Monroe Doctrine, and proper provision for the maintenance of the open door in the East and elsewhere among economically and politically inferior people. The attempt made by European Powers after 1815, which resulted so unfortunately in the Holy Alliance, must be renewed on a broader, sounder basis. In such an arrangement, America must willingly and for the protection of its own interests play a great if not a predominant part. What German advocates really object to is the great naval power of Great Britain, and perhaps still more when our naval power, pretty effective in its own way, and which has taken upon itself the task to aid in restraining a great war-mad autocracy which, if left free on the sea to obtain needful supplies from the neutral world, would, after half a century of preparation, have been able to exterminate all the populations that they did not like and thus Prussianize the world. That is what they meant by a free sea—one upon which their plans cannot be frustrated. And so, indeed, they might have carried out to completion their procedure in France, and elsewhere in the world, if their idea of a free sea—a sea on which maritime powers like Great Britain and the United States could not possibly act effectively—had been the law. Fortunately it was not the law. Men have decreed a long time since that war might be carried on upon the sea as upon the land, and so, indeed, it has been; and if there be any real Americans remaining in the United States to whom the specter of British navalism, so fostered by the German propaganda, means anything, I would like them to judge the matter intelligently, not from the standpoint of Prize-Court decisions but from the standpoint of history.

ON two great occasions in the last hundred years or so, British navalism has saved the continent of Europe. In the first place from the domination of Napoleon. In many respects I sympathize with the aspirations with which Napoleon began his career, and we must not forget that wherever The Eagles went, he carried his great code. But, as Seeley says, after 1807 the aspirations of the Revolution were satisfied in France, they had run their natural limit in Europe, and Napoleon's ambitions had become personal and selfish. Then it was that British navalism prevented a despotism that might have crushed out national life in Europe. Again, history seemingly repeating itself, it

was the great British Fleet—I happened to see it in the Channel late in July, 1914, drawn up there, as it were, almost by a miraculous accident—that saved England and, in fact, civilization, from the monster system that so ruthlessly destroyed Serbia, Montenegro and Belgium, and was in the process of blighting and destroying everything that the human mind and human soul has heretofore held dear.

NOW, as to the future: if it may be said that it is not safe to leave the great sea-power in the hands of one nation, even tho history indicates that that nation on the whole has carried out its trusteeship well and in accordance with the freedom and the betterment of mankind, then indeed we must change the whole world-system. Instead of nations being isolated units, we will have to have a combination of nations. I have advocated from the beginning of the war, altho I am in no degree an "Anglomaniac," an understanding—call it a combination, if you wish; it is not necessary or advisable to enter into a formal alliance—between the English-speaking democracies of the world, which have such similar institutions and a common language (altho the latter is sometimes a disadvantage, because they can read each other's newspapers, which sometimes causes irritation)—people who look to the same common law, while their lawyers talk in the jargon of Blackstone, and have the same fundamental postulates of liberty, right and decency. To-day this is about to be realized, altho a year or two ago it might have seemed an almost hopeless aspiration.

TO-DAY the English-speaking commonwealths and the French republics, drawing to themselves the other democracies of the world, just as the magnet attracts the iron filings, must stand together and may in time create something in the nature, to use a much-abused and perhaps misleading term, of a Super-State, which Super-State can act as the interpreter of those common aspirations for peace and justice of the world; and then the freedom of the sea will mean that kind of freedom which we enjoy in the streets of New York or of Philadelphia or Chicago, that freedom which a regulated community maintains because the police are there to repress by law, without hatred but with the maximum of celerity and effectiveness, those who would break the law. The great Anglo-French-American combination, commanding the spiritual and material forces of those nations, would insure a freedom of the sea which would mean a free sea for all who wished to travel and trade thereon; but when any nation attempted to interfere with the orderly life of other communities, it would have to reckon with that great democratic force, which would try it and, finding it wanting, would suppress not its freedom but its lawlessness. That may be something of a prophecy, but to-day we have ceased from a miserable, pusillanimous neutrality that seemed immoral and that was rapidly becoming dangerous for our future; we have stepped from out a selfish isolation into co-operation with the great progressive forces of the world; there is now every reason to believe that we will tend to realize the dream of old-time idealists and philosophers, and create a new order out of which minor incidents, such as the freedom of the seas, will naturally flow to aid mankind in his efforts for the only real peace—that which is based upon law and justice.

# Persons *in the* Foreground

## EUROPE'S IDEAS OF WILSON THE MAN

EUROPEAN dailies are not in the least surprised that so universal a genius as Woodrow Wilson should be somewhat of a riddle to his countrymen in isolated and remote America. His is the old difficulty of Poe, to a writer in the *Revue Bleue*, while dailies of the importance of the *Temps* and the *Débats* observe that democracy is, after all, one of the arts, Woodrow Wilson being its unchallenged master—a way of looking at the subject as yet new to the American mind, unfamiliar with the poetry of politics. In Europe the man Wilson is understood, says the *Figaro*. Woodrow Wilson, we are told, is clearly for adventure in the sphere of idealism, a romanticist. He is not afraid even of ridicule, he is above retorting in kind, he will risk all for the zest of an experience. He is pent in, suffocated by the provincial; but the world beckons and he says that he is coming. (What an irony of fate that provincial America bestows the first cosmopolitan in politics!)

What strikes a European upon first contact with President Wilson, personally, says the French paper, is his charm, his geniality, in fact his intimacy. There is an obvious distinction in every movement of hand or foot. The President of the United States seems never hurried in the American manner, but he walks quickly in and knows all the world because the world is his political home. No man on horseback this—he does it all in a sack suit. Crown, scepter, orb, these are all superseded. He rules the world in a soft hat and with a thin cane, the only gesture a handshake. No mustache curls upward at each end defiantly. The only decoration is a necktie. America, concludes our contemporary, has come into her own with the manner of this man.

He is sometimes erroneously said to know no language but his own, yet the correspondents of the Parisian papers lay stress upon his command of their tongue when once he has laid aside his reluctance to use a medium in which he lacks practice. Several years ago Woodrow Wilson read Spanish fluently, it seems, and he has by no means forgotten it all. His Italian is dis-

tinctly literary and he still now and then goes over a volume of Dante in the original; but he never undertakes to carry on a conversation in Italian. In his old days as a university man he took pains to master enough of the leading European tongues to enable him to read official agricultural and commercial reports consulted by him for the sake of his classes. He has never, however, set up as a linguist, altho he would unquestionably have made a good one. President Wilson once told a member of the diplomatic corps in Washington, who repeated it later in Paris, that if he were going to college all over again he would pay more attention to the Greek language and literature, which American universities, on the whole, neglect.

European Commentators Think They Know Him Better Than His Countrymen Know Him



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PRESIDENT WILSON SETS SAIL FOR FRANCE APPARENTLY IN A JOVIAL MOOD

With him on the S. S. *George Washington* are (looking from left to right) Mrs. Lansing, Mrs. Wilson and Dr. Grayson.

French newspapers, naturally, are laying stress upon Mr. Wilson's perfect familiarity, extending over many years, with the politics and the economics of their republic. It is not so well known in this country as it is in France that Mr. Wilson followed with marked attention at the time the Dreyfus affair, the anticlerical agitation for separation of church and state, and the innumerable ministerial crises that began with the fall of Waldeck-Rousseau. Mr. Wilson's name was a familiar one then to the press of Paris, which quoted his views as that of a distinguished university president. It is perhaps true, suspects the *Temps*, that no living American has followed French affairs for the past twenty years with closer attention and sympathy, especially the



long controversy over the introduction of an income tax. What strikingly distinguishes France from an economic point of view to Mr. Wilson is the variety and the abundance of her natural resources in a region so compact territorially. She is, for her size, he told a French journalist, the richest land in the world.

No editor in Paris will permit a violation of the well-established rule that the President of the United States is not to be quoted at first hand by a newspaper correspondent. This rule was not relaxed when a French journalist tried to secure Mr. Wilson's estimates of leading French writers, and above all of great figures in French history. The President pointed out that in France there is such a close connection between literature and politics and between even past history and present politics that it would be tactless to reveal individual preferences. (This attitude illustrates to the *Gaulois* that diplomatic ability which is the President's supreme gift.) Inquiry, however, discloses to our French contemporaries that Mr. Wilson greatly admires the genius of the late Paul Hervieu. In his youth Mr. Wilson read Victor Hugo and Balzac in the original with delight. The various histories of the French Revolution, especially those that deal with the abuses of the old régime, still engage his mind. Mr. Wilson is understood to hold that one difficulty with the French Revolution was the simultaneous appearance of so many men of genius. They gradually exterminated one another. It is just as bad, Mr. Wilson is understood to think, to have too many men of genius as to have none at all. The President is also credited with the belief that the French mind of to-day is closest to that of the ancient Greek. Mr. Wilson read this statement years ago and subsequent observation has confirmed it to him.

(Roman dailies observe with delight the admiration of President Wilson for the historians of Italy.) When he undertook to become a historian himself, he considered, it seems, what merits were worthiest of imitation. England has her great historians; but, in spite of their brilliant qualities, they lack balance. The great historians of France are too often partisans. Italy alone has evolved a school of historians who, with perfect balance and free from partisanship, give us a vivid account of a whole period summed up lucidly and with due regard to the effect of human character upon the progress of events. That was the aim he proposed to himself as a historian of his own country, and if the applause with which the French press welcomes a French version of his work be any criterion, President Wilson is as great as anybody from Livy to Guicciardini.

(French and Italian dailies are grieved that one who, like President Wilson, reveals such an obvious Latinity of temperament should be so plagued by critics in his own country.) The *Liberté* and the *Intransigeant* are at no loss for explanations. That distinction of mind and of bearing together with that aloofness from the crowd which render Mr. Wilson (so romantic, not to say mysterious,) to Europe, are the very qualities which the Americans least appreciate in a President. The citizens of the great republic, observes the former daily, have been reared in the tradition of Lincoln and his quaint backwoods humor. "They like a plain President in the White House, one who is accessible to all, who shakes hands frequently, who is equipped with a fund of homely observations drawn from the every-day experience of average men." Even his eloquence, tho so much admired, tells against him. It is above the heads of the people. The business men never know what to expect. "The farmers find his elegance, so admirable to the Europeans, a distinct barrier between themselves and him." In some of his elegant ways Mr. Wilson suggests Paul Deschanel to the French press, and in his opulence of admiration there is a touch of Felix Faure. Mr. Wilson does not talk about economy. He talks about ideals. Hence he does not seem practical to the Americans. Some of them go so far as to deem him flighty. (France, however, we read in these dailies, beholds in Wilson one who comprehends the poetry of French politics, the brilliance of French thought, the spiritual delicacy of French humor and the intimacy of French hospitality.) He thus becomes, says the *Liberté*, the historical equivalent of Lafayette, the American who is destined to take in the French patriotic heart the place so long held by the revolutionary Marquis in the native American bosom.

British characterizations of President Wilson lack the subtlety of Latin impressions, the Manchester *Guardian* and its contemporaries (emphasizing the Anglo-Saxon traits derived by President Wilson from his English mother and dwelling upon the qualities which assimilate him with an English statesman of the traditional type.) Mr. Wilson, the London *Times* believes, will feel himself at home in England, the land whose history and whose institutions he understands as no American in public life has ever understood and known them. He reminds a writer in the *Westminster* of Lord Rosebery because of his combination of distinction with informality, his genial manner with a fundamental reserve that can not be invaded. Mr. Wilson is credited by this observer with the silent English pride and the English sensitiveness that so often mask themselves as a feeling of superiority. He is unusual because

of his wonderfully intimate acquaintance with the political institutions and the politics of England and his admiration of her institutions. There will be, we read, no touch of provincialism in this illustrious visitor. He knows much more about the Beaconsfield foreign policy than Bonar Law does, and he can give points on Irish history to Sir Edward Carson. The English heart, moreover, has been touched by Woodrow Wilson's devotion to the memory of his mother, in whose honor a tablet has been erected in the English town of her birth. The local historians of the City of Carlisle have explored the Wilson genealogy for centuries back with the result that a controversy has broken out regarding the racial affiliations of his grandparents, some holding that they were Celts while others insist that they came of Norman stock. At any rate, it seems clear that Woodrow Wilson's mother was of English origin with no trace of the Irish blood he got through his Ulster grandfather.

The fame of the President as an orator having preceded him, there is much comparison of his style and his themes with those of the leading European masters of the spoken word. Thus a writer in the Yorkshire *Post* deems him unlike Lloyd George, who is so autobiographical and so passionate in his speeches; unlike Mr. Asquith, who is so fond of elucidating difficult subjects; unlike Mr. Balfour, who can be so charmingly sarcastic at the expense of an opponent. Mr. Wilson is described in the English press as an impersonal but fluent talker who seems to devote care and hours of preparation to his orations, notwithstanding the fact that he seldom speaks from a written sheet. Just as his personality resembles that of Lord Rosebery in its geniality, his eloquence is seen to be like that of the former Premier in its very general themes. Mr. Wilson's talk, again like that of Rosebery, reveals that history has been his favorite reading for a long time. What strikes the French in the Wilson oratory is its stateliness. Mr. Wilson, says the *Débats*, is not a mordant orator, like Clemenceau, not a tongue-lasher in a passion, like Briand. He is more of the artist in language, like Premier Orlando, one of the greatest public speakers in Europe. Signor Orlando never rants, we read, and he puts his phrases together with a neatness worthy of Woodrow Wilson at his best; but the Italian riots in metaphor, of which Mr. Wilson is very sparing, and he is carried away by the tide of his fine language, whereas the great American is always self-poised, even when he condescends to be rhetorical. The orator whom Mr. Wilson most resembles is, by a coincidence, some of our French contemporaries think, the President at Paris, M. Raymond Poincaré.



## THE "GREATEST SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY SINCE ALEXANDER HAMILTON" McAdoo, "Statesman among Financiers" and "Dreamer of Dreams that Come True"

**W**HEN William Gibbs McAdoo stepped down the other day from a position only less influential than that of the Presidency, he set the country to guessing. A drain on his health and his personal finances was the reason he gave for resigning as Secretary of the Treasury and Director General of Railroads. His retirement removes from public life, *pro tempore*, an executive who has been generally regarded as the ablest member of the Cabinet, if not, in the words of the *Washington Post*, "one of the ablest men of his time and indubitably the greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton." While his ability is unquestioned, a challenge as to the more superlative designation is expressed by the *Philadelphia North American*, which bluntly calls him a "quitter" and observes that "the Secretary has gone out of his way to impress upon the public that his service to the nation has been performed at serious financial loss to himself—that he cannot afford to serve it at a salary of \$12,000 a year. The emphasis may have been used to discredit reports that he had not suffered heavily in this respect. One undoubted merit of his statement is that it does not invite admiration on the pretence that the decision is an act of patriotic self-sacrifice." On the other hand, a party leader who perhaps had most to do with the direction of the two campaigns which resulted in the two elections of Woodrow Wilson to the Presidency is quoted in the *New York Times* as predicting that "some day the world will know just how big a man McAdoo is." Still another opinion was recently expressed by the head of one of the big railroads which had just been taken over by the Government. Another railroad president had voiced his determination to protest to the Director General against a ruling he had made. "Don't you do it," was the advice he received. "If you ever let McAdoo talk to you fifteen minutes you won't protest against anything. He'll get you, body and breeches, and all you'll be thinking about when you come away will be what a nice call you have had and what a fine fellow McAdoo is." At the first meeting held in New York in the Fourth Liberty Loan drive, Benjamin Strong, Governor of the Second Federal Reserve District, stated that "every man of us who has had to work with the Secretary of the Treasury during the three previous drives not only admires him for his great and many-sided ability, but we love him as a man and as our chief."

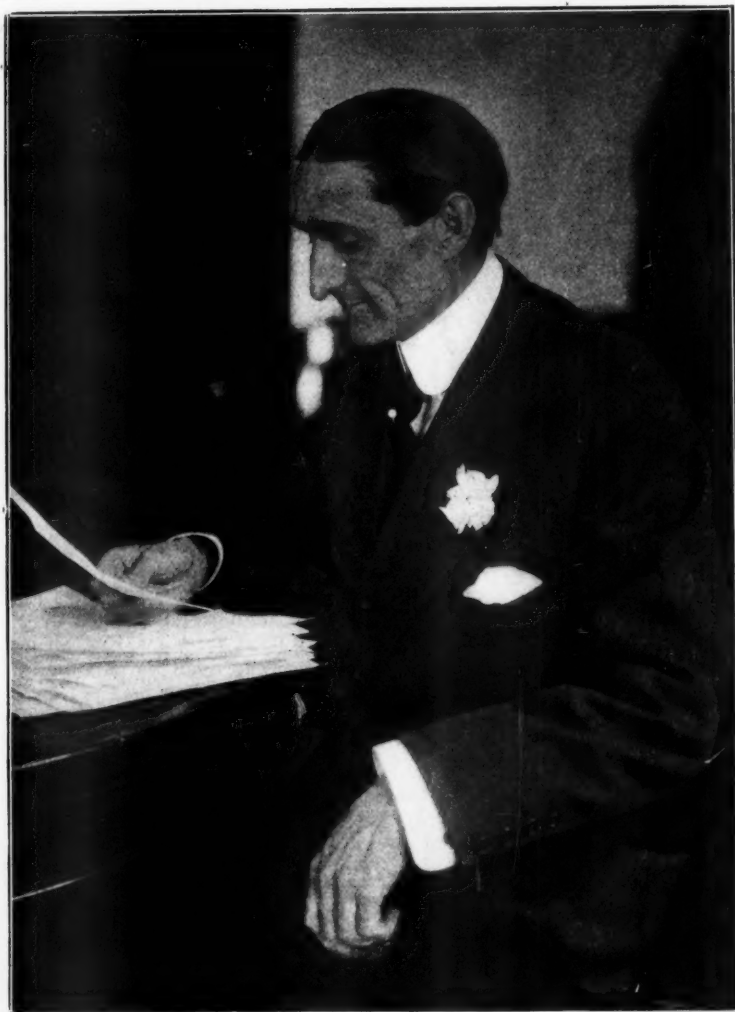
These estimates of McAdoo—one

from a professional politician, one from a railroad president and one from a prominent banker—make a fairly good portrait of the man. As to personal appearance, he is upward of six feet tall and is angular with a sort of Abraham Lincoln angularity—and, we read, sometimes he does not seem to know what to do with his legs and arms. In personality, however, he is what Matthew Arnold might have called a man of sweetness and light. His smile is all pervasive and a stranger entering his presence is said to feel at home the moment he grasps McAdoo's hand and gets the stereotyped McAdoo greeting: "I'm mighty glad to see you. What can I do for you?"

When McAdoo became Secretary of the Treasury he was widely known for only two things. He had built the Hudson tubes, or McAdoo tunnels, connecting New York and Jersey City,

and he had successfully managed the greater part of the first Wilson Presidential campaign, in the absence, through illness, of the chairman of the Democratic National Committee, William F. McCombs. One of the first orders he issued on taking charge was that there should be no mud-slinging at other candidates or their campaign managers. Says the *New York Times*, in this connection:

"Not so long after he had issued that order, the Democratic National Publicity Bureau put out a cartoon which portrayed George W. Perkins, the Progressive campaign manager, in a manner that, in Perkins's opinion, grossly misrepresented him. He sent a letter to McAdoo complaining of the cartoon, and to that letter McAdoo replied: 'I have just received yours of the 4th inst., and have investigated the cartoon of which you complain. I am opposed to misrepresentation for the accomplishment of a political or other purpose.



HE CAN'T AFFORD TO WORK FOR UNCLE SAM AT \$12,000 A YEAR

Therefore William G. McAdoo, former Secretary of the Treasury, is called a quitter by some, and by others is regarded as one of the ablest statesmen-financiers in American history.

This cartoon does misrepresent, and I have advised that no further use be made of it by the National Democratic Committee. You understand, of course, that it is difficult for the Chairman of any national committee to keep close supervision over all departments of his committees, but you may be sure that none of us has any desire to misrepresent or to be unfair in any way to any of our antagonists."

Reference to this "statesman among financiers," as McAdoo has been called, as "a dreamer of dreams that come true," originated in his dream of tunneling the Hudson River and running trains through the tunnels. It was at the age of thirty-nine, ten years after he arrived in the metropolis from Tennessee, that the company McAdoo organized began building the first of those tunnels. Says a writer in the *Times*:

"It was an eventful day in the life of the dreamer of river tunnels when he and a large company of New York and New Jersey officials rode on the first train that ran under the North River. The cars were new and spick and span and they were quite different in construction from cars used on the elevated or subway in Manhattan. But what interested the pas-

sengers most was a placard prominently displayed in every car of every train which bore the following legend: 'The public be pleased.' And the public was not slow to appreciate the McAdoo paraphrase.

"When Mr. McAdoo was asked why he had caused those signs to be placed in his cars, he replied: 'That is a short statement of our creed. We believe in the "the public be pleased" policy as opposed to the "the public be damned" policy. We believe that that railroad is best which serves the public best; that decent treatment evokes decent treatment by the public; that recognition by the corporation of the just rights of the people results in recognition by the people of the just rights of the corporation. In other words, let there be a square deal for the people and a square deal for the corporation. The latter is as essential as the former, and the two are not incompatible.'

"But in spite of the policy on which the Hudson tubes were run they were not for some time a huge financial success. There were rumors of disagreements between McAdoo and some of his directors and between McAdoo and some of those who had helped to finance the enterprise. Indeed, the story was current in Wall Street that his feelings toward some of the large financial interests in Wall Street had become very bitter. He was even reported

to have said that certain interests had tried to take his tunnels away from him. But when he was invited to become Secretary of the Treasury he resigned the Presidency of the tubes, and that ended his official connection with them. Few believe that McAdoo ever made a great deal of money out of the venture."

Secretary McAdoo had charge of the collection of \$4,000,000,000 in taxes last year and the raising of nearly \$18,000,000,000 in Liberty bonds in war savings within the past nineteen months. About \$8,000,000,000 in loans to the Allies has been distributed at his discretion since the United States entered the war. He also was the directing spirit of the Capital Issues Committee, the War Finance Corporation and other war-time Treasury agencies. He has been married twice. His first wife was Miss Sarah Hazelhurst Fleming, of Chattanooga, whom he married in 1885. She died in 1912 leaving six children, three sons and three daughters. It was two years later that Secretary McAdoo married Miss Eleanor Wilson, and they have one daughter. His sons are in the army.

## STEPHEN PICHON: THE PRACTICAL MAN AT THE PEACE CONFERENCE

INTERNATIONAL relations are drowned in fine language, and Stephen Pichon, Minister of Foreign Affairs at Paris, will strive to impress that theory upon the peace conference. He prides himself upon being a practical man, not a man of words. "The scourge of diplomacy," he is quoted in the *Petit Journal* as saying, "is words." This is a startling idea in the mind of one who graduated from journalism into politics, but his official career is an embodiment of it. His entreaties to youthful attachés at the Quai d'Orsay to abbreviate phrases, to shorten documents, to eliminate redundancies, have given rise to the jest that he hates the French language. In reality, he is continuing a practice for which he was distinguished on the staff of *La Justice* years ago. M. Pichon was renowned for his brevity when he wrote in his youth for the *Révolution Française*. These papers were conducted by Clemenceau, who prided himself upon the brilliance of his editorial staff. The great merit of Pichon was not style but knowledge. He always took the precaution, observed Clemenceau once, to inform himself. Aurélian Scholl was 'original. Millerand was trenchant. Jules Roche had humor, versatility. Stephen Pichon was assigned to the task that required research, gravity of manner, acquaintance with serious things like imports and depopulation. He handled, according to the

London *Outlook*, in its admiring study of the hard-working statesman, the political debates in the Senate, the treaties with Asiatic powers, the commercial crises; and he made all these things lively.

Pichon, whose early educational opportunities were limited, strove to be actual, to deal with the every-day life of the French, the rate of their wages, the cost of houses and of clothing, the chances for young Frenchmen in the colonial possessions. He wrote compactly, stuffing his pages with information. His comments upon the careers of important Frenchmen in almost any walk of life revealed a sense of values that made Clemenceau envious. "How," Clemenceau once asked him, "do you find out all you know?" "I never wait for knowledge to come to me," said Pichon, "I go out to seek it." The whole system of the man, the British periodical thinks, is summed up in the confession. The indefatigable Pichon does not trust documents, official reports, things on paper. If he has to write about gloves, he goes to a glove factory. The method of sitting at a desk and of making up one's mind by studying a mass of papers breeds, he contends, the evils of bureaucracy. His observation in a furious debate on imposts in the chamber some years ago, when he was accused of omitting to read a committee report, vindicated him completely. "No," he confessed, "I

## A Foreign Minister Who Deprecates the Flow of Words

have not read the report and therefore I have not been misled by it." He gently reproved a young official for looking up the files. "Make a report without looking up the files," he suggested, "and then you won't be repeating what others have said before you." It is a process requiring some energy in first-hand investigation and for that reason M. Pichon is not the most popular person in the bureaucracies.

He was left when a mere lad with a widowed mother and a sister to support in his native town of Arnay-le-Duc, where his father had been the tax collector. He had therefore to abandon his hopes of a professor's career at the university and seek employment in the department of the Côte d'Or. It is the region of France most noted for the self-reliance of its inhabitants, their thrift and their plain practical wisdom. Pichon, says the *Rappel*, is a typical specimen of the breed. He found employment as an investigator of the business resources of the department and he put his experience into lucid articles submitted from time to time to French periodicals and newspapers. These met with success, for young Pichon had already made one of his rules for himself. "Always know what you are talking about—that never gives offense if you are tactful." Clemenceau, then conducting the first of his many journalistic enterprises, was struck by the lucidity and force of the

papers on industrial conditions sent in by Pichon.

The range of Pichon as a journalist being somewhat limited, he turned to politics, a career for which he was well equipped by temperament and aptitude. In spite of the difficulties besetting him in the quest of an education, he had received a diploma at Besançon and a degree from the University of Paris. His desire to become a physician had to be given up after he was duly admitted to the profession, for which his studies were severe. He resembles

Clemenceau in the perpetual interest he manifests whenever serums and therapy are under discussion. His knowledge of both medicine and sociology made him a valuable member of the municipal council of Paris, to which he was chosen when still very young. He was a deputy before he was forty and a senator before he was fifty, but his great career has been in the diplomatic service. He was tried first, as the ill-natured critics in the Paris press put it, on Port-au-Prince, and in a short time he was transferred to Brazil. His

genius for getting facts made his official reports invaluable to the chambers of commerce at Havre and the other ports. Then he was sent to Peking.

Such is the man who, in his capacity as Foreign Minister, will do the "quiet practical work," as the *London Times* says, for France at the peace conference. It is understood in Paris that President Wilson has brought with him a ton or two of documents, but experts will be surprised if all the facts they contain are not already in that well-stocked head of M. Pichon.

## GLASS, FIRST JOURNALIST TO BE THE SUPREME BANKER FOR UNCLE SAM

IT is regarded as a matter of special comment by the newspaper press of the country that Representative Carter Glass, of Virginia, in succeeding Secretary McAdoo, is the first newspaper man to become Secretary of the Treasury. For he was a country-newspaper editor before going to Congress and still owns two newspapers in Lynchburg, Virginia. They are the *Daily News*, a morning paper, and the *Daily Advance*, published afternoons. Probably no recent Cabinet member, prior to his induction into the Presidential family, has been so little known to the public at large. His life has been one of notable simplicity. He was born in Virginia in 1858, a few miles from where the President was born, and only two years after. As a youngster, he learned the printing trade and served eight years in the mechanical department of a printing office, having meanwhile acquired a good public-school education. In his native town—Lynchburg—he grew up, became a newspaper proprietor, State Senator and then Congressman, and there he still lives. *En passant*, the new Secretary of the Treasury was forty-one years old before he began to figure with any prominence in politics.

Entering the Fifty-seventh Congress, he was the second man on the Banking and Currency Committee when the Democrats took it over in 1911 and two years later he succeeded Representative Pujo as chairman of the committee which had in hand the drafting of the Federal Reserve bill. In the handling of this important measure, says the *New York Tribune* (Republican), "it seems universal testimony that Glass showed a clear and remarkable grasp of the problems involved, that he fought steadily against the inclusion of meretricious features in the act and displayed a notable courage and tenacity of purpose throughout the long discussion of it." As much as to any man, the credit for its passage in its present form belongs to the successor to Secretary McAdoo. His speech be-

fore the Economic Club of New York City, when the bill was under discussion, was a model of force and lucidity and made a deep impression on the financiers and business and professional men present. The advent of Mr. Glass to the Treasury portfolio, says the *New York Tribune*, will be at a time when the qualities of courage and understanding and a clear and cool

## Not Long Ago the New Secretary-Treasurer was a Country-Newspaper Editor

head are deeply needed. If, ventures the *New York Sun*, there is any doubt as to the wisdom of his selection for the Treasury portfolio, "it might be because his health has been frail." For at any stage there is no post in the Government that exacts more time, physical labor and sheer stamina than the Treasury. He has a son in the American Expeditionary Forces.



CONGRESS KNOWS HIM AS YET BETTER THAN THE AMERICAN PEOPLE DO Which explains why the new Secretary of the Treasury received an ovation in the House when his appointment was announced.



# Music and Drama

## "THE BETROTHAL"—MAETERLINCK'S MYSTIC SEQUEL TO "THE BLUE BIRD"

## A Spectacular Drama- tization of His View of Love and Marriage

**S**EQUELS are often apt to be among the most desperate commercial devices of flagging genius. But in "The Betrothal,"\* written as a successor to "The Blue Bird," Maurice Maeterlinck has eloquently and dramatically clothed his mystical view of the universe in a series of pictorial scenes that are at once whimsical and humorously philosophical. "The Betrothal" was evidently written by the great Belgian especially for the production recently given it in New York by Mr. Winthrop Ames. We are indebted to Dodd, Mead & Company (New York), publishers of the play, for permission to reprint these excerpts.

Tyltyl, the child hero of "The Blue Bird," has now attained the age of seventeen. The Fairy Berylune, an elderly sprite, intrudes upon his slumber and informs him that it is high time he was thinking of a bride, and stresses the importance of the right selection of one. Tyltyl confesses that he has looked longingly upon six: Millette, Belline, Roselle, Aimette, Jalline, and Rosarelle, girls of the village and neighboring forest. Nothing more than looks have passed between them, however. To which the Fairy, with her infinite wisdom, replies: "You'll find that's the way people tell each other in the world where I'm going to take you, the world of real things. . . . You'll see, once we are there, how well they know all that has to be known; for what we see is nothing: it is what we do not see that makes the world go round!" She gives Tyltyl the magic green hat with the sapphire that is to admit him into the realm of Reality, of eternal truth.

Tyltyl turns the sapphire. The cottage is filled with a supernatural light, which invests all things with beauty, purity, and a transcendent light. One by one the six sweethearts appear, but Tyltyl cannot choose between them. The right one, we surmise, is, for some reason or other, not among these six charming, unspoiled girls. "Everything must be settled to-night," announces the Fairy Berylune, "for an

opportunity like this comes only once to a man; and woe to him who lets it slip: he will never have another chance! For what we have to do now is to put our heads together and prepare for the great choice, which is to decide the happiness of two human beings first and of many others after that." She further surprises the boy by informing him that it is not really his choice, but that he must first learn by his ancestors and his children. It is they who will choose his bride.

As they are about to start out on the journey to the abodes of the Ancestors and the Unborn, they are interrupted by the entrance of Destiny, a gigantic tower-like figure, who is much impressed with his own importance. Then another figure enters, shrouded in long white veils, like an antique statue. The face, hands, mouth, and eyes are lifeless and white as marble. "It must be one of those whom you've forgotten!" Berylune tells Tyltyl.

Tyltyl is next armed with a golden treasure, obtained by the conversion of an old miser, through the miraculous use of the green hat. Then he is piloted by Destiny and Light to the realm of the Fairies, where the enchantments and difficulties of his courtship are spectacularly developed. The awe-inspiring appearance of Destiny is gradually lessened. He seems less and less important as the adventure proceeds. He dwindles in size. His footsteps lag. He is not so important as he thought he was. Meanwhile Light assumes leadership. Light explains the nature of the quest to the puzzled Tyltyl:

**LIGHT.** I can see that the choice will not be easy.

**TYLTYL.** Which do you think the best?

**LIGHT.** There are neither better nor worse; each one is as good as the other; and all are good when they suffer or when they love.

**TYLTYL.** The nuisance is that it seems you mustn't love more than one. . . . Tell me, tho, is that true, or is it only one of the things people say to children just to keep them quiet?

**LIGHT.** No, it's true. When you love many, that merely shows that you haven't yet found the one whom you were to love.

**TYLTYL.** But, after all, you, who know everything and see everything, must know

better than I and can tell me what I ought to do.

**LIGHT.** No, dear, that is beyond me, beyond the range of my sight. It is for this very reason that we are going to consult those who do know; and they are near at hand, because it is in you that they live. We seem to be taking a great journey: that is an illusion; we are not going outside yourself and all our adventures are happening within you. . . .

The way leads next to the abode of the Ancestors. It is a square formed of dwelling-places of different periods, some stately, some lowly, but all radiant and a little unreal. There is the cottage of Tyltyl's grandparents; there is a farmhouse of older date; an eighteenth-century shop; and thus, in succession, a seventeenth-century country-house, a sixteenth-century prison, tavern and hospital, a fifteenth-century mansion, hovels of other times, a Gallo-Roman farm, and so on. There are the huts and caves of primitive man. Tyltyl's cortège enters, to consult these ancestors. They are received by his peasant grandparents, Granny Tyl and Gaffer Tyl. There are disagreements concerning Tyltyl's choice of a bride. The ancestors, rich men, poor men, beggar men and thieves, all begin to assemble. Tyltyl is only their delegate upon earth. They are vastly interested in the eugenic problem to be solved. Tyltyl questions Gaffer Tyl concerning the disreputable beggars present at the conclave.

**GAFFER TYL.** Well, it seems that several generations of us were beggars. . . . We succeeded one another, father and son, at the same church and in the same doorway. It was very good for us, they say. It taught us patience, resignation, endurance, temperance and the habit of never catching cold. . . . But do you see the oldest, the one who looks poorest of all?

**TYLTYL.** The one with the beautiful white beard?

**GAFFER TYL.** Precisely. . . . Well, he's the Great Mendicant, the one whom we respect most, first because he has an iron constitution and next because he appears to have thought a very great deal in his corner under the porch. . . . They say it's he who did most to develop our brains. . . .

**TYLTYL.** Look, there are three more!

A diseased man comes out of the hospital; another, carrying a bottle and

\* **THE BETROTHAL: A SEQUEL TO THE BLUE BIRD.** By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. New York. Copyright, 1918, Dodd, Mead & Company.



TYTYL CHOOSES A WIFE

Tytyl (Reginald Sheffield) is confronted with that momentous problem of choosing a wife. Six girls favor him: Millette (Boots Wooster), Belline (Winifred Lenihan), Jalline (Gladys George), Aimette (May Collins), Roselle (June Walker) and Rosarelle (Flora Shepherd). But out of his memory arises another figure, and he chooses none of these six.

looking rather tipsy, out of the tavern; and, lastly, out of the prison, a third figure, hairy and savage of aspect, brandishing a blood-stained knife. The Ancestors have been gradually collecting at the back of the stage. They bow, accost one another, shake hands, exchange compliments. All show affectionate respect to the Great Peasant, the Great Mendicant and especially the Great Ancestor, gathering around them and listening deferentially to what they say. On the other hand, the Sick Man, the Drunkard and the Murderer are left standing apart, forming a pitiful rear-guard. The group now moves toward the benches in the foreground, where Tytyl and his companions are gathered.

THE GREAT ANCESTOR. (*Coming forward.*) Good evening, Tytyl!

TYTYL. Good evening . . . sir!

THE GREAT ANCESTOR. Kiss me first. Don't be afraid. I look rather savage, but it is only a shape which I had to put on in order to make myself visible to you. I had no other handy. . . . But I am really quite clean and I don't smell bad.

TYTYL. I never said you did!

THE GREAT ANCESTOR. No, but to judge by the grimace you made you weren't quite sure! . . . (*Sitting down on the middle bench.*) I will sit down here; the Great Mendicant will take his seat on my right and the Great Peasant on my left. They don't smell either. . . .

TYTYL. I don't remember ever seeing you before.

THE GREAT ANCESTOR. And yet we have always lived in each other; for you were already living in me when I was on earth; and now I live in you while you are still on that same earth, which we seem to have quitted. . . . But what

do you think of this place of ours? . . . Let me have the pleasure of showing you over your home.

TYTYL. My home?

THE GREAT ANCESTOR. Certainly. . . . You are at home here. . . . And a very nice home it is. . . . Everything you see—this square, that prison, the church, those houses, we who live in them—all this is really only inside yourself. . . . People rarely see it, they don't even suspect it; but it's true.

TYTYL. I should never have thought there was so much room inside myself and that it was so large. . . .

THE GREAT ANCESTOR. It's much larger really; there's a great deal that you don't see. . . . But that is not what interests us to-day; let us come straight to the point, to the great question that brings you here. . . . We are going to choose the woman whom you are to love. . . .

TYTYL. Since you are so kind, there's one thing I should like to ask you. . . .

THE GREAT ANCESTOR. Ask me any questions you please.

TYTYL. How is it that I have not, like other men, the right to choose the woman I love?

THE GREAT ANCESTOR. But you have the right to choose and are here for the sole purpose of making that choice.

TYTYL. No, they tell me that it's you and the others who will make it.

THE GREAT ANCESTOR. But I and the others are all you. . . . You are we, we are you; and it's all the same thing.

TYTYL. Not for me. . . . They keep on telling me to hold my tongue, that it's not my business, that it's no concern of mine. . . . Everybody's allowed to get a word in, except me. . . . I've had enough, I'm sick and tired of it! . . . Where do I come in? That's what I want to know!

THE GREAT ANCESTOR. You're simply acting as all men act when they think they are doing what they want to do.

TYTYL. But, after all, dash it, what business is it of yours? I can understand, in a way, that the children I may one day have should claim some right to select their mother; but the rest of you, over here, what difference can it make to you?

THE GREAT ANCESTOR. Don't you see that it's all the same? Those who have lived in you live in you just as much as those who are going to. There is no difference, it all connects and it's still the same family.

TYTYL. As you please, but I can't make it out. . . . And, if I refuse to obey, if I love just for myself, if I take a different girl from the one they want to force on me, what will they do then? What will happen?

THE GREAT ANCESTOR. Merely this, that the choice you will have made for yourself, without our approval, will not be a real choice; in other words, you will not love the woman whom you thought you loved. You will have made a mistake, you will be unhappy and, at the same time, you will make all of us unhappy, those who came before you as well as those who come after.

TYTYL. Does that often happen?

THE GREAT ANCESTOR. Very often, far too often; that is why you see so many unhappy people on earth.

TYTYL. Well, what am I to do?

THE GREAT ANCESTOR. Where are your little friends? . . . Would you mind coming a little nearer, dear ladies? . . . (*Gazing with attention at the Six Girls, who come forward and stand in front of him.*) Well, well, you have set us our task, but you have made it very difficult: how is one to select when all are equally beautiful?

THE GREAT MENDICANT. They are really very handsome.

THE GREAT PEASANT. And they appear to be very healthy, very quiet and very hard-working.

THE GREAT ANCESTOR. Do you recognize the one among them for whom we are waiting?

THE GREAT MENDICANT. Not yet.

THE GREAT ANCESTOR. It's strange, neither do I. . . . (*To the Great Peasant.*) And you?

THE GREAT PEASANT. I can't say that I don't and I can't say that I do.

THE GREAT ANCESTOR. It's strange, very strange. And yet we know that the one who will make us happy has arrived and is here among us. We generally recognize her at the first glance.

THE GREAT MENDICANT. I can't understand it.

THE RICH ANCESTOR. (*Standing behind the bench, pointing to Rosarelle.*) Isn't it that one? . . . What's your name, my dear?

ROSARELLE. Rosarelle.

THE RICH ANCESTOR. Who are you?

ROSARELLE. The daughter of the Mayor.

THE RICH ANCESTOR. Are you rich?

ROSARELLE. My father has money, I believe.

THE RICH ANCESTOR. You see? There is no doubt about it.

THE SICK ANCESTOR. (*Pointing to Aimette.*) I say it's that one.

THE DRUNKEN ANCESTOR. (*Taking hold of Rosarelle.*) This is the one I want.

THE MURDERER ANCESTOR. (*Leaping over the bench and taking hold of Bel-line.*) And I take this one!

THE GREAT ANCESTOR. (*Rising, in an authoritative tone.*) Be silent . . . and withdraw! . . . (*With an imperious gesture.*) Begone! . . . You know that you have lost the right to raise your voice in my presence! . . . (*The four dissentient Ancestors, addressed in these terms, move away crestfallen.*)

THE OTHER ANCESTORS. (*Grouped behind the bench, clapping their hands.*) Hear! Hear! . . . Well done! . . . It's what they deserve! . . . They have been wrong too often! . . . They have done too much harm! . . . They would be the ruin of the family! . . .

wherever we go, nobody knows her; and we can't get rid of her.

THE GREAT ANCESTOR. Go and fetch her. (*Tyltyl fetches the White Phantom and brings her back, holding her by the hand.*)

THE GREAT ANCESTOR. Who are you? TYLTYL. It's no use asking her. She never answers; she can't talk.

THE GREAT ANCESTOR. (*To the Phantom.*) Come nearer, child, and let me lift the veil that covers your face. . . . (*He removes the veil. The statue's face appears, absolutely white, featureless and devoid of human expression.*) She has no face. . . . (*To the other Ancestors standing around them.*) Do you know her?

dears, let me give you the parting kiss. Do not be too sad; another happiness awaits you. There is more than one kind on that poor misguided earth of yours. You have deserved every happiness that it can give. . . . Good-by, my dear daughters; good-by, good-by, my son. And we will meet again whenever you wish: you know where to find us and we shall be waiting for you. . . .

Light then leads Tyltyl and the girls into the Kingdom of the Future, into a province in which there are no children but his own. She explains: "As many children as you have ancestors, as innumerable and no less infinite. But, as with the Ancestors, we shall



TYLTYL AND HIS ANCESTORS

Tyltyl's visit of the Abode of the Ancestors is one of the most striking incidents in "The Betrothal." They all have a voice in the problem of his marriage, especially the Great Ancestor, the Great Peasant, and the Great Mendicant.

JAILLINE. (*Going to the Great Mendicant and clasping his knees.*) Perhaps I'm the one. . . . I love him so!

MILETTE. (*Going to the Great Peasant and clasping his knees.*) If you want to know how much I love him, look at me and see.

AIMEE. (*Going to the Great Ancestor and clasping his knees.*) Can't you see that I have loved him longer than the others? I have loved him since I first set eyes on him. I never dared say so; but I feel that I shall die if you choose another.

THE GREAT ANCESTOR. My poor children, it is very sad, but my hands are tied. You will perhaps cry for a few hours; but, if we chose one of you, she would spend her whole life crying, for I do not see among you the one for whom we are waiting. . . . Tyltyl!

TYLTYL. Yes?

THE GREAT ANCESTOR. Have you brought us no one else, besides those we see here?

TYLTYL. No, no one else.

THE GREAT MENDICANT. I see a tall white figure over there, against a tree; who is it?

TYLTYL. I really don't know. She follows us all the time, squeezes in

THE GREAT PEASANT. She has no expression.

THE GREAT MENDICANT. She has no features. . . . She is like an unfinished statue.

THE GREAT ANCESTOR. What are we to do? It must be she. But who is she? She is not dead, or we should know it. . . . Come, Tyltyl, make an effort, for everything depends on you. You must remember. . . .

TYLTYL. I have tried my utmost. . . . Do what I will, I can't remember at all.

THE GREAT ANCESTOR. Listen, it is a serious matter. If we do not succeed in recognizing her, all your life, all your happiness on earth will be nothing more than a phantom like herself. . . . There is one last resource, one last hope, which is that the children who are to be born of you may discover who she is and that she is to be their mother. They see much farther and deeper than we. But there is no time to lose; for this waiting and this living in suspense are very dangerous for her. We must be quick therefore; we must not waste a moment. . . . Go, my little Tyltyl. You have been very good and patient, very obedient and faithful to your race throughout this ordeal. Take this kiss and farewell. . . . You too, my

see only those who are nearest to you, especially the youngest and the smallest . . . because they are nearest to their birth. As this approaches they grow smaller and younger; so that the youngest, who are first to be born, can hardly walk or stand."

TYLTYL. They must find it very tiresome to be kept waiting like that!

LIGHT. Nothing is ever tiresome in infinity. Besides they have to learn here all that they will forget on earth.

TYLTYL. It seems hardly worth while, then, to take so much trouble!

LIGHT. Oh, but it is! Something always remains and helps to build up the deep happiness of life.

TYLTYL. Well, so much the better for them! As for me, I shall soon know what I am to do. I hope we shall get through to-day, because, you see, I'd like to have things settled. . . .

In the Abode of the Children the veiled white figure, whom everybody has overlooked, is left standing alone and is discovered by the youngest of all the children. "Is it . . . really you?" the smallest child of all asks her.



"Yes," she replies, speaking for the first time and struggling to find her voice. The child runs away to tell his brothers and sisters who were waiting for her. Five others come to her. The mother tries to take them in her arms, but they do not give her time. They fling themselves upon her, load her with kisses and caresses, and clamber on her knees. Then the bigger children, those of the future generations, return and fill the ethereal halls again. They whisper among themselves: "They've found her!" Tytyl, followed by Light, the Six Girls and Destiny, enters. The smallest child of all goes to him and, taking his hand, leads him to the Mother. The scene ends:

THE SMALLEST OF THEM ALL. (*Gravely.*) It is she. . . . I found her. . . . (*The Mother rises and stands in front of Tytyl.*)

ANOTHER LITTLE ONE. Do you recognize her? (*Tytyl hesitates, passes his hand over his forehead, vainly searches his memory.*)

TYTYL. Not yet. . . . She's beautiful!

ANOTHER LITTLE ONE. Kiss her; it's she.

ANOTHER LITTLE ONE. There is no other.

THE SMALLEST OF THEM ALL. We want no other.

TYTYL. (*Taking the Mother's hand.*) Where do you come from? . . . Who are you? . . . Where have I seen you before? . . . I can't remember. . . . (*The Mother does not reply. Her color comes and goes, her eyes open and shut, her life fluctuates with the ebb and flow of the memory which she strives to awaken.*)

THE SMALLEST OF THEM ALL. Take care! You're hurting her! (*The Other Little Ones form a line in front of her as tho to defend her.*)

A LITTLE ONE. Go away!

ANOTHER LITTLE ONE. Go away! You sha'n't have her until you know her!

ANOTHER LITTLE ONE. You sha'n't have any other!

ANOTHER LITTLE ONE. Go away! She shall stay with us till you know!

ANOTHER LITTLE ONE. Go away! We'll wait for you; we shall all be down there!

THE FIRST LITTLE ONE. Go away, go away! . . . You're hurting her dreadfully!

THE SMALLEST OF THEM ALL. (*Embracing his Mother.*) Come, mummy, come! . . . He doesn't know yet! . . . (*They all gather and press closely round their Mother, hurrying and dragging her along and waving good-by to Tytyl: "See you soon! See you soon again! . . . Down there, down there! . . . See you soon!" . . . (The Mother turns and gazes fixedly at Tytyl; then the outlines of the hall darken, lose their color and distinctness, dissolve and disappear. Only Tytyl, Light, Destiny and the Six Girls remain in front of the curtain representing the Milky Way.)*)

TYTYL. Well, I'm in a nice mess! . . . What am I to do? . . . Is it my fault if I can't remember? . . .

LIGHT. Don't be afraid. They know what they are saying. You will find her again. . . . Let us go, quickly! . . . I am

sure that she is waiting for you where you least expect her.

TYTYL. (*Dreamily.*) She really is beautiful! . . . I believe they are right. . . . I believe it's really she. . . . (*They all go out.*)

X In the last act, we discover Light and Tytyl on the edge of the forest. The Six Girls come in carrying Destiny, who has shrunk to the proportions of a very small child and appears very tired. "I'm unthakable, immovable, indefatigable, implacable, and inegthowable!" he whines. "Poor little Destiny!" exclaims Light, "he has no luck!" Light tells the Six Girls to bid Tytyl good-by:

LIGHT. We can't spend our whole life traveling! Besides, you are near your homes, since you all of you dwell round the forest. We have learned what we sought and we know what we wanted to know, that man is granted only one love, while the others are merely unfortunate errors that bring sorrow to innumerable lives. . . . You were all of you about to choose wrongly; and you may rejoice, therefore, even now, when we have to part, that the mistake was discovered before it was too late. . . . And, more than this, the Fairy has charged me with glad tidings for you all: the one love you have each of you sought is waiting for you by your own fireside, in your own home, or at least will be there very soon. . . . So do not linger, but hasten to meet it. . . . The hour grows late; soon the cocks will be crowing; the birds are beginning to wake. Let us bid one another good-by, quickly, without regret, without sad thoughts or tears. . . .

The last scene shows us Tytyl's awakening. His mother arouses him because Madame Berlingot and her daughter Joy, neighbors seven years previous, are returning. They must prepare breakfast for them. When the Berlingots arrive, the mother is in appearance most suspiciously like the Fairy Berylune, while Joy is the mysteriously-veiled girl of the dream-like journey. Tytyl and Joy remain standing face to face. Tytyl goes up to Joy and takes her hand.

TYTYL. I knew you at once.

JOY. And I you.

TYTYL. You are even more beautiful than up there.

JOY. You too.

TYTYL. I say, it's funny that I couldn't remember. . . .

TYTYL. Oh, how lovely you are! . . . Let me kiss you. (*They kiss each other awkwardly, but affectionately.*) They haven't a suspicion.

JOY. You think that?

TYTYL. I'm sure of it. They don't know what we know. But the little ones knew.

JOY. What little ones?

TYTYL. The little ones up there. . . . They were very clever. They knew you at once. . . . Were you so very unhappy?

JOY. Why?

TYTYL. Because I couldn't remember. Joy. It wasn't your fault.

TYTYL. I know, but I hated it. . . . And you were so pale, so dreadfully pale; and you never spoke. . . . How long had you loved me?

JOY. Ever since I first saw you, when you gave me the Blue Bird.

TYTYL. So have I, so have I, but I had forgotten. . . . Never mind: we're going to be tremendously happy, for they've settled it, you see; they want it.

JOY. Do you think they've done it on purpose?

TYTYL. I'm quite sure; there isn't a doubt. . . . Everybody wanted it, but especially the little ones, all six of them.

JOY. Oh!

TYTYL. Yes! . . . We're going to have six! . . . I say, do you believe it?

JOY. Six what?

TYTYL. Why, six children, of course!

JOY! Oh, Tytyl!

TYTYL. I know it's a great many; but we'll manage somehow. There's nothing to be afraid of. . . . What a dream, eh?

JOY. Yes.

TYTYL. The loveliest I ever had; and you?

JOY. Yes.

TYTYL. I saw you as you are now, just like that. But here, all the same, you are more real and more beautiful. . . . Oh, I must kiss you again! (*They kiss each other lingeringly. At that moment Daddy Tyl opens the door, with the others behind him.*)

DADDY TYL. (*Catching them in the act.*) Well, I never! . . . You're getting on, you two! . . . You're losing no time!

THE NEIGHBOR. (*Entering with Mummy Tyl and Mytyl.*) What's the matter?

DADDY TYL. What did I say, when we were looking at the rabbits? These two are made for each other. . . . They were kissing away like anything!

THE NEIGHBOR. Joy! Aren't you ashamed?

JOY. But, Mummy . . .

DADDY TYL. Come, come, there's no great harm in it. We did as much, Mummy Tyl and I, when we were young, didn't we, old lady?

MUMMY TYL. We did indeed! . . . They make such a pretty pair! . . .

THE NEIGHBOR. That they do; but Joy is still very young and I'd like to think it over.

DADDY TYL. That's right enough. . . . He's very young too; but you won't find a better boy in the whole country-side. . . . He's a strong, healthy lad, with a civil tongue in his head, and he works like a nigger. . . . Think it over by all means, only, as this is a holiday, there's no harm in their kissing each other; and let's see them do it; it's good for one! . . . (*Seeing that Tytyl and Joy do not move, he pushes them close together.*) Well? . . . Look at them: they don't want to now!

TYTYL. (*In a whisper, to Joy, as he kisses her.*) It was better when we were by ourselves, wasn't it?

JOY. (*Also whispering.*) Yes, it was!

TYTYL. They were right, weren't they?

JOY. Who?

TYTYL. The others.

JOY. Yes.

TYTYL. Don't say a word to any one: it is our secret, yours and mine. . . .

## A MUSICAL INTERPRETER OF AMERICAN CHILDHOOD

**W**ILL America, the child among musical nations, interpret the spirit of childhood to the world?

Judging by the success of recent attempts in that direction we may easily believe this to be our particular mission in the musical "reconstruction" now under way. John Alden Carpenter's "Adventures in a Perambulator" was certainly the most decided "hit" among America's symphonic output of recent seasons. And now Mortimer Wilson, likewise a native of the middle West, has captivated a serious New York audience with a series of delicious trifles collectively named "From My Youth." "Seldom is a novelty received with so much favor," says Henry T. Finck in the *New York Evening Post*, "and it is likely to be heard soon all over the country." According to this critic, Mr. Wilson's music has the charm of real imagination and genuine humor—a rare quality in music, especially if it is achieved by wholly "legitimate" means, rather than by mere tricks of orchestration and tonal effects. This is, in fact, serious music, harmonized in the approved manner of the pre-impressionists, and orchestrated in almost conservative style, tho with consummate skill.

James G. Huneker, writing in the *New York Times*, thus comments upon the work:

"If brevity be the soul of wit then Mr. Wilson is a musical epigrammatist. With him the unexpected always happens, especially his abrupt endings. He is as



A MUSICAL EUGENE FIELD

Mortimer Wilson combines the contrapuntal complexity of Reger with the naive charm of Humperdinck in portraying the vagaries of the American child.

witty as John Alden Carpenter, and he is addicted to one-bar codas. Sometimes a sob, sometimes a gasp—literally. There are eight short episodes in his suite, and are the product of a musicianly fancy, well scored, full of feeling for childhood and its toys, and both naive and bizarre.

"We liked the 'Teddy Bears Lullaby,'

## Mortimer Wilson's Tonal Portraits of Teddy Bears, Negro Dolls and Calico Cats

the 'Funeral of the Calico Cat,' and the 'Tin Soldier's Dress Parade.' These ingenious trifles are penned by a psychologist of childhood, and seen through the tender lens of a poet. Calico cats and tin soldiers are as vital in the imagination of children as a Tristan in rut or the apotheosis of a symphonic whale in the consciousness of grown-ups. We had rather written the adventures of immortal Alice and the colloquy of the walrus and the carpenter than any one of Woodrow Wilson's 'May I Not' addresses. As for Alice in Wonderland, she is simply crying for orchestral treatment à la Mortimer Wilson or J. A. Carpenter. We are very much mistaken if 'Tin Soldier's Dress Parade,' with its piquant toy-trumpet, does not find its way into the repertory of every orchestral conductor, there to keep company with 'The Funeral March of a Marionette' or 'Chinoise,' from the Tchaikovsky Suite. True humor in music is rare."

A significant fact in connection with the performance was that Mr. Wilson conducted his own work and earned the critics' unequivocal praise for his handling of the orchestra. Such evidence of American competence alone is likely to break down our persistent prejudice against native conductors. Mr. Wilson was for some years conductor of the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra. With the exception of a brief period of study under Max Reger, he is entirely American-taught, being a pupil of the late Frederick Grant Gleason. His symphonic and chamber works have, however, been produced chiefly in Europe. They include no less than five symphonies, four violin sonatas, three trios and many smaller works.

## THE SYMPHONIC POSSIBILITIES OF OUR POPULAR MUSIC

**W**HATEVER may be said for America's advance in serious music, the fact remains that whenever one hears that American music has made an international "hit" it turns out to be a so-called popular song. Does it mean that our "good" music cannot be popular, or that our popular music is good? Many a young American writer has averred not only that it is good but that it is the only real American music there is. And now they have the support of no less august a musical personage than Maestro Puccini, who, as all world knows, used "The Star-Spangled Banner" in one opera and glorified the American West in another.

In a recent conversation with Sig. Moranzoni, the leading Italian conductor of the Metropolitan Opera House, Maestro Puccini expatiated

upon the beauties of George M. Cohan's "Over There," the most popular of all "war songs" since "Tipperary," which was also of American origin. In an interview printed in *Musical America* Mr. Moranzoni says:

"Puccini was very enthusiastic over it, and made me play it again and again. Then he sat down at the piano and played it himself, developing the melody almost to the movement of a symphony. He considers it a wonderfully spirited and effective patriotic air and can well understand its popularity with the American boys at the front and their friends and relatives at home."

Speaking of this super-popularity of a popular song, Mr. James G. Huneker, who has recently become the music critic of the *New York Times*, writes in his characteristic humorous vein as follows:

"I note, not without awe, that a com-

## Puccini Admires the Musical Qualities of "Over There"

position at present running a close second to the National Anthem is from the fecund and versatile pen of a fellow citizen, Signor Giorgio Cohanski. It is entitled—anyhow in Washington Square—'Là-bas,' and on superficial analysis yields up the fact that the refrain ('Over There') echoes the cry of the whippoorwill, with hintings of 'Johnny Get Your Gun' as a prelude. Its popularity is immense. Why worry about the American composer with such a force as Cohanski in the foreground? 'Là-bas' affects me more profoundly than did the Indian comic opera at the Metropolitan last season, which was neither fish nor fowl nor good red De Koven."

There is no doubt in the mind of critics that the war is doing its share in bringing American music to the front, and the "highbrow" composer may yet have to thank his despised but wealthier colleague for his share in achieving international recognition.

## BRILLIANCE OF THE RUSSIAN THEATER UNDER THE BOLSHEVIKI

COUNTER-revolution may follow revolution in Russia; Menshevik, Bolshevik and Cadet may quarrel; proletarian and bourgeois may hurl epithets at each other; tavarish may triumph over tavarish. But the play is always the thing. What country can present such a record of dramatic and theatrical brilliance as those Moscow "theaters of revolt," during the years of the Great War? This question suggests itself after a reading of the record presented in the Boston *Transcript* by Oliver N. Saylor, and the article from the Berlin *Vossische Zeitung* quoted by the N. Y. *Times*.

The Russian is an intense fellow at any given task, according to Mr. Saylor. He is as intense in directing a theater as he is in going to one. He burns himself out at it, whether it be painting scenery or fighting the enemy "or acting or writing or fighting his own people." As theatergoers, says Alexander Bakshy in his "Path of the Modern Russian Stage" (Luce), they are no less serious. When the Moscow Art Theater visits Petrograd, queues of anxious applicants two months before the actual performances spend several days and nights in the streets in order to get their seats. "I waited outside the booking office," confesses Mr. Bakshy, "from ten o'clock in the evening until two the next afternoon."

"This eager interest in the art of the theater is in itself a striking illustration of the atmosphere in which the modern

Russian theater has to carry on its work. It takes time, of course, for a new theater to create and educate its own public, and in not a few cases a new venture broke down through lack of resources, before the ideas put forward found favor with the public. But in Russia the playgoers are certainly more receptive and more alive to original work in the theater than they are in other countries, where the public taste has been corrupted by the demoralizing influence of unblushing commercialism. In the case of the Moscow Art Theater, the pure and more artistic atmosphere prevailing in Russia was one of the chief factors that assured its success at the time when, still uncertain of its own powers, it embarked on a new and seemingly revolutionary path."

Theaters in Russia, according to Mr. Saylor, have a habit of "revolting," even at the most inauspicious times. In 1914, not long after Hindenburg had sent scurrying eastward the Russian hosts that had escaped his nets in the Mazurian lakes, the most revolutionary theater in Russia, the Kamerni of Moscow, opened its doors. Throughout the dire starving months when Czarism went tottering to its ruin in the grip of a death really red, the Kamerni went on presenting a series of productions that challenge parallel in variety and brilliance. To follow Mr. Saylor's record in the *Transcript*, it opened with "Sakuntala," a Russian version of the Hindu legend; Synge's "Playboy of the Western World" followed; Calderon's "Life is a Dream" was another early

## Have the Reds Really Made Actors, Artists and Drama Delightful?

production; also "The Fan" by Goldoni, with scenery by the startling Goncharova. The first season closed with "The Pentecost at Toledo" by Kuzmin, a pantomime with scenery by Kuznetsov. The second season was devoted to Beaumarchais' "The Marriage of Figaro," with a special score by Forterre and scenery by Serge Sudyikin; another daring venture was the staging of Remy de Gourmont's "Carnival of Life." Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac" was also added to the repertory. "The Merry Wives of Windsor" opened the season of 1916-17. "Tamara of the Cithern," with cubistic scenery by Exter, was one of the most successful productions of this season. It was followed by Sem Benelli's Florentine tragedy, "The Supper of Jests," and later by a gay farce by Labiche. Next season came the fantastic futurist version of Wilde's "Salome," an improvised comedy after the Italian commedia dell'arte, Debussy's "Box of Toys," Paul Claudel's "Exchange."

The founders of this theater, which in so few seasons has successfully run the whole gamut of dramatic endeavor, were Alexander Tairov, director, and Alice G. Koonen, leading actress. The directing board, according to Mr. Saylor, has been increased by Henri Forterre, the composer, and Nicholas M. Tseretelli, the actor. The director, Tairov, thus explains the aims of the Kamerni group:

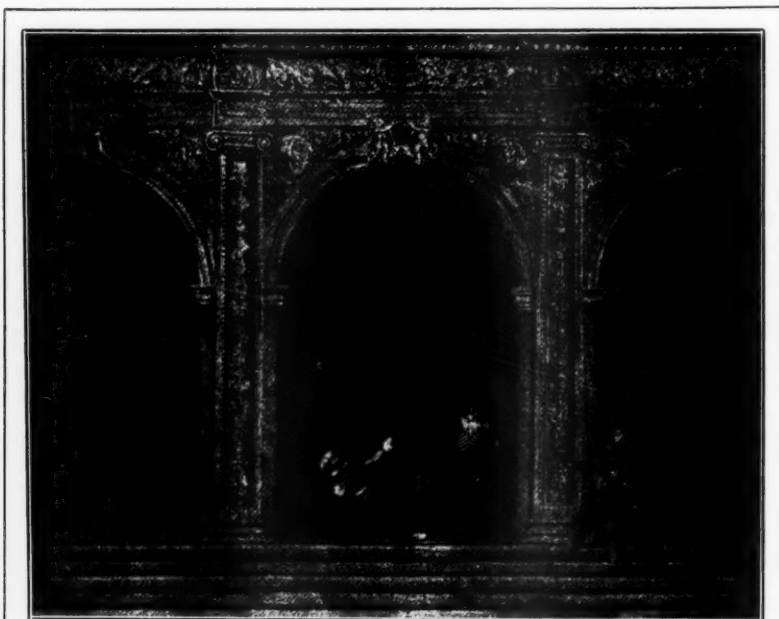
"1. The putting in practice of the theories of a new form of theatrical art.

"2. The breaking away from the traditions and the routine which up to the founding of the Kamerni had held sway over the Russian theater. Concretely, this purpose amounted to a struggle against the manner and method of the realistic theater and especially those of the Moscow Art Theater.

"3. The expression of a theatrical action in all its fulness, richness and its wide possibilities. The theater should not shut itself up in any particular branch of its art, but should keep itself varied and plastic."

The Kamerni, Mr. Saylor reports further, has broken with routine and tradition. It has met grave obstacles, most of which it has overcome. The stubbornness of its ideal has kept the little group at work until little by little the theater has become conscious of its powers, and the public become accustomed to its methods. It is reaping the rewards of following a path without detour and without compromise. Mr. Saylor interprets some of the Kamerni's heresies:

"In this struggle between the theater of psychological sensations and the



From "The Path of the Modern Russian Stage" (Luce)

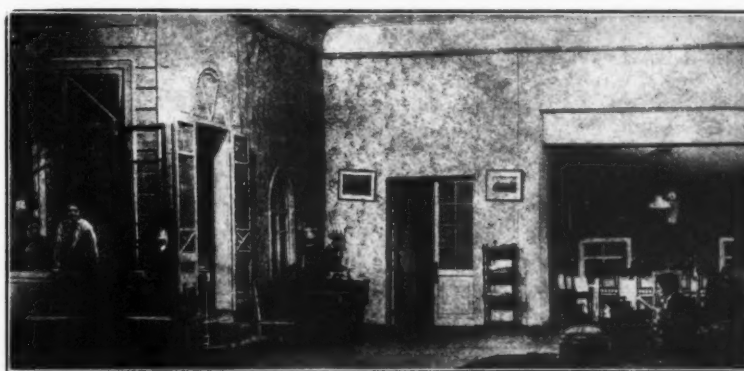
### ST. PATRICK'S PURGATORY

Here is an interesting setting, designed by V. Shchuko for the Old-Time Theater, indicating the Russian artist's preoccupation with the pictorial values of the stage.



theater of the fairy spectacle, the Kamerni has taken an intermediary position, trying to reconcile and ally both emotion and form in a harmonic and indissoluble whole and to place the actor in an atmosphere which would be subject to only one law, that of theatrical interpretation in every sense of the word. Working from these principles and toward these ends, the Kamerni sought to create individually the atmosphere of each play to which every element in the representation should contribute and from which should flow mingled emotional and pictorial illusion. The text of the play was to cease to be literature (if it were such) and to become plastic material for histrionic expression. Settings and dress were to be designed with no regard for pictorial veracity, but with every regard for the mood and the spirit of play and personages. Music and lights were to lend essential aid. . . .

"The Kamerni has sought to lessen the dependence of histrionic illusion upon the spoken word, and to quicken it by the less 'literary' means of gesture and pantomime, by the emotional expression and shadings of the player in his bodily self. Consequently it has diversified its repertory of spoken plays with the wordless pieces already specified. Similarly, the theater has made music an essential element in its productions. In the view of its conductor and composer, Forterre, 'Music has hitherto been represented in the dramatic art as a dynamic element, intended to strengthen more or less the dramatic situation. This function has now been replaced by a rhythmic and melodic element which, allying itself to the gestures of the actor, augments the expression by the persuasion of the rhythm and the melody.' Such a use of music in the theater was first made by Ilya Sats, who composed the music for the original production of 'The Blue Bird' at the Moscow Art Theater. Forterre has taken up the task where Sats



From "The Path of the Modern Russian Stage" (Luce)

### THREE SISTERS

This play by Chekhov's is perhaps the most popular in the repertoire of the Moscow Art Theater. This setting indicates Stanislavsky's mastery of realistic stagecraft.

left it at his death a few years ago and has carried it to interesting and sometimes surprising lengths in the most recent of the Kamerni productions. The results obtained are noteworthy in the sense that the public when it sees a piece played does not often take into account that the musical element mingles itself in the dramatic element. Nevertheless, there is no doubt that this same public is moved and influenced by the music as it is used at the Kamerni."

But idealistic endeavor in the Moscow theater is not confined to the Kamerni alone. Stanislavsky and his disciples have continued their notable work, if we may believe Ferdinand Jahn, Moscow correspondent of the Berlin *Vossische Zeitung*, who is quoted in the *New York Times*:

"An opera company of a peculiar kind, and not at all a bad sort at that, is the Theater of the Workmen's and Soldiers' Councils. It occupies the theater built by the distinguished, and at the same time

popular, actor, M. Simin. This theater is managed along the most modern lines, and the costumes and decorations are in futurist style. The current season was opened with a futurist 'Lohengrin.' I have seen a performance of 'Boris Goudunov' with a futurist staging. The character of Boris Goudunov was played by a young singer named Pirogov, who is the present-day favorite of the Moscow public.

"Undisturbed by all the events of the day, Stanislavsky follows the old course in his Art Theater and in the two 'Studies' (little theaters). There I saw recently a wonderfully well-balanced performance of Chekhov's 'Three Sisters' which would be hard to equal in any place in the world, even in Berlin.

"The public certainly has changed. In place of the bourgeois 'intelligents,' the proletarian 'intelligents' are in the foreground. A Moscow friend with whom I attended the performance assured me that at least one-third of the audience was composed of members of the various Government departments."

## THE MORE OR LESS FACTITIOUS FAME OF EDMOND ROSTAND

**I**N the more discriminating comment on the recent death of Edmond Rostand, the French poet and playwright, there is a note of reservation. Rostand enjoyed, perhaps deservedly, an international reputation. He was a member of the Academy. All the feats of his verbal virtuosity were widely advertized. His royalties were enormous. Yet he was, perhaps, greater as a press-agent of his own talents than as a real poet. From a financial standpoint his greatest play, as the *N. Y. Times* points out, was "Chantecler." He received \$40,000 in advance royalties. Seats to the amount of \$7,000 were sold for the Paris première. There were correspondents from several nations at what may justly be termed the "fighting front" when the play was put into rehearsal. The part of Chantecler was written for the elder Coquelin. Upon his death,

Rostand promised it to the son. Lucien Guitry finally played the part. American rights were seized up. By one of those amazing decisions of the American theatrical manager, Maude Adams played Chantecler! But the Rostand masterpiece, for all its inherent merits, had been over-advertized, and interest in it soon waned.

Nevertheless, despite the fact that this factitious reputation was created by those secret devices of international publicity, Rostand was a real poet. Not many may touch the hidden-source of "the tears of things," comments the *N. Y. Evening Post*. Posterity will not reckon Rostand among these. "Baudelaire and Verlaine will know him not, walking in the Elysian fields. Others, without his merciless virtuosity, will be there who had not his gifts. Maeterlinck, for instance, far outranks him in true signs of genius. The clothes

## He Was a Real Poet Who Understood the Wiles of International Advertizement

of Maeterlinck's plays are seemingly humble, but he himself fits them on so that they beautifully cling about his moods."

"Merciless virtuosity of expression" was the keen phrase Henry James coined for Rostand's genius. To the American critic, refined, rendered perhaps over-subtle by introspection, Rostand's could not have been the most sympathetic of talents. The world of theatergoers and readers have rendered, as James admitted freely, a kindlier judgment. The wearied last years of the nineteenth century suddenly found themselves confronted with this gorgeous and luxuriant blossoming of an almost Elizabethan gift, and rejoiced accordingly. The trick could still be turned, and the public of cheap magazines and Sunday editions could still be captured for true dramatic poetry, fancy, wit, hyperbole, a fantastic but inexhaustible torrent of epithet, united with a real romantic spirit."

## HOW A LEADING SCREEN DIRECTOR PICKS HIS LEADING WOMEN

**I**F the myriad questions which the audiences of D. W. Griffith productions would like to ask were put to an individual vote, it is likely that the winning question would concern the method of this premier director in selecting and developing motion-picture stars. It was Griffith, we are reminded by *Photoplay Magazine*, who virtually "discovered" Mary Pickford, made Blanche Sweet famous, first detected the forlorn pathos of Mae Marsh, unveiled the gentle melancholy of Miriam Cooper and the bright white beauty of Seena Owen, found Constance Talmadge and developed the shy elusive talents of the Gishes." What is his formula? Interviewed by a writer for the magazine, he is quoted as saying:

"The art of acting is at once very simple—and altogether impossible. It isn't what you do with your face or your hands. It's the light within. If you have that light, it doesn't matter much just what you do before the camera. If you haven't it—well, then it doesn't matter just what you do, either. Before you give, you must have something to give. This applies to emotions as well as money. The orator, the sculptor, the painter, the writer and the actor all deal with the same divine fluid. The only difference is the mechanical mold by which they express it. One pours it into one mold; one into another."

As to women in the screen drama:

"Certainly there are a few mechanical characteristics that have a certain importance. For instance, deep lines on the face of a girl are almost fatal to good screening, for on the screen her face is magnified twenty times, and every wrinkle assumes the proportions of the Panama Canal. It is important that her face have smooth, soft outline. So with the eyes. Every other physical characteristic is of insignificant importance compared with the eyes. If they are the windows of your soul, your soul must have a window it can see through. The farther motion-picture art progresses the more important does this become. In the early days, screen actors put over effects with elaborate and exaggerated gestures. Every year the tendency is more subdued in this regard. Actors make less and less fuss with their hands, and tell more and more with their eyes.

"But a good pair of eyes and a smooth face of proper contour will not suffice to make a motion-picture actress. There are plenty of horses with legs for derby winners who are pulling milk-wagons. They have the legs but they haven't the fighting heart. In other words, they lack the inward illumination. If you have it, you can polish up the tools and make them more effective; but if you haven't it no amount of study will bring this queer illuminative elf to you. Any director can squirt glycerine tears over a pretty face and tip over a few chairs, break up a table or two and have some sort of imitation



BEHIND ALI BABA AND MORGIANNA ARE THE FORTY THIEVES OF THE ARABIAN TALE

Little George Stone and Gertrude Messinger, as hero and heroine, are so tiny as compared with the big bandits that they are all but lost in the picture.

tragedy. That isn't real. Real tears aren't always real, if you get my meaning. It is the feeling behind the tears that can open the beholder's heart. Don't understand me to say that a girl is born a heaven-sent genius or a predestined failure. Nothing could be a more ghastly untruth. . . . The only woman with a real future is the woman who can think real thoughts. Some get these thoughts by reading and study, others by instinct."

Discussing the photodrama, as an art, in its relation to life, Mr. Griffith contends that primarily the whole of human existence is a battle with fear, with hope as its reverse side. The struggle to get on absorbs the whole effort of human beings and, he maintains, they are not sincerely interested in anything else.

"When we go to the play or when we read a book, we merely look into a mirror. We are interested in the characters only as they reflect ourselves. The boy looks at the heroine of the movie drama and he thinks of himself. He says, 'Gee, I wish I had a girl like that.' And the mother sees herself. She says, 'I hope my daughter will be like that.' And the father sees himself and the little girl sees herself. To the exact ratio that people see themselves is dramatic or literary work a success or failure. . . . The so-called dramatic situation, which in plain terms really means a shuffling of coincidents, cannot be the real stuff, for two reasons: The dramatic coincidence does not happen to enough people to give it the universal appeal. Take a typical mushy motion-picture play: A gallant young soldier, going over the top, en-

D.W. Griffith Discloses His Interesting Formula, Throwing New Lights on the Screen Drama

counters a Hun in No Man's Land. They fight with bayonets, and our gallant young hero jabs a bayonet through the German, thereby killing him to some extent. The Hun's gas-mask is torn off, and our hero discovers that he has killed his long-lost brother. . . . Well, there were twenty millions or more men fighting in this war. They all had folks at home, they all knew fear and hope and despair. They all knew pain and suffering. These are the universal emotions. How many of that number have killed brothers by mistake? Possibly two or three. Do you think the twenty millions would be more interested in a drama that truly reflected their own emotions and perhaps helped them solve their own problems, or in a drama that touched upon the experience of the one or two men of the twenty millions who killed their brothers? They would be interested in the story, not because of the brothers in the gas-masks but because out of it they got a glint of the horror that they translated into other terms and applied to their own cases. And what's the answer? The answer is the drama of human character without too much worry about situations, climaxes and plots. The answer is the drama of realities—of situations that do happen, not those that don't happen."

In more than a hundred theaters throughout the Argentine Republic, American pictures are being seen daily by thousands of people who now have an opportunity, as never before, to study the American people, their life, their customs, and their homes, from the most luxurious to the most humble. New impressions are being made that will be beneficial to both countries.

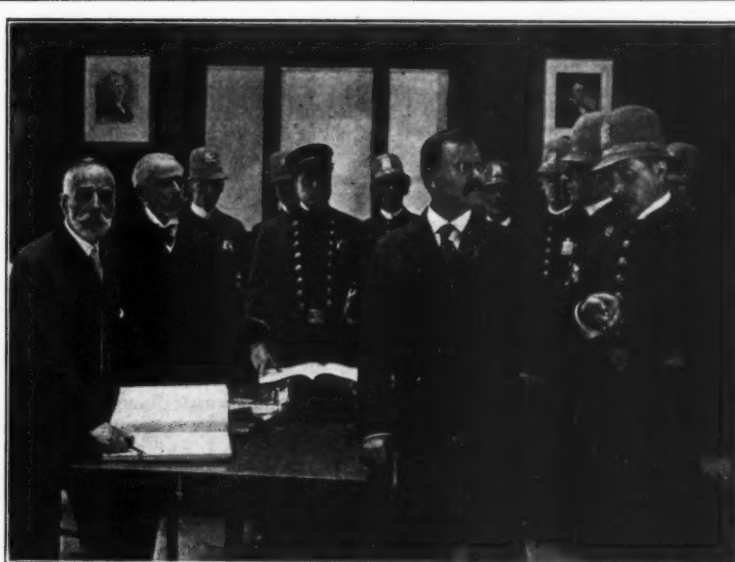
## THE DELICATE PROBLEM OF FILMING THE FAMOUS

William Nigh Reveals His Secrets as a New Plutarch of the Movies

ONE of the newest and most difficult problems to be solved by the ingenious American "movie" director is the filming of the great. Kings, diplomatists, statesmen, ambassadors and generals are now projected on the screen so convincingly that it is almost impossible to distinguish the real from the make-believe. Certain critics found fault with the acting of the "movie" Kaiser in certain specified scenes in Ambassador Gerard's "My Four Years in Germany." In reply, the director of that film, William Nigh, took a malicious pleasure in informing his critics that the man who acted in those particular scenes was none other than William Hohenzollern himself. Mr. Nigh admitted that Herr Hohenzollern was a bad actor, but it was necessary to insert several scenes of that malefactor, cut from German propaganda films, into the Gerard picture.

In transferring the lives of the great to the screen, the director faces many delicate problems. Having successfully transferred "My Four Years in Germany" to the films, William Nigh has recently undertaken to make a film version of the life of Theodore Roosevelt. A whole company of actors is required to impersonate Colonel Roosevelt. He is shown as a baby, a school boy, a youth, a young man of twenty-four, and at other crucial stages in his career. For each period a different actor is required. Yet each must be Roosevelt—emphatic, convincing, forceful. Many other great and nearly great Americans appear, by the way, in this film. How he succeeds in unifying the impression and producing the necessary result, Mr. Nigh explains in an interview recently published in the New York Tribune:

"Feeling alone is not enough. Feeling and its genuine, its artistic, its well-bal-



IN FILMING HIS "LIFE" THE MOVIES REMIND US THAT COL. ROOSEVELT WAS ONCE A POLICE COMMISSIONER  
A whole company of actors is required to impersonate him in the crucial stages of his kaleidoscopic career.

anced expression—that is what is demanded. I have lately been studying some thousands of feet of film of Theodore Roosevelt for the picture of his life that I am now directing. Now, the motion-pictures of Theodore Roosevelt making some of the most stirring speeches of his life mean nothing. You see a man evidently excited about something making an obtrusive gesture over and over again. This gesture—a thumping forward and down of the right hand—becomes the focus of interest. What Roosevelt is excited about cannot in the least be imagined. And the gesture, after its second repetition, becomes too insistent for endurance. Yet this is a picture of a great man making a great speech—only nobody would know it.

"But if Mr. Roosevelt had been trained to express himself correctly before the motion-picture camera what he was saying would register and, with the main

points of his thought carried through in titles, his whole speech could be followed on the screen with perfect understanding and enjoyment. Or to take that most visual of public speakers, Billy Sunday. If he would make exactly the gesture that went with each tone of his voice by putting what he was saying into printed words, a movie of Billy Sunday would accomplish almost as much as a 'personal appearance.'

"Everything shows before the motion-picture camera—the tiredness behind the laugh, the little sneer behind the smile, the unbelief behind the eye. Whatever the mind is thinking is expressed in motion-picture photography. It takes art to make it show perfectly what one is feeling, but it takes more to make it not show. Naturalism, realism, with restraint and balance—these are the gifts of the motion-picture to the people who intelligently work for it."

## LEADING PHOTOPLAYS OF THE MONTH

[The following film productions are selected by CURRENT OPINION in consultation with the National Board of Review of Motion Pictures as being among the best new achievements of the photodrama in addition to those mentioned in the magazine previously.]

**ALI BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES.** Fox, 5 reels: The Arabian Nights story of the wood-gatherer who found his way by stealth into the cave of the forty thieves, and all that subsequently happened, is cleverly told by a company of youthful players headed by Gertrude Messinger as *Morgiana* and George Stone as *Ali Baba*. The picture is of interest to adults as well as children.

**THE HELL-CAT.** Goldwyn, 5 reels: Were Geraldine Farrar missing from the cast in this picture it would be nothing more than ordinary western melodrama. Taken in Wyoming, most of the exteriors have great pictorial beauty, in strong contrast to the repellent story that develops around a lawless frontiersman who conceives an intense

desire for the daughter of a neighboring ranchman. Spurned by the girl, he murders her father and abducts her. She leads him to believe she is ready to accept her fate and when opportunity offers stabs him to death.

**BRANDING BROADWAY.** Lasky-Paramount, 5 reels: In this picture William S. Hart breaks away from his stereotyped western atmosphere, but retains his western demeanor. The picture shows the tribulations of a cowboy in New York who gets a job as "nurse" to the erratic son of a millionaire. The attendant difficulties provide considerable amusement, while a pretty romance completes the picture.

**THE LIBERATOR.** Harry Raver, 24-reel serial: Maciste, the giant slave of "Cabiria," pronounced to be the best motion-picture ever made, is here shown in the role of an attaché of the police department, who sets out to solve the mystery of a missing girl—a baby. The child has been kidnapped and its mother has become demented. This task leads Maciste through all sorts of weird and exciting adventures.

**FIVE THOUSAND AN HOUR.** Metro, 5 reels: Hale Hamilton, as the hero of this story, starts in to make \$5,000 an hour for a period of six weeks, but the plot is grossly exposed with the result that the spectator is but slightly interested in his success.



# Science and Discovery

## PLEA FOR A NEW KIND OF SHOE

**I**N a normal barefooted man the balance of the body is so perfect, according to Doctor Sylvester D. Fairweather, now in the British army, that almost no effort is required to keep erect. The weight rests on the heels and outer sides of the feet, not on the arch or inner sides of the feet. If the heels are raised from the ground by boot-heels even a quarter of an inch thicker than the soles the outer side of the foot is removed from the ground and the weight falls on the arch.

The center of gravity is also thrown forward. In a man five feet seven inches high, the head is thrown nine inches off the vertical by a heel three-quarters of an inch high. To remedy this and to prevent falling forwards, the back muscles and the extensors of thigh and foot come into action. Hence when an ordinary shoe or boot is used, even with a low heel, the influences at work tend to flatten the arch.

No doubt, a strongly-formed foot is able to resist the deleterious influence of the average shoe, so that when the shoe is removed the foot appears perfect. If skiagraphed or "shadow-pictured" with the boot on and then off, flattening and lowering of the arch become evident. Even when a foot is able to preserve its arch the elasticity of the arch is lost while the boot is on. The muscles concerned in preserving the erect position are in continuous contraction and get spastic or "muscle-bound." With average heels—three-quarters of an inch thick—the calf-muscles contract. Doctor Fairweather writes further in the *London British Medical Journal*:

"Hence the fact that so many men cannot jump the trivial height of 3 feet. In some cases the strain on the peroneal muscles gives rise to painful spasm. When the boot-heels are discarded the spasm is relaxed and operative treatment of the peroneal tendons is rendered unnecessary. In a flat-footed person, with ordinary boots, the peroneal muscles pull on the flattened arch, tending to produce a downward convexity, and causing pain by pulling the flattened arch against the sole of the boot. With heelless boots the peronei are no longer in continual con-

traction, and as the weight is no longer on the arch, the strain is removed from the plantar muscles and ligaments, and the arch gets a chance to recover. With heels the spastic condition of the calf-muscles makes the front of the foot point downwards, and in walking the knee has to be lifted to let one foot clear the ground and pass the other."

An American Indian is not handicapped in this way; he slightly dorsiflexes his foot and glides it past the other, swinging the leg from the hip-joint and not requiring to raise the knees. His foot scarcely leaves the ground, so that there is no jar when his heel again touches the ground, and consequently no need for rubber heels. He uses the pendulum movement recommended in infantry training, a movement which is rendered impossible by boot-heels. Hence the reputed "superior stamina" of the Indian. With heeled boots he would have no more stamina than a white man. His flat feet (caused by his method of carrying weights) do not handicap him, as his moccasins are heelless. A soldier of 5 feet 7 inches, weighing 154 pounds, and wearing a heel three-quarters of an inch thicker than the sole, has to exert strength enough to be constantly lifting 56 pounds from the ground in trying to retain his balance. In a man loaded with 60 pounds equipment this means that he has to support 116 pounds, nearly doubling the weight he is supposed to carry. This is doubtless one factor in the etiology of soldier's heart, as every heart, even if healthy, is not equal to this strain.

"A woman of 5 ft. 6 in., with an arch six inches wide, and wearing a heel two inches high, is thrown two feet off the perpendicular. Muscular effort cannot bring her back to the normal vertical line, and accordingly she keeps the tarsal and metatarsal bones in line with the tibia, and uses the metatarso-phalangeal joints as a heel, the boot heel being chiefly used to assist balance and not to support weight. This involves much strain, and to preserve the lumbar curve without overtaxing her back muscles she is obliged to use corsets. The use of waist belts by men is similarly explained. The waste of neuro-muscular energy in retaining an erect posture when wearing

## If Women Wore No Heels They Would Not Have to Wear Corsets

heels is very great, and must play a large part in producing hysteria, neurasthenia, and possibly refraction troubles. Heels are also partly responsible for hammer toes, the long flexors of the toes being supplied by the same nerve as the calf-muscles, and getting spastic with them."

Perhaps the supreme obstacle to reformed footwear is the esthetic consideration. Nevertheless, there is no reason why a foot—one of the most exquisite objects in nature—ought not to be encased in an object of beauty. The important thing in reformation of the shoe is that the reformation be achieved by an artist even if he be an anatomist—the blending of the two being indispensable. A good deal of nonsense has been talked about hygienic corsets and much nonsense has been talked about the proper kind of shoe. Neither shoe nor corset should result in effects of ugliness. The anatomical consideration in the case of the shoe is simple.

Sprained ankles, the stoop of old age, asthma, varicose veins, weak back, and spinal curvature may also be partly due to the effect of heels. Cycling and tiptoe exercises tend to produce flatfoot, as they develop the calf-muscles and peronei, and neglect the tibialis anticus which is the most important muscle concerned in preserving the arch.

"A rational boot should have the soles and heels of the same thickness. Under the arch of the foot the sole should be curved with a convexity upwards, but not so convex as to cause pressure on the sole. The leather could be reinforced by spring-steel from the heel to the ball of the foot. The inner edge of the boot should be straight, so as to allow the big toe to be in line with the inner side of the arch, as in American boots. The front part of the sole should not be curved up, but flat; with 'pendulum' gait the toe of the boot does not hit the ground. A boot as suggested, with an arched sole and heel of the same thickness, is in appearance almost indistinguishable from an ordinary boot. The arching of the sole is not necessary to cure flatfoot, but it looks better, and allows the boot to be laced firmly, thus compensating for the loss of muscular sense that occurs in a foot when any sort of footwear is used."

## OUR CRIMINAL NEGLECT OF A GREAT INVENTION

**I**N connection with the acute oil crisis, a warning against our persistent neglect of the Diesel engine is uttered by the Smithsonian Institution in a recent bulletin. We are told that the internal-combustion engine of the type commonly in use in the United States has been the subject of greater refinements in special qualities—luxury qualities—than in respect to efficiency. That is shown in the widely varying gasoline consumption on the part of automobile motors. These show a range from twenty miles and more to the gallon down to a yield of only six or eight miles in the case of high-priced cars. While the sacrifice of efficiency in favor of special qualities is, perhaps, legitimate to a certain degree, it would appear that the desire for invidious distinction has led to an undue focus of attention away from utility. With the rigors born of limitation in the oil supply—certain to come—and upon the passing of the automobile fully from the realm of luxury into that of a necessity, a greater and more universal reach towards motor efficiency may confidently be counted on.

Now, improvements in motor design will not lie along the single line of gaining more energy from gasoline. The effective use of heavier petroleum distillates, such as kerosene and fuel-oil, and of other liquid fuels, such as alcohol, benzol and tar, in oil-form, will be planned. Professors Chester G. Gilbert and Joseph E. Pogue, of the division of mineral technology at the Smithsonian Institution, who make these points, thus amplify:

"In point of bulk nearly three-fourths of the petroleum consumed in the United States goes into the production of power.

Of this amount, one-quarter is employed in the form of gasoline as a motor fuel, while three-quarters, in the form of crude petroleum and fuel-oil, is used as a convenient substitute for coal chiefly in firing steam boilers. While the efficiency of the internal-combustion engine is much greater than the steam engine, now commonly referred to as 'wasteful' in comparison with more modern types of power-generation, the use of the superior principle has thus far been confined in this country almost exclusively to an explosion-motor using gasoline—the ordinary automobile engine familiar to all. The fact has generally been ignored in this country that a type of engine comparable in efficiency to the gasoline motor but making use of heavy oils (as fuel-oil and even crude petroleum) and suitable for power-generation on a large as well as a small scale has for many years been in successful use abroad. This is the so-called Diesel type of engine, which has its conception as far back as 1893 and 'has proved to be, from a thermal standpoint, the most economical heat-engine so far devised, and the one that most nearly approaches theoretical maximum efficiency.'

"This high-compression oil engine, as it may be termed, gains its energy from the expansion that results when oil is sprayed into a cylinder filled with compressed air and ignites under the influence of the heat of compression."

The Diesel type of engine, therefore, offers the means for greatly increasing the power-generating capacity of the petroleum yet to be produced in the United States, in itself alone having the ability to double the energy-extraction from the seven billion barrels of petroleum still under ground in this country. But the true significance of the prospect does not appear from the general proposition. In connection with

## American Supremacy in Engineering Threatened by Our Attitude to the Diesel Motor

marine service this principle has its richest promise. The advantages of oil over coal for ocean shipping are well known and obvious. If America plans, as she must, for a great extension of foreign trade, she would ignore her most potent point of superiority if she continued still longer to neglect the bearing of the Diesel engine in this matter. It will no doubt, we are told, be a source of surprise to some that the Diesel engine has been so much neglected in this country. A quotation from a report of the United States Bureau of Mines is presented by the experts of the Smithsonian Institution for our enlightenment:

"Diesel developed his engine in the early nineties, and has since then greatly improved it and has made of it a most successful and efficient power-producer. At present it is thoroly dependable and will burn a great variety of oils. . . . Altho the prime requisite in Europe seems to be economy in operation, low first cost seems to be a more important requirement in this country, and at first comparison with the steam engine the Diesel seems to be exceedingly costly. Small imperfections in mechanical construction, up to within a very recent date, seem also to have had their influence upon the non-construction of the engine in the United States. Also, altho the general industrial profits within the United States are large, the very abundance of raw materials and the general extravagance in their use seem to have combined against the wide adoption of this engine in spite of its being so highly efficient, and in spite of the fact that it has met with such success abroad. . . . The generally wasteful methods of steam-raising in this country must give way to the more efficient methods of fuel-utilization that now prevail in Europe, if the United States is to maintain its present position."

## THE SANE SIDE OF FANCY FLYING

**A**VIATION has its poetry, a poetry of motion. "Fancy" flying is an art and should be attempted only by artists. From this point of view, the "stunts," as they are called, of airmen, involve no danger provided the airman has risen above the mere mechanic and has become an artist in his methods. The inartistic airman usually lacks intuition and practices his "fancy" feats too low. He tries to land in the wrong place. He is not at home in a high wind. He works hard to become a mere mechanic and neglects the divine side of flying, the mysterious something possessed by the eagle and the soaring lark. Now man is only a little lower

than the angels and that is why he longs to fly poetically instead of mechanically. When a pilot has reached a certain degree of proficiency he will wish to practice fancy flying. He must rise high for the purpose. "Stunting near the ground is at all times dangerous" and many really good pilots have crashed because they do not sense this intuitively.

So much we are told by Flight Commander W. G. McMinnies, R.N.\* The airman must rid himself of the idea that fancy flying is more dangerous than any other kind. He must realize that he is in a way born to fly "fancy"

\* PRACTICAL FLYING. By W. G. McMinnies, R.N. New York: Doran.

## An Artistry of the Air that Is Really No More Dangerous Than Other Forms of Beauty

rather than awkwardly. He must consider what "stunts" are sane, however difficult, and what "stunts" are not really artistic, however spectacular from below. Then he can "zoom" and "nose dive" and all the rest of it after a few lessons, in comparative safety.

"Any pilot who is to attain fair proficiency should be able to make an ascent of 10,000 feet while still in the pupil stage. There is nothing difficult or dangerous in such a climb. It merely requires patience and a certain amount of nerve to carry it through for the first time."

The high climb to ten thousand feet will be the first advanced test that the pupil in the art of fancy flying will

attempt. He can next try a vertical bank. To bank is to raise one wing for the purpose of turning. A vertical bank is any bank of forty-five degrees or over. If he continues his vertical bank round and round and completes the circle, the pupil is in a fair way to attempt a spiral descent. A spiral is only a circular vertical bank made with the engine cut off:

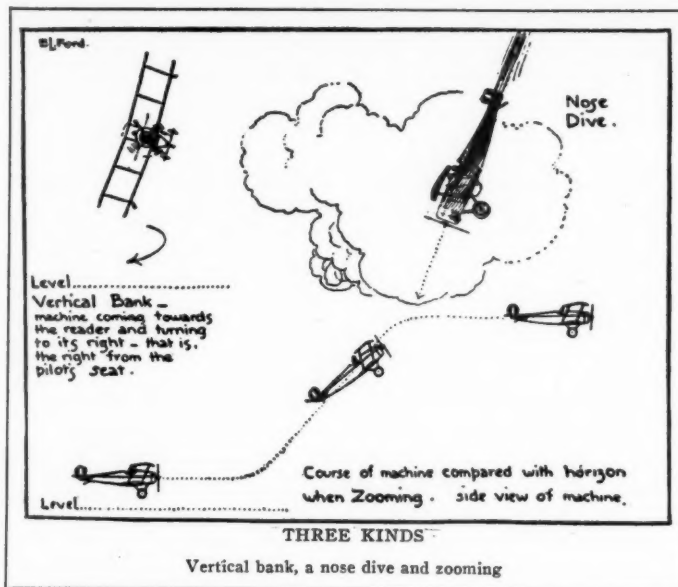
"The next trick he can practise is the 'zoom,' or the sudden jump of the machine several hundred feet into the air after flying near the ground. First of all he must remember that he cannot effect a zoom until he has got up full speed, for it is only the surplus speed that allows the machine to climb so steeply and suddenly. The maneuver is performed by pulling the control-lever back suddenly, which causes the machine to climb very quickly and steeply, and then putting it forward again when the machine has practically reached the stalling speed, as indicated either by the air speed-indicator (which is a bad sign owing to its amount of lag) or the general 'sloppy' feeling of the controls. When a pilot notices this peculiarity at any time in the air he must beware, because it means that the machine has lost its flying speed and will stall the next moment unless he pushes the control lever forward and allows the machine to regain its velocity."

The nose dive is the opposite to the zoom and is performed by putting the control-lever forward:

"It is wise to cut off the engine before making a nose-dive, because this minimizes the strain on the whole machine. Nose-dives should not be attempted too near the ground, and a pilot should not attempt too steep a dive to start with. He should see, too, that his belt is tight, as otherwise he may notice a tendency to slip through it on to his controls and instruments. He should also make certain that his goggles fit well, as if there are any air-leaks in them they will cause his eyes to water and consequently blur his vision. He will do well to bring the machine out of the dive at over 1000 ft., in order to allow plenty of room for eventualities. To do this, he should pull the control-lever back firmly but not too rapidly. He will feel the machine leveling up, and as the air speed-indicator does not register as quickly as the machine changes position, he must not center the stick until the instrument shows him that he is somewhere near his lowest flying speed. A nose-dive can easily be followed by a zoom if the pilot pulls the control-lever back rapidly.

Without entering into technicalities, it may be noted that trick-fliers at exhibitions have sometimes done such things as under-loops and flying upside down. The machines are generally specially constructed and strengthened:

"Provided that they allow themselves enough height, there is practically no positional maneuver which it is not possible to perform on a machine, or from which the machine will not right itself—generally more or less automatically.

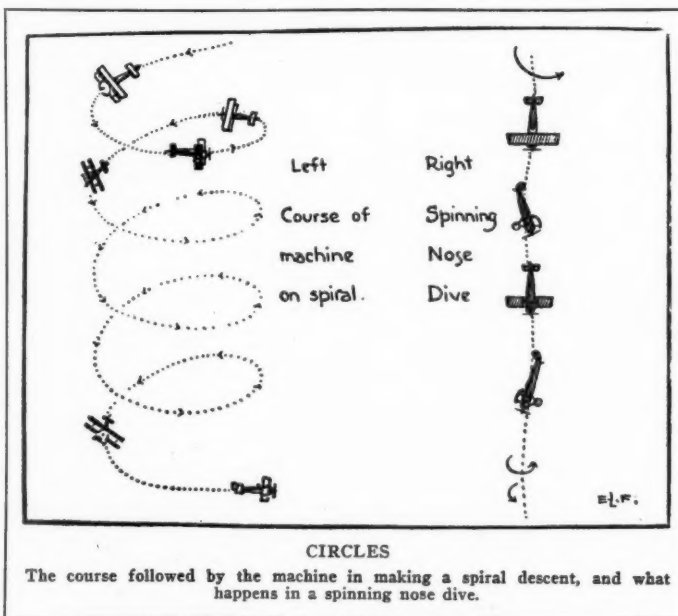


Opinions are divided as to the advisability of allowing pupils to attempt the easier of these air-tricks; but, provided they are high enough in the air, such practice not only gives them added confidence in themselves and in their machines but also undoubtedly makes them better pilots. . . .

"For war purposes and aerial fighting, the man who can maneuver his machine the quickest obviously stands the best chance of downing his adversaries. On the other hand, no stunting near the ground or over bad country at low altitudes should be attempted, for, sooner or later, the pilot will miscalculate his speed or distance, or else his engine may fail when he is at a critical angle, and he is unable to right himself before he crashes into the earth."

It may be taken for granted, writes W. H. Berry in "Aircraft" (a Doran book), that designers know practically all there is to know about what any

machine can be expected to do. A case can be stated: certain aeroplanes were subject, under certain conditions, to develop a whirling or spinning nose-dive which caused the deaths of many fine pilots, until a British officer showed how it could be pulled out of. Nowadays no designer worth his salt would build such a machine, unless, for some other end, he resolved to risk the spinning tendency; in any case, he would be perfectly aware of what he was doing. By this much has knowledge increased. In war, however, certain risks must be taken, and it is not easy to build 'fool-proof' machines without sacrifice of other things quite, and sometimes more desirable, than fool-proofness. Apart from war the matter is different, for excessively high speed is unnecessary in the commercial aeroplane.





## PHYSICAL AND MATHEMATICAL MYSTERIES OF MUSIC

IT is well known that the vibrations from most musical instruments are what is called compound. They consist, explains Professor Edwin H. Barton, F.R.S., of a series of tones of commensurate frequencies sounded together. Thus if the pitch of the note is said to be a hundred per second, there is not only a prime tone of this frequency, but also a second tone of 200 per second, a third of 300 per second, and so forth. This law applies to strings, to open parallel pipes, and to a complete cone with its base open. It also applies as a close approximation to the brass instruments in general use. This approximation is traceable to the departure from the strictly conical forms as regards the mouthpiece, the bell, and the special shape of the intermediate portion. Professor Barton, as quoted in *London Nature*, proceeds:

"In these brass instruments the possibility of this compound tone, or multiple resonance, is utilized for the production of distinct notes. Thus out of the tones possible to the instrument the player may elicit the set 200, 400, 600, 800, etc.; or the set 300, 600, 900, 1200, etc. These would be said to have the pitches of their primes or lowest components, 200 or 300 respectively. Or, to put it musically, they would be the octave or the twelfth of the fundamental (or *pedal*) possible on the instrument. The pedal of the instrument is not usually employed for musical purposes, but can be sounded if specially wished. Now there is a tradition among players of brass instruments that a note called by them a low 'F' can be sometimes obtained. This note would have on the foregoing scheme the frequency 133½. At first the possibility of this 'F' seems scarcely credible to the theoretician. But

after hearing and producing the note the necessity of accounting for its possibility was forced home."

Really the explanation proves very simple. It usually depends upon two points: (a) The spread or diffused resonance of the pedal, and (b) its intentional mistuning with respect to the other notes of the instrument. These are taken in order.

"(a) For theory shows that, other things being equal, the lower the note of such an instrument, the easier it is to force its vibrations out of tune, sharper or flatter. Thus with the pedal the range of resonance is such that the note may be sounded at any pitch whatever over a range of five or six semitones.

"(b) Since the law of frequencies 100, 200, 300, 400, etc., is only approximately true for these instruments, in order to secure good relative tuning of the higher notes which are in constant use the pedal (which is not used musically) is purposely mistuned. On some instruments it may be, say, D instead of C.

"Hence, if the central pitch of the pedal is sharpened two or three semitones—and it is possible to force this note both up and down two or three semitones—it becomes possible to sound the pedal of true pitch C, to sound the low 'F,' and to sound notes of every pitch between. The low 'F' is also possible on the bombardon. Both these instruments are characterized by large conical tubing, and the low 'F' is obtained by the spread resonance of the sharpened pedal.

"In the case of the trumpet, cornet, and French horn with much narrow tubing the pedals are flattened, so that a pedal of true pitch can be obtained only by the spread resonance, and the 'F' is impossible. On the trombone, which has much small parallel tubing, the low 'F' may be obtained occasionally by the downward-spread resonance of the sec-

## What Happens to Vibrations of String and Brass on Their Way to the Ear?

ond partial (or note number two), which is an octave above the pedal."

Let us consider now the vibrations of stringed instruments, beginning with the monochord because of its striking simplicity. From the work of mathematicians, with a little help from experiment, declares Professor Barton, the various possible vibrations of strings, whether plucked, struck or bowed, have long been well known. But a little reflection will show that many other problems are still left confronting the physicist. For identical strings, excited in the same way, but mounted on different instruments, will produce very different effects on the ear. In other words, the worth of a violin does not lie in its strings, but in its sound-box.

This leads to the inquiry as to what happens to modify the vibrations as, passing from the strings, they reach in turn the bridge, the belly (or sound-board), and the adjacent air.

"It is easy to see that this problem is somewhat complicated, since it presents so large a number of variables. Thus there lie at the experimenter's disposal the pitch of the string, its material and dimensions, the place and manner of excitation, the material and disposition of the associated parts of the instrument, the place of observing the belly, the portion of the bridge observed and the directions of its motions, and, lastly, the spot at which the motion of the air is observed. In this way a scheme for more than a thousand observations could be sketched, even for an instrument with but one string.

"Hence, no exhaustive treatment of the problem can be quickly obtained. But a beginning has been made."

## INDIVIDUAL TEMPERAMENTS REVEALED BY THE ANTS

A TREE trunk horizontally fixed across a road, served as a bridge along which a great company or procession of wood-ants went about their daily business. The ants were for the most part of the large worker class, big bold fellows with scarlet tunics. Amongst them went a few of the humbler workers, not only smaller in size but also less gay in color. The well-known English student of ants, Horace Hutchinson, who writes all this in the *London Westminster Gazette*, next saw an ant of the bigger kind—an ant which came along in all the satisfaction of a good piece, at least, of his day's work done,

with a small fly in his jaws. He was busy with it, carrying it home to the communal nest. Then began exasperating experiments upon him. Mr. Hutchinson approached a finger to him, on which he threw himself at once into his attitude of the "offensive-defensive"—head thrown forward, ready to bite, abdomen curled under. Very formidable he looked, and still he did not let go of his fly. Mr. Hutchinson put a finger nearer, and threw himself bodily at it—but so far it was only bluff, because still he held the fly in his jaws and would not drop it to get a bite. It was not until Mr. Hutchinson had actually taken hold of the ant's little body with a coarse human

finger and thumb that he consented to drop the fly. Mr. Hutchinson dropped him then, when he had done that, at a distance of some six inches from his prey. The trunk was rough, and hirsute here and there, with patches of a stiff, thin lichen. Mr. Hutchinson proceeds:

"Nevertheless, no sooner had I dropped my friend than he began an eager search for the fly that I had robbed him of. By some mental process which I do not quite understand, he seemed to have a knowledge that it was somewhere near him. Perhaps it is only that wherever I had dropped the searcher, and wherever he had dropped the object of his search, he would have begun hunting. Be that how it may, he hunted, and his way of hunt-

## Their Courage Places Them Among Heroic Characters in the Insect World

ing would have convinced anyone who watched it that it was the scent of the dead fly that directed his movements. At length he came upon it, in what was, to him, the high jungle of the lichen. He extracted it, and was proceeding on his way as before. Again I interrupted him. Again I made him drop his fly, and deposited him at some distance from it, and again he hunted, as before, and found it. This I did a third time, and a third time he repeated his object-lesson in unwearied perseverance. A fourth time I took it from him, and now, instead of putting it down anywhere in his neighborhood, I laid it right in the path of one of the other scarlet-tunicked workers. I imagined that this rover, who, doubtless, like the other, was out for anything that he could find, would pounce upon it as on manna straight from Heaven. And so he did, for a moment, but it was but for a moment only. After a first pounce and a nip he dropped and left it as if it had no further interest for him. Seeing that, I took it up and laid it in the path of first one and then another of the workers. In each case the same drama was enacted—the quick pounce, on first detection of the insect, followed by the almost as quick abandonment. What was the meaning of it? I do not know. I can only guess."

Mr. Hutchinson's guess is that the first ant had, according to some mysterious ant lore, made the thing his own by killing and taking it into possession, and that it was against the

traditions for another to interfere. If that were so, it would be like the possession of the hunted pig, gained by the "first spear," or as if the quarry had been made "taboo" to all the rest by its killing by the one. Mr. Hutchinson does not think the explanation is merely that they would not touch it so soon as they found it to be already dead, for these ants will readily pick up and "convey" a freshly-killed fly or other insect which you may offer them. Nor was it that repeated nips, and perhaps a suck of the life juice stolen with each, had reduced the fly to sapless and valueless skin and skeleton, for when Mr. Hutchinson did at last restore it to its rightful owner and killer, of whom he had not altogether lost sight while he offered his hunting spoil to those others who had no claim to it, he accepted it at once with a glad gratitude and made off with it on his at length unmolested way. Mr. Hutchinson thinks that the ant smell and the hive smell were already imparted to this fly, and so soon as the others recognized it they quitted it as a thing already reduced from a state of *feræ naturæ* into possession, and so had no more to do with it.

"It was surprising to me, moreover, who have studied ants and their ways for many a year, to realize that they had this

sense of the individual, as well as of the hive, smell. It was not enough for them that one of the hive had killed and had carried and had so set his mark (olfactory, as I do not doubt) on the quarry. They also had some practical appreciation of the fact that it was not their 'kill,' but that of another of the hive; and when this other, the real killer, came upon it, his behavior with it was quite different from theirs. He too knew that it was not their 'kill' but his; his business, not theirs. When we have, after a long while of study, so far discarded our purely human way of looking at things as to recognize that the 'unit,' for the ant, is not the individual, but the community; when we have arrived at this degree of wisdom, which is not very easily reached, we are little apt to carry its conclusions almost too far and to suppose that there can be no sense of individuality at all among them. Very evidently this is not the case; and you may easily prove that they have differences of individual temperament. One, for instance, of the same species and the same class as another—one of these very scarlet-bodied workers of the wood-ant—will be much bolder than another. One will come again and again to the attack on your finger when it has overthrown him and cast him backwards after each onset. Another has enough of it after a single encounter. Their courage is the quality which it is most easy for us to test, and it is quite splendid, but probably we should find their individual differences to be no less in other respects also were we able to make trial of them."

## HOW A WANDERING STAR ORIGINATED OUR SOLAR SYSTEM

A COMMON feature of the older theories of the origin of the solar system is that they all suppose it to have been derived from a more or less symmetrical rotating nebula in a gaseous or half gaseous state, notes Professor Harold Jeffreys, a careful student of the early history of the sun. By some process, the details of which vary in different theories, this mass is supposed to have condensed locally to form the sun and planets. A recent study by the eminent astrophysicist, Doctor J. H. Jeans, has indicated a way of examining whether such condensation is possible. The factors of cosmic evolution involved are technical and abstruse, but summing them up, Professor Jeffreys, writing in *London Nature*, thinks it necessary to abandon completely those hypotheses which require the solar system to have been formed by the gradual condensation of a nebula. We are led next to inquire whether planets could come into being by a more rapid or catastrophic process:

"Projection from the sun is not a possible origin, for a body started in this way must necessarily strike the sun again on

its return and be reabsorbed; further, there is no reason why all should revolve in the same direction. The tidal theory appears to give a better account of the present state of the system. According to this, a star much more massive than the sun approached it very closely, and raised on opposite sides of it two projections, just as the moon raises tides in the earth; but the scale of the disturbance was in this case so enormous that the sun's gravitation was unable to prevent a rupture from occurring. Thus either one or two streams of matter were shot out in a time comparable with a few months or years. Being longitudinally unstable, they broke up into a series of detached masses, perhaps before the parts projected later had actually separated from the sun. That such rupture could occur has been proved by Jeans. The attraction of the disturbing body produced the direct revolution (in the same sense as the motion of the star relative to the sun); some of the revolving matter returned into the sun and gave it a direct rotation. The angular momentum thus acquired was, of course, derived from the transverse motion of the disturbing body relative to the sun."

The size of the deformed body has little influence on its chance of being broken up. Thus the detached masses might well have produced systems of

## A Theory that Makes the Planets Rise as Blisters on the Sun

satellites and developed direct rotations in the majority of cases, the complete uniformity could scarcely be expected on account of the number of complicating factors. The fission would cease when the star had receded a sufficient distance; thus the outer nuclei, being the first ejected, would produce most satellites. All the bodies, having recently formed part of the sun, would naturally be very hot.

"The system after the passage of the star would therefore include a central sun surrounded by a number of heated planets, moving in direct orbits, and attended by satellites; the most remote planets would have most satellites. The rotation of the sun would be direct; the rotation of each planet would be in the same sense as the revolution of most of its satellites, and in most cases this also would be direct, though a few exceptions might well occur, especially in the outermost subsystems. In every point this agrees with the existing solar system. The heated interior of the earth, the building of mountains by compression, and the present heated state of the greater planets are readily accounted for. . . .

"In addition to the planets and satellites, however, there would be a considerable amount of gaseous matter too light to be



condensed into the nuclei, and probably consisting mainly of hydrogen. This would be pushed round by the planets as they moved, but its resistance to oscillatory

motions would steadily reduce the eccentricities of their orbits, which would initially be considerable. At the same time its own viscosity and diffusion would

cause it partly to dissipate into outer space and partly to be reabsorbed into the sun. The zodiacal light is probably the last remnant of it."

## LACK OF SAVAGERY AMONG THE SAVAGES

ONLY an anthropologist could understand the mind of the little girl in the well-known story of the lions and the martyrs. As ordinarily told, the tale has to do with a picture of several primitive Christians who were thrown to the lions in the persecution under Diocletian. "But," said the little girl, pointing to an animal apart from the others, "this poor lion has no Christian." If the little girl in the story had been mature, her exclamation might have denoted a depraved mind. In exactly the same way, a little boy who ties a can to a dog's tale is not necessarily cruel. A profound insight into the structure of the nervous system is required for an appreciation of the agony suffered by a dog who races in panic inspired by any such impediment.

Now the savage is in the child state. This point, often made by anthropologists, is not really grasped by the average person. That accounts for the prejudice against the savage on account of his cannibalism. It is a tendency associated with many lovable traits. Missionaries of long experience have affirmed that they were most successful in preaching the gospel of love to the cannibal: "he is so teachable." Indeed, declares Professor George Winter Mitchell, of Queen's University, Canada, from whose work on anthropology we take these ideas, among many savages it is a religious duty or a mark of affection to eat a relative. In primitive days, just because man could eat man, our species survived while so many other species of animals have become extinct. In seasons of drought and famine, when other food could not be procured, man survived through privation by eating his own kind. Many species of the lower animals, which were too squeamish to imitate man in this respect, died of starvation.

"Cannibalism after all is not so revolting a practice if it is recognized that its origin lay in sacrificing a human victim to the gods. Man began by giving his best to the gods. At first the king or priest was sacrificed, and as he was often thought to be deity incarnate he was eaten by the worshipers in the belief that by doing so they became permeated with the divine spirit. Later an animal, such as a bull, was substituted. Bulls came to be regarded as too expensive and a goat or pig was sacrificed.

"Man became more niggardly still and fashioned a piece of dough to represent

the victim and finally they did not even take the trouble to fashion the dough in any image."

The two essentially savage characteristics, however, are modesty and chastity. A different idea prevails only because the civilized enjoy, as a rule, slight personal experience with savages. The savage is truthful because he is not sophisticated. He literally does not know how to lie. In the same way, children are spontaneously truthful. They learn to lie from their elders, who punish them for frankness. In every family there are circumstances which it is deemed wise to conceal from the neighbors. The child does not at first realize this. It is taught the need of discretion under pains and penalties. Incapable of making discriminations at an early age, the little one takes refuge in deceit. A child in a reformatory was known to boast openly of the wonderful lies told habitually by its parents. This was no sign of depravity. It was sheer ignorance. In exactly the same way, the savage, detected in lies, is invariably the victim of association with the civilized. Anthropologists of renown have testified from first-hand knowledge to the veracity of the savage.

It is the same with modesty. The savage goes naked just as a little child goes naked if permitted. Anthropology finds, says Professor Mitchell, that modesty has nothing to do with dress at all. It is asserted by experienced missionaries as well as by eminent anthropologists that European women and children may travel among the Congo naked men without risking the slightest shock to their self-respect in the way of gesture or word. Not until the savage has been taught the ethical significance of clothing does immodesty as a civilized idea render him objectionably self-conscious.

Again we will be told that savages lack intellectual power. This is the most persistent as well as the most egregious delusion of all. There are many men of intellectual power among the savages, men who rank as high mentally, perhaps, as Kant or Darwin. The fallacy upon which a contrary idea is based can readily be exploded. Take the African savage who can not count beyond four. He will readily exchange four skins for four tin cans. Give him eight tin cans and take eight of his skins and he is bewildered. The transaction must proceed by fours, since he

## Even Their Cannibalism Is a More Amiable Trait Than the Civilized Suspect

can not count beyond that number. Here we have no lack of mental power. The savage has no multiplication table, no arithmetic at all. Arithmetic has been handed down from generation to generation among the civilized until we forget that it is not natural. We count mechanically.

Even more ridiculous is the civilized idea that savages worship stocks and stones or other things no less impotent.

"There is no satisfactory proof that worship has ever been paid to stocks and stones as such. There is always connected with the stock or stone an idea of a Power or Spirit. No doubt individual savages have been found who are below even the very low average of their community, and in whom the idea of Spirit is very vague indeed. Mentally such individuals have not advanced much beyond the animal stage, but even a dog begs only from a living thing. He will get on his hind leg and beg from a man, but you will never find a dog making supplication to a suspended ham.

"All savages then, of whom we have any definite knowledge, worship a Power outside of themselves, something non-material, or at least not so grossly material as a solid body, more or less vaguely conceived, for which their language may have no satisfactory name. . . . The true explanation is that the savage arrived at the notion of a god in his own image in a practical way just as he worked out other things in adapting means to ends.

"Everybody is agreed that previous to the stage of anthropomorphism man attributed powers greater than his own to inanimate objects in which a vague formless spirit, as yet undefinable, was supposed to lodge. Now let us put ourselves in the place of the savage and let us take an object, say the stump of a tree, which has been blasted with lightning, as the object in which resides the Power which we do not formulate or understand, but which we wish to influence. We ask this Power to help us and he doesn't comply. Why not? He cannot have heard our request. So we bore a hole in each side of the stump that our voice may the better reach the spirit in the interior. These holes after a time come to be spoken of as ears. . . .

"In our explanation of the evolution of a god we took a tree as an example of one of the objects which the savage developed into a god. But in selecting a tree his choice was determined by the belief that it had exhibited Power and that too of a non-material sort. A tree that had been struck by lightning suggested the idea that the tree contained the Power of making fire, a Power which he himself did not at first possess, and acquired only after painful experience."



## SURPRISING OBSCURITY OF AN UNUSUALLY GIFTED PHYSICIST

**A**LTHO the renown of the late John Joly had been well established for twenty years and notwithstanding the fact that his pioneer work in physics as well as geology had revolutionized industrial methods in more than one important field of activity, his recent passing away received scarcely any notice outside of the organs of science. Here we have a fresh illustration, says London *Nature*, of the erroneous sense of values prevailing in the unscientific world. The researches of Joly were of a highly technical character, requiring long training in the higher mathematics as well as a perfect familiarity with newer and as yet little known discoveries made in specialized laboratory work. His researches opened up vast domains of knowledge.

Joly explored physics and formulated natural laws of particular value in an age of engineering. The engineering of the war, for example, rested to a great degree upon his pioneer theoretical work. He had, says *Science*, a mind of infinite ingenuity as well as of infinite originality. His excursions into unfrequented highways of research were possible to him because he possessed such a complete knowledge of all the abstrusities and intricacies of the several departments of modern physics. The practical in applied science as well as the theoretical, appealed to him irresistibly. One of his important achievements was the steam calorimeter by means of which we can now determine directly the specific heats of

gases at what is called technically "constant volume." This was a problem in experimental science which had long baffled physicists.

The wide application of his pioneer discoveries is shown in the modern method of photography in colors.

"He was the first in 1897 to take successful photographs in natural colors by the use of a minutely subdivided screen carrying the three primary colors. On a plate exposed behind this screen he obtained, in effect, three negatives on the same plate. A transparency made from this plate, when placed in an optical lantern behind a screen similarly ruled in red, green and blue lines, displayed the objects photographed in their natural colors. This experiment led, ten years later, to the development of the well-known and very efficient Lumière process on which colored starch grains are substituted for Joly's colored lines."

His work as a physicist led directly to the use of radium as a therapeutic agent in cases of cancer. To him belongs the credit for the use of emanation needles in connection with this and other maladies. Joly again had been a pioneer in the application of radioactivity to geological phenomena. His theory of the origin of mountain ranges, as is well known, holds the field. His theory of the canals on Mars led to controversy, but it may yet gain the day. Joly ascribed these canals to the gravitational effects of small satellites falling into the planet. Another matter of general interest was dealt with by Joly when he determined the age of the ocean by estimating the amount of common salt carried to it by

## Passing of the Late John Joly Almost Entirely Ignored in the Non-Scientific World

the rivers and calculating the length of time that must have elapsed in order that the salt in sea-water should have acquired its present concentration. Still another matter on which he shed light is the age of the world:

"Sections of various kinds of rock show remarkable little rainbow-colored circles. Joly was the first to prove that these rainbow-like circles or pleochroic halos occur about particles of salts of the rare metals uranium and thorium; metals which are always undergoing decomposition into elements of lower atomic weight. The halos are due to the bombardment of the substance of the rock by the radio-active particles discharged from the heavy elements. The rate of transformation of uranium and thorium into these radio-active substances being known, it has been possible to calculate the length of time necessary for the formation of the halos and therefore the age of the rocks."

The ascent of sap in trees came within the scope of his studies. His theory attributes the ascent to transpiration from leaves of the tree and the tensile strength or cohesion of the fluid in its capillary tubes. He settled much and discovered much; but perhaps his authority was most nearly final in the controversy between geology and physics. Joly was both physicist and geologist, and he contended that the common elements and indeed many which could be called rare are possessed of a degree of stability which has preserved them unchanged since the beginning of geological time. The elements are not then "breaking down" from a higher plane into a lower one.

## IS LIGHT EVER TOO FAINT TO BE SEEN?

**S**INCE Tyndall made his famous experiments over forty years ago, it has been assumed that the light scattered by dust-free air is too faint to be observable with the small thicknesses which can be used in the laboratory; altho it has been well established that air molecules are competent to produce such scattering. Prof. Strutt has, however, recently succeeded in demonstrating the effect experimentally. He states, observes London *Science Progress*, that the chief essentials for success are to avoid, as far as possible, stray light diffused from the walls of the vessel used and to observe the beam transversely against the blackest possible background.

He employed a cross-shaped vessel made of brass tubing of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. diameter painted dead black inside. A beam

from an arc was directed down one cylinder, being admitted through a quartz window, while one-half of the other cylinder formed a black cave against which the beam was viewed through a glass plate covering the end of the other half. The air was dried and then filtered through a tube 4 feet long filled with cotton wool. It was forced into the vessel under pressure, so that while dust-free air might leak out, ordinary air could not leak in.

Viewed as described there was a blue track along the beam which, tho much fainter than the track seen with ordinary air, was visible without difficulty when the eyes had been rested in the dark. Several tests were applied to show that the effect observed was not due to residual dust. No change was produced by further filtering, and a well-tested method for

counting dust particles failed to reveal presence of a single one. The blue track was examined spectroscopically to eliminate the possibility of the effect being due to a fluorescence of the air. A two-hour exposure with the arc source brought out faintly the cyanogen band, which is photographically the most conspicuous feature of the arc spectrum; while a three-day exposure with a quartz-mercury lamp showed only the mercury lines.

Other gases were used in the vessel in place of air. With oxygen the appearance was indistinguishable from that with air; with carbon dioxide the intensity was greater than with air, and with hydrogen very faint indeed. The scattered light is almost completely polarized in the manner indicated by theory. The experiments described are preliminary.

## An Assumption that May be Disproved by Measurements Now in Progress

# Religion and Ethics

## FREMONT OLDER'S EXPOSE OF NEWSPAPER ETHICS

THE well-known San Francisco editor, Fremont Older, has gone into the confessional, and is telling all that he knows regarding journalistic and political conditions on the Pacific coast. His revelations, which are appearing under the title, "My Own Story," in nightly installments in the *San Francisco Call*, of which he is now the editor, are unparalleled in the memory of the present generation. He covers his twenty-three years as managing editor of the rival evening paper, the *Bulletin*, still owned and conducted by the man who was Mr. Older's employer until a few months ago. He tells of his first political fight just after the election of McKinley as President. He tells of a visit he made to Washington for the purpose of persuading ex-President Roosevelt to release Fran-

cis J. Heney from work on Oregon land-fraud cases so that Heney could come to San Francisco. He traces, step by step, the prosecutions which led to the imprisonment of Eugene Schmitz, the orchestra leader, who became Mayor of San Francisco, and of Abraham Ruef, the Republican boss who had joined his fortunes with those of Schmitz. Franklin K. Lane, now Secretary of the Interior; Hiram K. Johnson, later to become Governor of California; Rudolph Spreckels, the millionaire; Patrick Calhoun, President of the United Railroads, are a few of the figures who troop through the narrative. The San Francisco earthquake, political plot and counter-plot, a carmen's strike, furnish a background to the revelations. Mr. Older was at one time kidnapped by his political enemies and carried to Santa Barbara. Within

the past few weeks he has been assaulted and knocked down by District Attorney Fickert as a result of the successful fight that he and others have waged to save Tom Mooney, the labor leader, from the gallows.

One of the most interesting features of Mr. Older's story is that which bears on newspaper ethics and subsidies. The charge has often been made that newspapers are "capitalistic" and do the will of their economic masters, but, as a rule, those who have made the charge have been unable to bring definite proofs of their statements. Mr. Older divulges the secrets of his profession. He tells how the *Bulletin* was for years on the pay-roll of the Southern Pacific Railroad and of other public corporations at a time when

## A Startling Recital of Secret and Unwritten History of San Francisco and California

it was pretending to fight for civic righteousness, and how its owner did not scruple to solicit money from candidates and political parties in return for the paper's support.

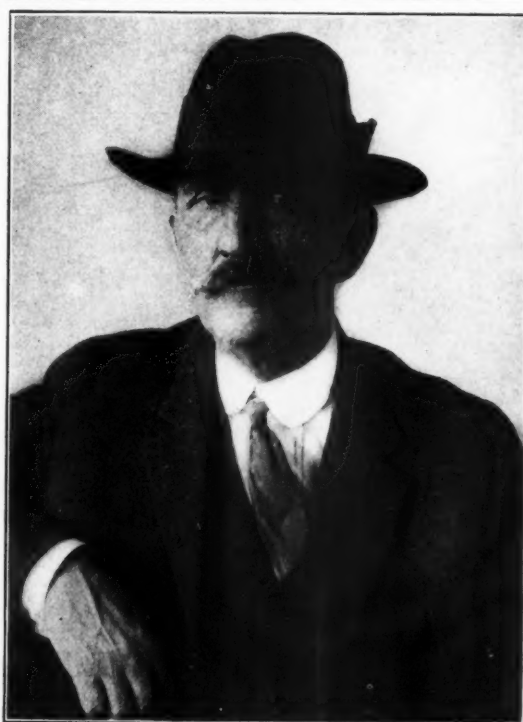
A specific illustration of the kind of difficulties in which the *Bulletin* became involved as a result of its corporation subsidies is afforded by an incident that took place during the campaign of James D. Phelan for Mayor in 1896. It was Phelan, Mr. Older tells us, who gave him his first social sense. Up to that time his only ideal had been worldly success. Phelan had a deep love for San Francisco and dreamed of making it a clean, beautiful city, worthy of its magnificent natural advantages. Older began to admire his attitude. "I had concealed from him and his followers," he says, "the fact that the *Bulletin* was not free, that we were on the pay-roll not only of the railroad but of the gas company and the water company. I wanted Phelan to think that I was an honest newspaper man. Of course, I dimly realized that I was not, because part of my salary came from these corporations. However, I had it in mind to try to eliminate these subsidies if I were ever able to do so. Meantime my earnest effort was to keep them from coming to Phelan's knowledge."

"Then Phelan began his fight for a new city charter. He had found that the old charter was inadequate for the reforms he contemplated, and he proposed the election of a Board of Freeholders who would draft a new one. His administration was popular with the people, and their support was behind the plan for a new charter.

"The railroad immediately came into the fight with a nominated Board of Freeholders, known as the Martin Kelly Board, but in reality controlled by Herin. The *Bulletin* supported the Board nominated by Phelan and it was elected.

"The Phelan Board drafted the charter, and then came its election. By this time the railroad was really fighting in earnest. The new charter, as drafted, spread political power too much for the Southern Pacific's purposes. It provided for many commissions — the police commission, election commission, and others — which would be too difficult to control.

"The fight had barely started when Crothers [owner of the *Bulletin*] came to me and said that W. H. Mills, who



SAN FRANCISCO WILL BE A DREARIER PLACE  
WHEN HE IS GONE

Fremont Older, editor of the *San Francisco Call*, is "forever breaking taboos, doing outrageous things." His latest revelations of journalistic and political conditions on the Pacific Coast are unparalleled in the memory of the present generation.



handled the newspapers of California for the railroad company, had agreed to raise the *Bulletin's* pay from \$125 to \$250 a month if we would make only a weak support of the new charter.

"I saw that it would be almost impossible for me to maintain my reputation for honesty with Phelan and his followers and at the same time not offend Mills to the point of his withdrawing his subsidy.

"I went ahead desperately, doing my best to satisfy both sides, and daily feeling more self-contempt. Phelan, expecting me to be loyal to the charter, forced me by his very expectation to run several editorials supporting it. I was checked by Crothers, who told me that Mills had complained.

"Then I killed several articles that had been prepared by the editorial writer favoring the charter. For several days we were silent.

"This brought Charley Fay [Phelan's manager] up to the office. He said: 'What the hell's the matter with the *Bulletin*?' That frightened me.

"I went to the editorial writer and told him to write a strong editorial supporting the charter. He looked at me strangely and said: 'What's the use? It will be killed.'

"No,' I replied. 'It will not be killed. This one won't. You write it and I'll publish it to-morrow.'

"The next day I published it in the *Bulletin* without consulting the owner. The campaign was so nearly over that I was able to finish it without any further complaint from Mills. We won the charter fight, and the paper and I came out of it clean, so far as Phelan's knowledge went."

Mr. Older tells a number of similar stories bearing on the ethics of newspapers in general and of the *Bulletin*, under his management, in particular. His accuracy is not questioned, but his revelation of the secrets of his profession is regarded as "bad form" by former colleagues. In the eyes of Bailey Millard, who writes in the *Bulletin*, the relations of a newspaper publisher and the men who work for him are "as

sacred as those between a doctor and his patient or a lawyer and his client."

"In the business world," he says, "there is a code of ethics which bars any self-respecting employee, after leaving a job, from going over to a competing firm and revealing the secret of his former employers."

To this Mr. Older replies:

"Two questions are raised here: first, whether employees in general are under all circumstances obligated not to reveal their employers' secrets; second, whether the relations between a newspaper publisher and those who work for him are in fact identical with those between an employer and employees who are engaged in a less public business. Perhaps every one would agree that in almost any establishment the hired workers might have to put loyalty to the public above loyalty to the employer. If the employer was a manufacturing druggist and was poisoning his customers by cheap adulterations; if he was a contractor and was risking the public safety by using weak materials; if he was making goods for the government which would endanger soldiers' lives; if he was a restaurant keeper and maintained a filthy kitchen—in any of these cases a higher duty than that to the guardian of the cash-register would be readily admitted. The rule which requires an employee to remain silent under such circumstances is a survival of slave morality. It is part of an ancient habit—a system of 'mores,' as the sociologists call it—by which the community was cheated into doing the injurious will of a minority.

"The loyalty of a newspaper worker to the owner of his paper is subject to this exception, but it is subject to other exceptions as well. A newspaper is not a private undertaking, and an employee of a newspaper has other obligations than to help the owner make money. The public interest enters in quite as fully as it does into the operations of street cars, railroads, telephone and telegraph systems, the schools and the public health administration. What newspapers say forms public opinion and public opinion forms almost everything else. If news is adulterated, it is worse than if drugs or food are

adulterated. The first duty of a conscientious newspaper man is not to his employer at all, but to the reader. If he looks at the matter in any other way, he is entering into a conspiracy with his employer to cheat the reader. It is absurd to compare this situation with that created by the ordinary visit of a patient to a doctor or of a client to a lawyer. The situations would be alike only if the patient asked the doctor, or the client asked the lawyer, to commit an act against the public interest. In such a case the relations would be exactly as sacred as those between two burglars conspiring to blow a safe."

*The Public*, of New York, is one paper that justifies Fremont Older's revelations. "Mr. Older," it notes, "has offended time and again against these 'mores,' and, let the controversy as to 'ethics' rage as it will, there is no doubt where the public comes off. It is always the gainer." The same paper continues:

"The dominant sex long has been in one of these conspiracies as to prostitution. Mr. Older spoke out. Again he enraged the respectable people of California, who believe in covering up unpleasant facts, by taking them inside of San Quentin prison, and inside the lives of its inmates, so that all but the most complacent were troubled by annoying doubts about the thing called justice. He is forever breaking taboos, doing outrageous things. He is forever taking the joy out of life, spoiling the picture, putting flies in the ointment, for all the sleek and satisfied folk who consider this the best possible world. He is the 'enfant terrible' of the Pacific coast. He is almost worse than the I. W. W., for no one has yet put him in jail. 'Business ethics' and the laws of good taste mean nothing to him, so long as there is a pertinent social fact that needs dragging into the light. He is forever taking local society by the nape of the neck and rubbing its nose in the unpleasantness for which it is responsible. Local society may not like him, but he certainly keeps it interested. San Francisco will be a drearier place when he is gone."

## WHAT THE WAR HAS DONE FOR EDUCATION

**I**N the opinion of Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, the war "has shortened by many years, perhaps by a generation, the path of progress to clearer, sounder and more constructive thinking as to education, its processes and aims." Dr. Butler used the words quoted in an address on "Education After the War" recently delivered before the Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools of the Middle States and Maryland at Princeton, New Jersey, and printed in the *Boston Transcript*. He goes on to say:

"We have been living in an era of reaction that has masqueraded as progress, and we have been witnessing energetic acts of destruction whose agents sang the songs and spoke the language of those who build. Chatter about education has been so prevalent that one has often had to wonder whether interest in real education and capacity for clear thinking concerning it had not entirely surrendered the field to the poisonous fumes of an irritant gas.

"Part of what we have been living through and putting up with as best we could has been due to a false psychology, and part to a crude economics. The moral and spiritual values have been ground between the upper and nether millstones of

## Dr. Butler Appeals to Teachers to Rise to Their Present Opportunities

a psychology without a soul and an economics with no vision beyond material gain. Most of the old and exploded fallacies of bygone centuries have been solemnly paraded before us in the trappings of new and highly important discoveries. We have been asked to doff our hats in salute to illusions of one sort or another that the world of intelligence found good reason to class as such long ago. Discipline was solemnly pronounced to be not only unnecessary, but impossible, altho a hundred little disciplines are right enough. A general education or training—which goes back to the time when Socrates pointed out to Hippocrates the distinction between 'Epi Paideia' and 'Epi Teckoe'—has been shouldered aside, not



because it has not been justified by centuries of experience, but because it has not seemed sufficiently materialistic or gain-producing to be recognized as part of an educational theory that is strictly up to date. According to this newest philosophy, no such admirable virtue as thrift, for example, could be taught, but only the saving of ten-cent pieces or of dollar bills, or possibly of Liberty Bonds, as separate arts or vocations. Industry, honesty, loyalty, charity and truthfulness have been ingeniously referred to as vague notions or catch-words that are very apt to delude the unwary,—the unwary being probably the unselfish. A sense of humor or a flash of common sense, had either been present, might have saved us from being obliged to listen to all this and to contemplate the ideal world as made up of highly competent apple-polishers and pencil-sharpeners early trained to their engrossing tasks, and vocationally guided to be loyal and charitable to themselves alone."

What a sense of humor or a flash of common sense did not intervene to accomplish, the war, Dr. Butler continues, has done. At a critical moment for the history of education in the United States, the German people chose to reveal themselves to an astonished world as the apostles and representatives of just the type of philosophy that has been discredited.

"Psychology without a soul has been a favorite German industry for a long time, and organization for material gain has been the ruling thought of the German people for quite thirty years. On this form of psychology and on this form of economics as a foundation the Germans erected their super-structure of military autocracy, of insolent aggression, and of lust for world domination. With these they instantly challenged the rest of the world to combat for its mastery. For months, even for years, the issue hung uncertainly in the balance; but at last the nations that had not surrendered their souls, the nations that had not cast aside their moral and spiritual ideals to bow down before the idol of material gain, the nations that had not put efficiency above freedom, brought down this proud and boasting Teutonic structure in the dust. Nothing in history that aimed so high has ever fallen so low, and the effect upon the world's education ought to be, must be, instant and overwhelming. We ought now to be spared, at least for a time, the vexing spectacle of men in places of authority in education and in letters who spend their time standing in front of the convex mirror of egotism thinking that what they see reflected in it is a real world and their own exact relation to it.

"The war has taught the lesson that the proper place of efficiency is as the servant of a moral ideal, and that efficiency apart from a moral ideal is an evil and a wicked instrument which in the end can accomplish only disaster. . . . We make a criminal blunder if we infer that the war teaches us to imitate Germany in any particular. On the contrary, the war teaches us to avoid Germany and to cling to those principles and purposes that have

made France and Great Britain and the United States."

Passing on to speak of the more technical side of his subject, Dr. Butler charges that the shortcomings of our present-day education are due, in large measure, to the inefficiency of educators who lack perspective and who are tied, each to his own particular hobby. "The popular American text-books in chem-

istry of a vocabulary of at least a thousand words. On the other hand, many an American college graduate who has studied French for years is as awkward and nonplussed in a Paris drawing-room as he would be in the drivers' seat of an aeroplane."

Our instruction in composition, Dr. Butler tells us, is wrong because it emphasizes writing, instead of reading; and in teaching government attention



HE FULMINATES AGAINST OUR WHOLE EDUCATIONAL STRUCTURE  
Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, sees education revolutionized by changes that are impending as a result of the war.

istry and in physics," he says, "are almost without exception examples of how those subjects should not be taught, while the popular text-books in biological subjects are only a little better. The teachers of all these sciences have almost uniformly proceeded as if every student who came under their influence was to become a specialist in their particular science." In the matter of foreign-language teaching, Dr. Butler asserts, the situation is just as unsatisfactory.

"Greek and Latin have been in large degree asphyxiated by wholly wrong-headed methods of teaching, and French and German are a sad spectacle to look upon. Intelligent youths who have spent three, four and five years in the study of one or both of these languages, can neither speak them easily, nor understand them readily, nor write them correctly. Here, too, as in the case of the natural sciences, the reason is to be found in wrong methods of teaching. It is a sorry commentary as to what is going on in our secondary schools and colleges in this respect to learn on the best authority that there are now in France at least 200,000 American young men who, after six months of military activity in France and three or four hours of instruction a week in the French language, can carry on a comfortable conversation under ordinary conditions and circumstances, with a mas-

has been paid to machinery and to details, rather than to a comprehension of the principles upon which good government and republican institutions rest. A revival of interest in the ancient classics is desirable, but the way to stimulate this interest is by stressing broad human values, rather than philological data. Dr. Butler goes on to warn us that the elementary schools are too much under the influence of faddists. "The simple business," as he puts it, "of training young children in good habits of exercise and in good habits of conduct, of teaching them the elementary facts of the nature which surrounds them, and of giving them ability to read understandingly, to write legibly and to perform quickly and with accuracy the fundamental operations with numbers, has been rudely pushed into the background by all sorts of enterprises from lectures on the alleged evil effects of alcohol and tobacco to the sale of War Savings Stamps. It may be necessary one of these days to organize a society for the protection of the elementary school in order that that indispensable institution may have an opportunity to mind its own proper business."

There is a danger, Dr. Butler concludes, that, with the end of the war,

may come, by the mere tendency of inertia, a disposition on the part of schoolmasters to lapse back into old habits, old routine and old methods.

"In the name and in the hope of true progress and of learning the lessons of experience, this tendency must be avoided and combated. The new world into which we are so rapidly moving will be built upon the old world which it displaces, and it will gather unto itself all of the lessons of that old world's experience while resolutely throwing away its dross. Unless all signs fail it will be a world of vigorous individual activity, of large opportunity for initiative and accomplishment, and of constantly increasing co-

operation for high purposes between individuals, between groups and between nations. After all that may be said in sharp criticism of American school and college education in the past two decades, it remains true that the American people, and particularly the American soldiers, have shown themselves capable of the most striking accomplishments in the shortest time through the possession of almost unequaled initiative, resourcefulness and zeal for service. What may not be expected of such a people, and, if the need ever come again, of such soldiers, if their theory and practice of education are all that they should be! One's imagination hesitates to attempt to measure the capacity of one hundred millions of

thoroughly well-educated, well-trained and well-disciplined American men and women. Yet nothing short of this should be the aim of American educational policy. That policy as it steadily advances to newer and higher levels of ambition and accomplishment must not fall a victim to the temptation of that egotism which regards the affairs of the passing moment as of such importance to the world's history and of such significance for the world's future as to justify contempt for all that has gone before. That policy will succeed if it remain steadfast in its republican faith and if it continues to prefer the solid foundations and noble ideals of the old republic to the endowed and prolix fatuities of the New Republic."

## NEW SIMPLICITIES ENFORCED BY THE WAR

ONE of the obvious effects of the war has been to reduce the standards of living of a class in America who, until the beginning of the war, enjoyed not only necessities, but luxuries. There are new millionaires as a result of the war, Katherine Fullerton Gerould points out in *Harper's*, and skilled labor has reaped a fabulous harvest. But what of those who have been impoverished and who realize that they may be cramped all the rest of their lives? The group for which Mrs. Gerould speaks is a large one, tho always, everywhere, a minority: the professional man, the man in the smaller business positions, the man on a salary, who has been decently bred and who cannot look forward to any real financial fortune. "I do not include," she says, "every one who has to economize strictly, for a large proportion of the people who have to economize strictly are totally uneducated as to real values. But distinctly I include any of the last mentioned who are alive to something besides materialistic needs."

There has been in America a theoretical glorification of simplicity, but what we have really prided ourselves upon, Mrs. Gerould asserts, has been our physical luxuries, and, most of all, those physical luxuries which have no ethical value. "Our plumbing has been our civilization." The European aristocracy is for the most part not so comfortable as the American "middle class"; and therefore we have considered ourselves the greatest nation in the world. "We have been snobbish about many things," Mrs. Gerould continues, "but about nothing so much as our electrical appliances and our skyscrapers. We have sinned; all of us together; and now we are paying. Simplicity, austerity even, are forced upon us; and it behooves those of us who really care, in spite of temporary apostasies, about real values, to take thought and plan. The vital question

is not whether we shall simplify, but how. On that depends our civilization."

What, then, is to be done? Mrs. Gerould replies:

"We must, seriously facing the moral, political and physical conditions of our time, be frankly ascetic. We must make our children healthier, first of all—if only because specialists will be beyond our pocketbooks. I have implied that the combination of plain living and high thinking is a difficult one; I fancy it is the most difficult in the world. 'The hand of less employment hath the daintier sense.' We shall obliterate the coarser contacts, as far as possible, not by engaging other people to take the burden of those coarser contacts, but by buying, as we can, the machinery that will suffice to them impersonally. We shall 'co-operate' to the limit of our incomes, losing thereby many of the amenities which tend to civilize. We shall not sleep soft, we shall not live high, and we shall do without external beauty to a painful extent. We shall exist in cramped quarters, and if we achieve the dignity of one spacious room, that will be a great deal. We cannot hope to furnish it fittingly. But if we have a dollar to spend on some wild excess, we shall spend it on a book, not on asparagus out of season. If we have a holiday, we shall not go to Europe or Asia, which would be beyond our means; but we shall find some quiet spot where there will at least be trees and sky and no motor-cars or aeroplanes. We shall, I hope, ameliorate our lack of space and privacy by a very perfectly developed courtesy and by the capacity for silence. It sounds monastic, and, at its best, monastic it will be. Certain things we shall have given up at the start; certain ambitions will have been erased from our tablets. We shall not compete with, or interfere with, the lords of this world. We shall do our modest work, and receive our modest pay, and by a corresponding modesty of life and temper we shall disarm, we hope, the unsympathetic and uncomprehending. Our kingdom cannot be of this world; and instead of complaining and criticizing, we must apply ourselves to realizing that our compensations can be made greater than our losses."

## "The Vital Question is Not Whether We Shall Simplify, but How. On That Depends Our Civilization"

Even those who find this an intolerable idea, may dub it Utopian. "A counsel of perfection," Mrs. Gerould says, "it certainly is." But "the higher the standard we set for ourselves, the less likely we are to put up with a low one." The argument concludes:

"And if we merely drift, I fear we shall find ourselves getting nothing—wearing ourselves out in the unequal, familiar race for physical privileges, and leaving to one side the intangible goods. We can guarantee our children nothing except that they shall be armored against certain kinds of suffering; the lust of non-essentials, for example. I do not say that we shall not lose much that our best interest would suggest our having; but we shall not lose everything. And with the new simplicity will come some of the compensations of earlier simplicity. The man who has three things gets more pleasure out of one than does the man who has a hundred. Perhaps we shall capture the 'joy in widest commonality spread.' A rose will always be cheaper than an alligator pear, and it is quite possible to enjoy it as much and as vividly. We shall be very grateful, I have no doubt, to Thomas Edison and the other geni of democracy. In some ways we shall fare better than folk of our clan in Europe. We must thank our stars for plumbing—itself a 'joy in widest commonality spread.' But we shall value it chiefly as it releases time for better things, and those better things not physical pleasures.

"Not only shall we not glorify our plumbing with marble; we shall see that there is really no sense in marble when porcelain will do as well—that marble has better uses and should be kept for them. Not only shall we have no ermine to shield us from the cold; we shall see that ermine was more beautiful when rarely and ritually worn. We shall learn to take pleasure in beautiful things that do not and never can belong to us; and we shall purge ourselves of the ignoble passion of envy. But the power to discriminate between the truth and a lie—which is the foundation of all moral and intellectual enjoyment—we shall cling to with greed. For in keeping that we rob no one, and insult no law."



## MR. BOK COMPLAINS OF "DISGRACEFUL" CONDITIONS IN LONDON STREETS

American Soldiers, He Says, Are in Danger of Being "Poisoned and Wrecked"

SOMETHING of a sensation was caused by the publication in the *London Times*, late in September, of an interview entitled "An American Editor's Indictment." The article quoted Edward Bok, editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, as denouncing "the apparently uncontrolled solicitation of our boys by women in the London streets." Mr. Bok, at the time of the appearance of the interview, was in England in company with a number of American editors who were guests of the British Government. He is also a member of the State Central Committee of the Y. M. C. A. of Pennsylvania and presumably voiced the feelings of Y. M. C. A. officials in London. It is understood that his protest was discussed at a meeting of the British Cabinet and that action was taken by the Government toward allaying the evils of which he complained.

Mr. Bok said he had been in a great many large cities, but he had never seen "a more disgraceful condition than is witnessed in the London streets every evening." "Our boys are openly solicited, not only by prostitutes, but by scores of amateur girls." He pointed out the superior conditions existing in American cities as compared with those in London, and said that "the British Government has, therefore, a precedent established—a concrete example of a government successfully grappling with this problem."

"But," continued the editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, "all this is of small avail if we send our soldiers, clean-blooded and strong-limbed, over here only to be poisoned and wrecked in the London streets. We should not be asked to send our boys here to be morally crucified." "If the American woman knew what was going on here in the streets of London, there would be an outcry that, in volume and quality, would be extremely unpleasant to the people of Great Britain. Furthermore, it might prove to be a serious factor in an agitation to check the flow of American troops."

Mr. Bok had been told that there was "a public acquiescence in this traffic based on the argument that the men who are making the great sacrifice must be permitted certain indulgences while

away from home," but he could not believe this. Nor could he believe that "the moral standards of the decent people of Great Britain and of the United States differ so widely on such a fundamental question." If so, he said, "I have read my British history wrongly." He thus concluded: "As a matter of simple fair play to the American boys and to the American women, the evil should be stamped out at once. It must be. It is inconceivable that so grave a danger to the American

social questions, but, if they deal with this problem, it will be most welcome to us who are trying to insure the social welfare of American soldiers passing through England. That a real evil exists is known to all of us. American mothers may be alarmed at it, but their alarm would be greatly minimized if they knew the question was receiving real attention, and an effort at control was being made."

The Bishop of London said: "It is apathy of the man about town that makes the matter so difficult to deal with."

The opposition to Mr. Bok's statement of the situation was led by William C. Edgar, editor of the *Minneapolis Bellman*, who was in London at the time. He wrote to the *Times*:

"As an American, and moreover an American editor, may I be permitted to reply to 'An American Editor's Indictment' in the *Times* of September 24, wherein Mr. Bok, editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, of Philadelphia, protests against 'the apparently uncontrolled solicitation of our boys by women on the London streets,' by 'our boys' meaning American soldiers, whom he describes as 'clean-blooded and strong-limbed,' being sent over here 'only to be poisoned and wrecked in the London streets'?"

"Mr. Bok will, I hope, pardon me for saying that, in the section of the United States whence I come, this kind of talk would be termed 'hogwash.' The average American soldier who comes to London is no more 'clean-blooded and strong-limbed' than the average British boy, and his parents are no more solicitous for his moral welfare than British parents."

"No American soldier accustomed to walk the streets of his own large cities after dark needs to be accompanied by a guardian in the streets of London at the present time. Furthermore, the appearance of the women and girls who hang about therein for the purpose of exploiting soldiers is such as to afford no temptation whatever to the aforesaid 'clean-blooded and strong-limbed.' The American soldier who would fall a prey to their toothless and bedraggled charms must be exceedingly anxious to be 'poisoned and wrecked'; so determined, indeed, that the most stringent police regulations would be powerless to protect or prevent him."

"I have been visiting London at intervals for nearly thirty years, and in all my experience I have never found its street life so free of objectionable features



HIS PROTEST CREATED A STIR IN ENGLISH GOVERNMENTAL CIRCLES

It is understood that Mr. Bok's indictment of London morals was discussed at a meeting of the British Cabinet, and that action was taken by the Government toward allaying the evils of which he complained.

troops should be allowed to go on."

Mr. Bok's remarks stirred up a hornet's nest, and the London papers were soon full of letters *pro* and *con*. John Masfield, the poet, in a letter to the *Times*, commended Mr. Bok's stand, and contrasted the stringent regulations in the camps, barracks and naval and flying stations in the United States with the situation in London.

Mr. Powell, president of the advisory committee of the Y. M. C. A., said: "It is not for us Americans to suggest to the British authorities what they should do to regulate their own



of the kind described by Mr. Bok. In this respect, the contrast between the past and the present is remarkable, especially when the number of men here for a brief time and seeking dissipation of a certain sort is considered. London has no recognized 'red-light' district and no houses of ill fame, 'promenades' have been abolished and 'solicitation' is forbidden and penalized.

"I was in Philadelphia, Mr. Bok's own delightful city, in May last. It was then, I was informed, under martial law; its population is less than one-fourth that of London, and it is not a rendezvous for soldiers and sailors on leave or preparing to enter active service; nevertheless, candor compels me to say that, as far as I am able to judge by superficial observation, such as that necessarily given to the subject by the editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal* during his brief stay here, the streets in the vicinity of the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, Philadelphia, were more filled with courtesans, covertly if not openly plying their trade, than any of the streets of London I have seen, and I have been here since the middle of July, and during that time have walked about London at all hours of the day and night. In his personal investigation, Mr. Bok was

probably unaware that solicitation of the sort he denounces is never experienced in London unless invited by the male."

The London *Saturday Review*, in an editorial entitled "Mr. Bok 'Butts In,'" took a similar attitude, using the incident as a point of departure for a diatribe against America. It commented, in part:

"We cannot stay to explain the paradox of materialism and idealism side by side in the forty-eight socio-political laboratories which make up the United States. There is scant respect for law, as the lynching records show, and as President Wilson has lately bewailed with characteristic forthrightness. Divorce is notoriously common—witness the 'nisi-mills' of Reno, Nev., and Sioux Falls, S. D.

"Dynamite and 'guns' continue to figure in labor strikes. The white-slave traffic still thrives under the rose; and the boss in politics and business has an ethical code peculiar to himself, as the mere mention of Tammany Hall and the Standard Oil concern will recall to any American.

"For all that, the United States is the most aggressively moral nation upon earth; and now that her sons are swarm-

ing over to Europe in millions, she is gravely concerned for the welfare of their souls and bodies. Liquor and women—*voilà les ennemis!* President Wilson has issued paternal admonitions. Mrs. Wilson and Dr. Anna Shaw published a letter to their Allied sisters, respecting 'the protection of our sons at a time of unequalled temptation and danger.' General Pershing was bombarded with warnings, and he sent home reassurance through shoals of correspondents. The Q. M. G. in Washington (General Sharp) told the nation that the C-in-C. in France 'is exercising every possible precaution to protect the officers and men of his command.'

"Now, there is nothing to laugh at in all this, however strange it may seem to our cynical adolescence. America is very young. This is her first adventure overseas; and the mothers are acutely concerned about their boys—tho why France and England should be more perilous places than, say, the cities of the Southern States where African wenches roll through the streets with no scruples worth speaking of, is more than we can say. . . . As a matter of fact, London is by far the most decent of all great cities, as every traveler and man of the world is aware."

## RUNNING AWAY FROM LIFE AS THE SUPREME OFFENSE

SOME new light on a matter in which everyone is interested—the attainment of happiness—is cast by the novelist, Arnold Bennett, in a recent article in *Nash's Magazine* (London). He points out that life is a continuous series of challenges. He also points out that many of us try to evade these challenges. What should be our consistent attitude toward the gauntlets thrown down before us by existence?

In attempting to answer this question, Mr. Bennett cites, first, the extreme case of the social butterfly. Her aim, like the aim of most people except the very poor (whose aim is simply to keep alive), is happiness. But the unfortunate creature, as Mr. Bennett sees her, has confused happiness with pleasure. She runs day and night after pleasure—that is to say, after distraction: eating, drinking, posing, seeing, being seen, laughing, jostling. Habit drives her on from one excitement to the other. She flies eternally from something mysterious and sinister which is eternally overtaking her. She is not happy—she is only intoxicated or narcotized by a drug that she calls pleasure. And her youth is going; her figure is going; her complexion is practically gone. She is laying up naught for the future "save disappointment, dissatisfaction, disillusion, and, no doubt, rheumatism."

Mr. Bennett speaks, next, of the more serious type of woman who has chosen the part of content. She has

come to terms with the universe. She is not forever gadding about in search for something which she has not got, and which not one person in a hundred has got. She has perceived the futility of what is known as pleasure in circles where they play bridge and organize charity fêtes on the Field of the Cloth of Gold. She is prudent. She is aware that there can be no happiness where duty has been left undone, and that loving-kindness is a main source of felicity. Hence she is attentive to duty, and she practises the altruism which is at once the cause and the result of loving-kindness. She has duly noted that the kingdom of heaven is "within you," not near the band at the expensive restaurant, nor in the trying-on room of the fashionable dressmaker's next door to the expensive restaurant, nor in the salons of the well-advertized great. Her life is reflected in her face, which is a much better face than that of the social butterfly.

If the question is asked, What can there be in common between these two types? Mr. Bennett replies: "They may have one tragic similarity which vitiates their lives equally or almost equally."

"One may be vastly more admirable than the other, and in many matters vastly more sensible. And yet they may both have made the same stupendous mistake: the misinterpretation of the significance of the word happiness. Toward the close of existence, and even throughout existence, the second, in spite of all her precautions, may suffer the secret

## Arnold Bennett Says That If You Commit This Offense You Will Miss the Only Authentic Happiness

and hidden pangs of unhappiness just as acutely as the first; and her career may in the end present itself to her as just as much a sham.

"And for the same reason. The social butterfly was running after something absurd, and the other woman knew that it was absurd and left it alone. But the root of the matter was more profound. The social butterfly's chief error was not that she was running after something, but that she was running away from something—something which I have described as mysterious and sinister. And the other woman also may be—and as a fact frequently is—running away from just that mysterious and sinister something. And that something is neither more nor less than life itself in its very essence. Both may be afraid of life and may have to pay an equal price for their cowardice. Both may have refused to listen to the voice within them, and will suffer equally for the wilful shutting of the ear.

"(It is true that the other woman may just possibly have a true vocation for a career of resignation and altruism, and the spreading of a sort of content in a thin layer over the entire length of existence. If so, well and good. But it is also true that the social butterfly may have a true vocation for being a social butterfly, and the thick squandering of a sort of pleasure on the earlier part of existence, to the deprivation of the latter part. Then neither the one nor the other will have been guilty of the cowardice of running away from life.)

"My point is that you may take refuge in good works or you may take refuge in bad works, but that the supreme offence against life lies in taking refuge from it, and that if you commit this offence you will miss the only authentic happiness—

which springs no more from content and resignation than it springs from mere pleasure. It is indisputable that the conscience can be and is constantly narcotized as much by relatively good deeds as by relatively bad deeds. Nevertheless to dope the conscience is always a crime, and is always punished by the ultimate waking-up of the conscience."

The upshot of the argument is that there can be no real happiness apart from the full utilization of all the faculties. "But I doubt," Mr. Bennett says, "if a full utilization of all the

faculties necessarily involves the idea of good fortune, or prosperity, or tranquility, or contentedness with one's lot, or even a 'dominantly agreeable emotion'; very often it rather involves the contrary." He concludes:

"In my view happiness includes chiefly the idea of 'satisfaction after full honest effort.' Everybody is guilty of mistakes and of serious mistakes, and the contemplation of these mistakes must darken, be it ever so little, the last years of existence. But it need not be fatal to a general satisfaction. Men and women may in

the end be forced to admit: 'I made a fool of myself,' and still be fairly happy. But no one can possibly be satisfied, and therefore no one can in my sense be happy, who feels that in some paramount affair he has failed to take up the challenge of life. For a voice within him, which none else can hear, but which he cannot choke, will constantly be murmuring: 'You lacked courage. You hadn't the pluck. You ran away.'

"And it is happier to be unhappy in the ordinary sense all one's life than to have to listen at the end to that dreadful interior verdict."

## RELIGION'S OPPORTUNITY NOW THAT THE WAR IS OVER

**W**HAT prophets and preachers and poets have been dreaming about for ages is now calmly proposed as a workable policy of statecraft by the dominant governments of the earth—an entire new world-order of peace, fraternity and mutual helpfulness." So Dr. William T. Ellis begins one of his recent articles in the *Boston Transcript*. He goes on to note that religion, in face of this prospect, is well-nigh silent, and he attributes this silence to the fact that "popular thinking has grown almost numb from the successive impacts of overwhelming news and projects, and the natural reaction does not come to even the most stupendous propositions." He writes further:

"Regular camp-meeting hallelujahs might be expected from the churches over the new prospect. It turns the sword into a plowshare, the spear into a pruning-hook. So far as human legislation can do so, it establishes an era of fraternity and good-will and consequent peace. The great dream of the ages is on the eve of fulfilment. New and dizzy heights of organized life are being prepared for every-day habitation."

It is obviously, Dr. Ellis continues, a far more difficult problem to stabilize the life of ordinary human beings on this altitude than to form a feasible program of world-organization. After all the facts and treaties and conventions have been signed, there remains to be reckoned with the most persistent thing on earth, unregenerate human nature. Storms, Dr. Ellis predicts, are surely coming. "No thoughtful person," he says, "can look upon the proposed reorganization of the world without having his desires tinged with anxiety. Humanly speaking, a successful League of Nations is not only the largest enterprise to which the race has addressed itself, but it is also a seeming impossibility." What if the new treaties run athwart the ambitions and plans of one or two or more of the strongest nations, and these powers should prove as unscrupulous as na-

tions have sometimes shown themselves in the past? How may the sincerity of the signatories be assured? What guarantee can be given that pride and power and self-interest will not restore the old order of every man and nation for himself and the devil take the hindmost? Is there any armor that will prevent this glorious dream from being punctured by treason?

A mere program of a better world-order, Dr. Ellis asserts emphatically, is of itself inadequate. Our libraries are full of books telling us how to make life better. "It is not ignorance that has kept men in the mire; the most scientifically-trained of all nations is the one that attempted to precipitate barbarism upon the earth. Knowledge is not enough. There must be power behind the program." The argument proceeds:

"Russia is the victim of a lofty program without transformed purposes. Under the guise of liberty, democracy and justice, Bolshevism has unchained all the wild beasts that have their habitat in the recesses of human nature. The most unsocial exhibition of a generation is now in process in Russia. Selfishness to the limit has made that poor land a place of horror. Mere theory will not make the world over. Treaties do not transform."

"It is not mere pious talk but the most practical sort of politics to declare that what the new order of life upon which all forward-looking persons have set their desires needs most of all is a changed heart in humanity. So long as there is abroad anywhere on earth the spirit of a Germany, an Austria or a Turkey the rest of mankind will be menaced. Plain, old-fashioned selfishness and ruthless looking out for number one is what has made a mess of civilization. The sin that has smitten our time so sorely is nothing but the modernization of Garden-of-Eden selfishness. A world of selfish men and selfish nations cannot maintain a program of international altruism, however they may agree, under stress like the present, to attempt it."

"Is the master-word for the hour rebellion? Christianity's great claim has been that she is able to change men's hearts. The Church is the custodian of the principles and ideals of Jesus, which

## An Appeal to the Church to Provide the Indispensable Foundation of the New World-Order

are unselfish and brotherly. She can point to great triumphs in history. The English-speaking world has, in a general sense, accepted the standards of the Bible. What is best in our civilization is admittedly the child of our religion, a heritage from our Christian ancestry. In certain ways, the Church qualifies to speak the master-word that will bring the race into subjection to the new order of peace and mutual helpfulness."

When we look to Christianity to generate the power adequate to maintain a League of Nations, we are asking that the Church so transform the springs of thought and action in the entire world that we shall quickly have a social order approximating the kingdom of heaven. This is a staggering conception. But if the Church is unable or unwilling to rise to her present opportunity, what other agency will or can do the work? "Her principles and hers alone," Dr. Ellis contends, "are established on the proposition announced by the Christmas angels, that peace is to come on earth only among men of good-will." The argument concludes:

"It is of real significance that the foremost exponent of the League of Nations project, and the chief advocate of a new world ruled by altruism, President Wilson, got his mental bias and his training in a minister's home, and in the Sunday school and the Church. His ideas are those of the Christian teacher. His revolutionary program is really the application of the principles of Christian missions to the realm of statecraft. The position to which he has led the world is nothing more or less than the New Testament Christian position. Nobody seems to have pointed out, as yet, that in a peculiar sense President Wilson has made himself the religious leader of the new era."

"What measures, if any, organized Christianity will adopt to support, with all the powers of religion at their command, the new world-project, remains to be seen. If there be a vision within the churches, then the uniqueness of this greatest opportunity that has ever come to religion will be perceived and acted upon. A reformed world needs first to be a regenerated world."



# Literature and Art

## THE AVIAN CLAIRVOYANCE OF A BIRD-LIKE GENIUS

## W. H. Hudson's Amazing Biography of His South American Childhood

UPON the imaginative intensity with which he senses the contact of all forms of material Nature with their spiritual origin is founded the claim made for W. H. Hudson to be considered a master of literature. Such is the opinion of a critic writing in the *London Nation*. Simply for Hudson's observations of English bird-life, the same critic somewhat heretically asserts that he would put Hudson in the same exalted rank as Hardy and Conrad. And yet, the English-speaking world has been remarkably indifferent to Hudson's genius. When death threatened him a few months ago, an autobiography of his boyhood, "Far Away and Long Ago" (Dutton), was written. In reviewing this, the lack of appreciation is explained by the *Nation's* critic:

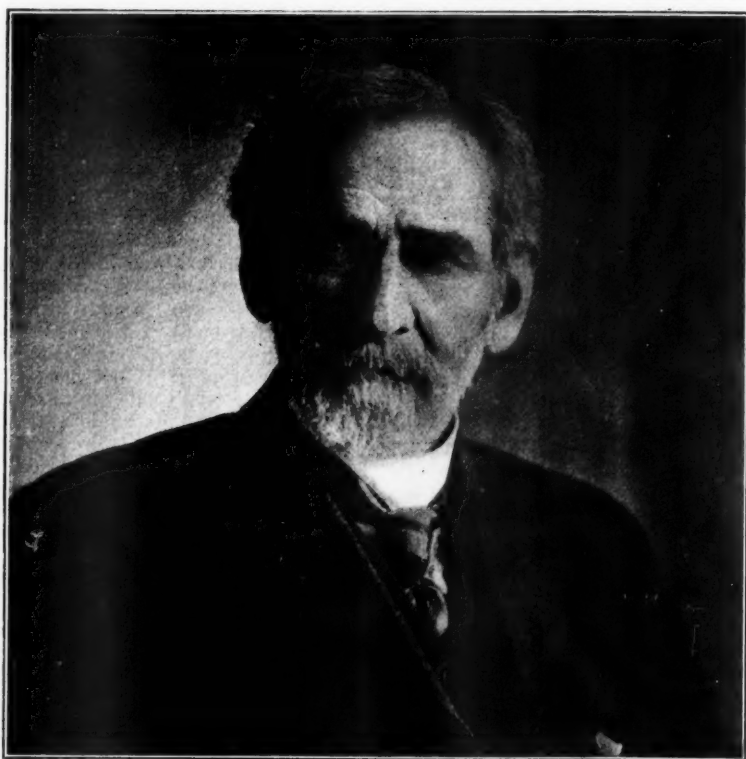
"I suppose one reason why we do not appreciate Mr. Hudson at his full literary value is because there is an element of melancholy, sometimes of gloom, occasionally even of misanthropy in his works, from which we shrink as from the exposure of our guilt towards the weaker tenants who share the earth with us. What else can we expect from a priest of Nature's oracles? If we stretch our imaginations to express the judgment of the creatures upon us, our sovereignty of the earth must appear a curse and a lamentation. It is hardly surprising that the depopulation of the counties of the air by the short-sighted greed of the farmer, the low tastes of the collector and the competition to secure a monopoly in killing by the gamekeeper and his lord, should often chafe Mr. Hudson's pages with a sense of tragic loss and impotence. I remember him quoting with some natural relish the saying of an old traveler: 'I was in despair for many days, but at length to my great joy I spied a gibbet, for I then knew that I was coming to a civilized country.' But an attentive reading of his work will reveal its constant susceptibility to bursts of lofty exhilaration, of sudden rapturous prose chantings as tho the spirit had seized him by the hair. It is as he writes himself in 'Birds in London,' when he is describing the cutting down of the old elm trees which used to grow in Hyde Park and the consequent emigration of the rooks, and thinking of another London made whole and beautiful again: 'I thought, quoting Hafiz, that after a thousand years

my bones would be filled with gladness, and, uprising, dance in the sepulchre.'

"There is no doubt that it is really Mr. Hudson's imaginative passion as an artist which makes him a stylist of such purity, precision and elegance. His literary and scientific knowledge is both profound and extensive; but what places him among the great names is his power of fusing this knowledge with an art conceived and expressed rather as vision, prophecy and conviction than anything smaller. Mr. Hudson's work is not only art but a lesson upon the meaning of art."

It is as a master of what the critic of the *London Times* calls "vicarious travel" that the appeal of W. H. Hudson is perhaps greatest. No one, we read, can equal him in the description of South America. Yet in Hudson's books it is never mere travel but something more intense and more spiritual:

"South America! That certainly is one of the Meccas of mental travel. We should have engaged Mr. Cunningham Graham permanently for the journey, so rare is his quality of atmosphere, so distinguished his style, if it were not for his amiable trait of seldom giving you enough of his company in one place and at one time. You have just settled down in Paraguay, and lo! you must pack up for Morocco. So we shall often fall back on the long, easy stride, the keen vision, and the true sympathy of Mr. W. H. Hudson. It will be a change of method; instead of the romances of Mr. Conrad and the romantic recollections of Mr. Graham there will be a ground of natural history—tho we are not forgetting 'Green Mansions' and 'The Purple Land.' But Mr. Hudson is the naturalist of many who can tolerate no other. He takes you insidiously, perhaps with the birds of your own land. 'Snow in Patagonia, and the quality of whiteness.' You did not know



BIRD-LIKE IS HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY

The scenes in "Far Away and Long Ago" float in and about one another in seeming aimlessness, like a bird's flight, and all the time are parts of an invisible unity. What language and rhythm are to the poet, so birds, according to Mr. Hudson, are to Nature.



there was snow in Patagonia, and you would not believe it now if you had not happened to read in a newspaper a month or two ago of a heavy fall at Buenos Aires. You were not aware that pumas were such friends to man that they will not even defend themselves against him, tho these lithe, engaging little fauna have often enticed you at the Zoo and you may even have decided that they were the only denizens of the Lion House with whom you might arrive at confidential terms. You will read more about the puma. Then the whole kingdom of exotic birds will burst on you like a sunrise radiant with color and song.

"The universal is never far distant from these vividly appearing particulars. Perhaps this is the secret, clumsily stated, of the power of masters like Mr. Hudson to elicit our inmost feelings and satisfy them. So, among poets, Lucretius will turn from a contentious argument about his atoms and in a few lines or phrases lay bare to its recesses the roaming nature of the wild. You may have been absorbed with our naturalist in following the oddly winning ways of some strange rodent like the vizcacha, and lost yourself—nowadays this is perhaps the only way in which you can so lose yourself—in musing over a community that is freely social and yet utterly remote from man. Then the meaning of what has happened flashes on you; you are alone with Nature, curious and unafraid. The protective screen of cus-

tom slides away. Perhaps it is the predicament which, unknown to yourself, you most desired. The unchartered freedom of primitive life is yours at the moment; for the ingenious brain stops humming, and in those imagined solitudes you are steeped in a consciousness as old and profound as life itself."

"Far Away and Long Ago," the *Times* critic believes, reveals a remarkable insight into certain spiritual phases of childhood that are usually overlooked. "Behind the dense and involved confusion which grown-up life presented there appeared for moments chinks of pure daylight in which the simple, unmistakable truth, the underlying reason . . . was revealed."

"Somehow or other Mr. Hudson writes as if he held his lantern steadily upon this simple, unmistakable truth, and had never been deluded or puzzled or put off by the confusions which overlay it. It is an effect that the great Russian writers produce far more commonly than the English, and may perhaps be connected with the surroundings of their childhood, so different both for Mr. Hudson and for the Russians from the surroundings of the ordinary English childhood. Therefore one is reluctant to apply to Mr. Hudson's book those terms of praise which are bestowed upon literary

and artistic merit, tho needless to say it possesses both. One does not want to recommend it as a book so much as to greet it as a person, and not the clipped and imperfect person of ordinary autobiography but the whole and complete person whom we meet rarely enough in life or in literature. But Mr. Hudson himself provides one clue to the secret which we have clumsily tried to pry open. He has been saying that it is difficult not 'to retouch, and color, and shade and falsify' the picture of childhood by the light of what we have since become. Serge Aksakov, he goes on to say in his 'History of My Childhood,' was an exception 'simply because the temper and tastes and passions of his early boyhood—his intense love of his mother, of nature, of all wildness, and of sport—endured unchanged in him to the end and kept him a boy in heart, able after long years to revive the past mentally and picture it in its true, fresh and original colors.' That is true also of Mr. Hudson. When he writes of himself as a little boy he does not get out of his large body into a small different one, or fall into that vein of half humorous and romantic reverie which the recollection of our small predecessor usually inspires. The little boy whom he remembers was already set with even fresher passion upon the same objects that Mr. Hudson has sought all his life. Therefore he has not to reconstruct himself, but only to intensify."

## MULTIPLE MYSTERIES OF ALLITERATION

**A**LLITERATIONS, new and old, known and unknown, famous and infamous, have been the subject of an interesting symposium in the correspondence columns of the literary supplement of the London *Times*. As a literary device the alliteration is one of the most ancient. Yet its appeal to writers as well as to readers, if used with discretion and originality, is still unailing. Alliteration, for example, may, one of the *Times* correspondents thinks, sharpen the expression of contempt. As example he recalls Whistler's bitter comment on Oscar Wilde: "What has Oscar in common with Art, except that he dines at our tables and picks from our platters the plums for the pudding he peddles in the provinces?" The same writer, George G. Loane, presents a number of other effective examples, alphabetically arranged. Each letter has its own quality:

"Swinburne uses the displeasing *b* to describe a moon 'haggard as hell, a bleak, blind, bloody light.' In 'beneath the brute bows of the sanguine boar' the use of 'sanguine' points to an unexpected moderation in the writer. In Cowper's 'Odyssey' the Cyclops' 'bubbling blood boiled round about the brand.'"

"The threatening *k* sound ranges from Virgil's *tales casus Cassandra canebat*,

through Swinburne's Czar 'curse-consecrated, crowned with crime and flame,' to Carlyle's outburst: 'Has that accursed chimera of a Cockney not sent the umbrella yet?' With an added liquid it sings in 'Clove all the sea mist with a clarion's clang, And clouds to clouds and flames to clustering flames.'

"The ominous *d* appears in Young's 'that great day for which all days were made; Great day of dread, decision, and despair'; in Swinburne's 'the dark dawn and bitter dust of death—the draught more dread than thine was dire to drink,' and with the added force of contrast 'leap into lustrous life and laugh and shine, And darken into swift and dim decline.'

"There is an amusing example of *g*'s quality in Pater's remark, 'What Pattison likes best in the world, no doubt, is romping with 'great girls in the gooseberry bushes.' But it can do better. The 'Noctes Ambrosianæ' tell how in curling 'the granite gangs groaning gloriously along'; and Swinburne, again adding the loved liquid, has 'gleaned the white hands and glowed the glimmering hair,' and 'a world of happy water, whence the sky glowed goodlier, lightening from so glad a glass.' I ought not to have forgotten Shelley's 'glow-worm golden' and 'their great pines groan aghast.' . . .

"Pope unites the labials in 'is there a parson, much bemused in beer, A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer?' but in Shelley the same combination expresses rather loathing—'prickly and pulpos and blistering and blue'; contempt was not in him.

## Alliterations are Popular in Poetry and Prose, Producing Infinite Varieties of Literary Feeling

"I have found little alliteration of *t*, even in Swinburne. Puttenham quotes himself with some complacency—'Time tried his truth, his travailles, and his trust, And time to late tried his integrity,' which is perhaps a little better than Ennius. I must thank Mr. C. R. Haines for recalling Sophocles's line.

"The music of verse," so wrote Mr. E. Myers lately, 'is a subtle thing, and also seems to speak variously to various ears.'

Lionel Jacobs calls attention to the intricate triple alliterations to be found in the Scriptures. Evidently nothing new in the use of alliteration has been discovered since those ancient days. Fortunately these artful alliterations have been reproduced with consummate skill by the translators in the English Bible. One example of this is the verse of Isaiah: "Therefore shalt thou plant pleasant plants, and shalt set it with strange slips." Similar instances abound: "There the wicked cease from troubling; and there the weary be at rest"; and "Her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace." In both these familiar verses the emphasis is marked alike in the Hebrew and the English by alliteration.

Similarly, as another correspondent points out, alliteration abounds in the Greek classics. Thus FitzGerald trans-

lated a passage from Aeschylus's Agamemnon:

The stately city, from her panting ashes  
Into the face of the revolted heavens  
Gusts of expiring opulence puffs up.

FitzGerald writes in a footnote on the last line:

"Those who know the Greek will scarce accuse me of over-alliteration in this line, which runs in the original thus:—

*Spodos propempei pionas ploutou pnoas."*

An interesting modern example of alliteration is found in a *Times* book review: "The truth is that our feelings are involved in historical judgments but not in the movements of molecules or the morality of mastodons." F. K. Barton tries to analyze this alliteration:

"Tennyson's lines about the immemorial elms are of course pure onomatopœia. But

this is harder to analyze. Does it express a kind of charitable contempt for the natural sciences on the part of a humanist? Or is it merely a rhetorical device to emphasize a contrast—an effect which might have been gained by the repetition of almost any letter—particularly 't,' I think? Or is the chuckle caused on reading these words the result of the incongruous idea of mastodons having a morality, quite apart from the alliterative expression of the idea?"

## JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE'S FANTASTIC CHAT WITH WILLIAM HOHENZOLLERN

**I**N an imaginary interview with William Hohenzollern, written as a possible postscript to the book about the Kaiser written by the American dentist, Dr. Arthur Davis, Sir James M. Barrie establishes the deposed ruler of the Germans in a modest cottage in Shepherd's Bush, a London suburb. The time is supposed to be September 20, 1924. Dr. Davis, it seems, "had run over to England from America on a professional matter connected with porcelain." Incidentally he calls upon his former client and patron. Writing as the dentist, Sir James (in a letter to the *London Daily Mail*) has the American confess:

"I must confess to having a curiosity to see how that part of him was faring with which I was most intimate, and I contemplated taking a last look at it, of course gratuitously. I may mention here that just as it was the Kaiser's custom to speak arrogantly of 'my people,' never 'the people,' he always spoke of 'my teeth,' tho they might really be mine."

The villa in Shepherd's Bush was called "The Rhubarbs." There were two floors and seven rooms, including the bathroom. William, to follow Barrie's whimsical fantasy, takes great pride in showing Dr. Davis over his house:

"It was pleasant to me to note his pride in 'The Rhubarbs.' As he flung open one door after another he exclaimed with all the glee of a young bride: 'This is the dining-room. Davis, try those chairs, second-hand things, I don't think'; or, 'Observe the painted glass on the landing window—a little bit of all right, eh, what?' or 'Now I'll show you Willie's bedroom.' Here I may mention that he has already picked up many of the English colloquialisms and speaks with a decided cockney accent, of which he is legitimately proud.

"But I anticipate. I rang the bell, recalling as I did so the somewhat different circumstances in which I had previously visited my patient at Potsdam and elsewhere, when more formality had to be observed. My summons was answered by the Kaiser himself, but this was not, as he hastened to assure me, because there is no domestic in the house. There is a

very competent female 'general,' called by Willie (who will have his fun) 'Hindenburg,' and by the Kaiser simply 'the girl.' She was out, however, at the pictures at present, and the Kaiser did the honors himself, and did them right heartily. He was looking much better than when I saw him last, which was at a time when the responsibilities of the war had greatly aged both of us and given a pallor to his countenance. The nervous twitching of the eye was gone and he had ceased to stare apprehensively behind him.

"But it was not merely physically that there was a change for the better; the inner man had enormously improved: the morale, so to speak, of which we talked so much during the war, was a hundred per cent. stronger. This was no haughty monarch, but a jolly little fellow, happy in himself, happy in his neighbors—a sane mind, in short, in a sane body. He was in his shirt-sleeves, because, as he laughingly apologized, he had been engaged about the house on a culinary matter. Otherwise he was in a serviceable suit of gray tweeds, with apron."

The doctor was invited to have a "snack of supper." Willie was soon to return from his office, on the 6:42 train. Sitting in the kitchen, as the ex-Kaiser finished his preparations for the modest evening supper—they always ate in the kitchen unless there was "company"—Dr. Davis learned of that mysterious chain of circumstances which had brought Herr Hohenzollern and his son Willie to the quiet respectability of Shepherd's Bush:

"'You remember, Davis,' he said, 'how, as the war progressed latterly in an unexpected manner, there was a deal of talk among the Allies about what should be done with me and Willie on the declaration of peace. In your great country, Davis, there seemed to be a general movement in favor of making use of a hempen rope and a stout tree, such as play an important part in your ravishing cinema plays of cowboys. For my own part, as you may remember, I held out for being treated as Napoleon was and sent to St. Helena, not necessarily to St. Helena, but to some island as far as possible from Germany.'

"Here he slapped his hand on his thigh in the old familiar way and exclaimed, 'But Great Britain knew better!' His

### The Time is 1924; the Scene a Cottage in London Called "The Rhubarbs"

whole face beamed as he mentioned the word 'Britain'—indeed, throughout our interview he never could speak that word without fond emotion; his pride in the land of his adoption was beyond anything of the kind I have ever seen.

"Only one other word made the Kaiser hang on the 'more lovingly,' and that was the word 'democracy.' It fairly brought tears to his eyes, and he quite forgot that Davis could be supposed to know anything about it:

"'Davis,' he said, 'this wonderful Britain saved me; this land of the free proved itself incapable of malice, the democratic spirit of Britain cried out that everyone had a right to live if he worked for his living, and that no exception should be made of me and Willie.'"

They had been told, he explains further, that they could find a way of making a living. "I am now in the dentist line myself," he confides. . . . "If you would like me to have a look at your mouth, Davis!" he exclaims with professional zeal. Then he suggests a partnership. Dr. Davis nips this suggestion in the bud. The conversation turns to Willie. Papa Hohenzollern explains the progress of the ex-Crown Prince:

"'Willie had a bad time at first,' he admitted, 'but it was his own fault; there was so little he could do. Also he sulked a bit. I don't know if you ever noticed it, Davis, but Willie's tendency was to be a lazy fellow. I hadn't been here a month myself before I got a job, but Willie used to sprawl about smoking, and saying it was *infra dig.* for him to work. Of course, we weren't set up so comfortably then as we are now. We were digging in a second floor back, and at last I had to tell Willie that I would fire him unless he paid for his own keep.

"'After that he got an occasional shilling by running after cabs and the like; but I was against it, Davis; the glorious spirit of democracy had sprung to life in me, and I looked on Willie's hand-to-mouth way of living as little better than cadging. I made him go to the newspaper offices and look over the advertisements, and after many disappointments he at last got a place as a clerk in the Dental Emporium. He gets thirty-five bob a week, Davis, and was complimented by his master last Christmas. It has been the mak-



ing of Willie; a more sober, industrious lad you wouldn't meet anywhere. And it's English democracy that has done it. England, oh! my England!"

"I hastened to say that tho all had turned out so well for him he could not, strictly speaking, call this land his England, but he took me up stoutly. He told me that he now was an Englishman, for those hospitable people had allowed him to become naturalized. He had also dropped the name Hohenzollern (by letters poll) and taken that of Holly. He gave me with not unnatural elation one of his business cards, with 'William Holly for the Guinea Jaw' on it. He told me that he had voted for Havelock Wilson at the last election."

Willie himself enters, the very beautiful of a brisk London clerk. His

lackadaisical manner is quite gone, and he is cheery and friendly. He likes his work of licking stamps at the office. He explains that the chin never got in the way:

"He was as enthusiastic as his father about the British, and I noticed that in any reference to the Germans he always added parenthetically, 'Gott strafe them!' I pointed out that they were now a very harmless people, and he replied heartily, 'True, Davis, true; but still Gott strafe them.' He and his father were on the best of terms, but during supper, to which we presently drew in, they had a few momentary tiffs, in which I noticed that they called each other Huns."

"I was particularly pleased with the frankness with which Willie spoke to me

of his only trouble at the office. Only one of the bad old ways sticks to him, he said; he still finds it difficult not to pick up and take away with him any little articles of value that he sees lying about the office. He does not take them consciously, but somehow they find their way into his bag."

"The firm have been very considerate with him in the matter, and have made an arrangement that 'the girl' is to search his bag every evening and return anything it contains that was not there when he set off in the morning. They are seldom articles that he would have cared to take in the old days, he said—"the clock would not go into my bag"—chiefly pen-wipers, pieces of india-rubber or sealing-wax, and the like. 'I suppose I have an instinct, Mr. Davis,' he said thoughtfully, 'against arriving back absolutely empty-handed.'"

## LITERARY PROGENITORS OF BOLSHEVIST RUSSIA

AT the time of the French Revolution, critics exclaimed that its excesses were the fault of Voltaire, the fault of Rousseau. Now, would it be correct to say of the Bolshevik Revolution in Russia that it is the fault of Lenin and Trotzky? This question is raised by the anti-Bolshevik Socialist, Bunakov, in a new organ of Russian nationalism, *Vozrojdentye* (The Renaissance). The roots of the proletarian revolution, he answers, extend much more deeply into the soul of Russian culture. The reasons for the overturning of the old régime are greater and deeper than the influence, however great, of any living statesmen. It has been, in the opinion of Bunakov, all the great Russians, both of the present generation and of the past, who are really culpable:

"The fault falls upon all of Russian civilization, as much upon all those who blame the people and the revolution as upon those who are defending them. It is not Martov, it is not Lenin, nor Trotzky, nor Zimmerwald, nor the International, who have lost Russia. The guilty ones are all parties, Slavophile and Occidental; Populists and Marxists, mystics and positivists; Bakunin, Lavrov, and Plechanov, as well as Tolstoy, Soloviev, and Merejkovsky. The fault and the responsibility of Lenin are insignificant in comparison with that of the giant Tolstoy, that pure representative of Russian culture. All of our Russian civilization of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries has been penetrated with the ideal of cosmopolitanism, of pan-humanism, of universality. The ideals of nationality, of country, of the State, have been foreign to it."

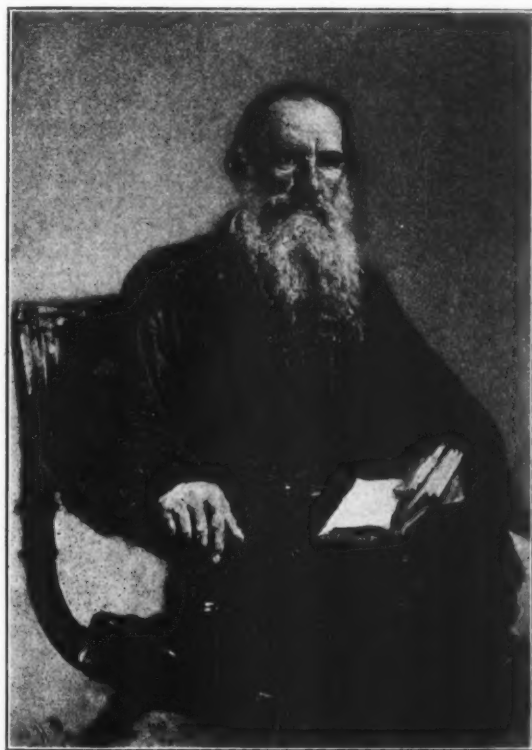
"That is why our people, insofar as they participated in our culture, did not know and did not feel any truth in the ideal of the State, country and nation. Not comprehending this ideal, Russians did not wish to die for it. That is the reason why our revolution (and this

is no paradox), just because it is so profoundly national, in such profound communion with the very spirit of Russian culture, has revealed itself as so opposed to the ideas of Nation, *Patrie* and State."

In his recently published life of Leo Tolstoy (Dodd Mead), Aylmer Maude supports and emphasizes this contention of the Russian Bunakov concerning Tolstoy's heavy responsibility in the sowing of anarchistic ideals. "He called into question the very foundations on which our social edifice is built," writes Mr. Maude. "He did this so clearly and forcibly that the matter cannot be left where it is. We cannot go on patching the superstructure if the whole building is on the point of crashing to the ground!" Tolstoy's early Christian anarchism precipitated that crash in Russia. Mr. Maude suggests that those foundations may be more solid than the foundations of Tolstoy's ideals. Frankly admitting the Russian anarchist's errors and exaggerations:

"It will only be the more distinctly realized how immense is the debt humanity owes to this man, whose intellectual force, love of the people, courage and outspokenness gave his words a power of arousing men's consciences unapproached by any of

## Tolstoy as the Great Patriarch of the Bolsheviki Family



THE GREAT ANCESTOR OF THE BOLSHEVIST

Leo Tolstoy was the great spiritual anarchist whose attacks at the foundations of Russian society are held responsible by two authorities for the great Russian revolution. This picture is from a portrait painted by Repin.

his compatriots and unequaled by any of his contemporaries.

"That his writings appear as the chief literary origins of the Revolution should not be reckoned against him. Had the governing classes listened in time to his appeals for justice for the poor and oppressed, or had the rulers of Europe been as ready to form a league to preserve peace as they were to arrange alliances to preserve their power, the result of his efforts would have been different. He warned men of the wrath to come, and



must not be held responsible for the fact that the oppressed masses hearkened to his voice (to the extent, at least, of realizing their wrongs) while the rulers remained deaf or indifferent to his appeals."

More than any other Russian writer or literary genius, in the opinion of Aylmer Maude, Tolstoy has been the greatest spiritual influence in the establishment of the Soviet government in Russia. "Of modern men who have

stimulated the minds and consciences of their fellows, and whose words influence us to feel that we must trust to no self-acting evolution, but must be up and doing to bring in the millennium ourselves, Tolstoy is so much the first that one forgets to ask who is the second."

"Tolstoy's condemnation of the very foundations of civilized life and of all established government must be effectively

met, or a growing spirit of anarchy, challenging, indicting and disparaging every effort to secure any definiteness in human relations or to establish any fixed law, will undermine the bases of all our social efforts, and sooner or later the whole structure will crash down as it has done in Russia. Merely to deny or deride Tolstoy's opinions will not do. His themes are too important, his statement of them is too masterly, and his sincerity is too apparent."

## PITFALLS AND PERILS OF THE LITERARY PRODIGY

UNDER the microscope of her meticulous critical analysis Dora Marsden has placed the meteoric career of Rebecca West, the brilliant young English girl whose chameleon-like talents have in recent years astonished both England and America. Miss Marsden, herself a curious by-product of British feminism, edited the *Free-woman*, which has since developed, or degenerated—it depends upon one's point of view—into the *Egoist*. A few years ago a young girl in her teens appeared at the editor's office with an article turning into exquisite drollery the solemnities of Mrs. Humphry Ward. The girl's name was Regina Bloch. Before the article appeared she assumed the name of Rebecca West, which is the name of the heroine of Ibsen's "Rosmersholm." Her peculiar genius, to follow Miss Marsden's account, was recognized immediately. Her contributions had hardly been published for twelve weeks before American publishers were hot on her trail. Editors were a close second. "Way-weary advocates of dragging creeds, appreciating light and laughter much more acutely than they understood the nature of its base, swiftly concluded it to be a far better thing to put their cause on the side which infallibly raised the laugh than to ally it with the angels even." What was the secret of Rebecca West's strange and youthful power? According to Dora Marsden:

"Her gift makes her one of this order of illuminators who can convert the burdensomeness of the multiple, abstract, and complex into the easy pictorial currency of the concrete; and tho the scale of her images is not of any majestic order—that is, the amount of foggy mental stuff she can lift at one throw and convert in this way is not impressively great—yet within the limits of the power she has to her elbow her mechanism is perfect. . . .

"The sprite-like ruse of Rebecca West which secures for us that shiver of delighted dismay which is her specialty consists in seizing the essential attitude, embodying it in a single word or phrase, running this last through the whole gamut of its possible applications, then selecting a particular application on this principle.

If the condition to be illustrated is solemn, serious, or dignified, choose that application of the illustrating word which is the most trivial and flippant possible; but if it is gay and light, then reverse the process and choose the word in its application the most lofty and impressive. To take an instance: She says:

"(Somebody) 'took thirty-two bites to a moral decision, just as Mr. Gladstone took thirty-two bites to a mouthful.'"

But, proceeds this literary chaperon, Miss West has been the victim of the very perfection of her special gift, which thrust her as a mere girl into the glaring publicity of the literary world and robbed her of the necessary quiet and shelter under which her other gifts could have matured. As it was, all her trials and exercises had to be put through while the public of at least two nations looked on. She wrote brilliant essays and book reviews. She wrote on Woman as "the world's worst failure." She attacked Ellen Key. She wrote an appreciative little volume on Henry James. She finally wrote a novel, "The Return of the Soldier," which, says the discriminating Dora Marsden, was overpraised by the reviewers. "She is just the highbrowed reviewer of books who removes the skin of her victims to the accompaniment of a happy laugh." But the real Regina, the real Rebecca, still remains an intellectual mystery. Dora Marsden explains why:

"The revelation of herself still remains to be made. Its lagging advent we hold to be due to the exaggerated publicity to which we have referred, which has served to retard the formation of a distinctive mind of her own. Now, however, that signs are forthcoming that she herself is dissatisfied with this state of things, and proposes to commit herself more wholly than she has as yet ever attempted, one becomes all the more alive to the steady play upon her mind of an influence which is antagonistic to what we imagine to be her deeper genius. It is an influence which, to waste no words over it, we will call intellectualist and clever. It is an influence propagated mainly by the satellites of the more prominent figures in our propagandist and, therefore, our most ephemeral forms of contemporary literature. It

## Dora Marsden Discusses the Meteoric Career of Rebecca West and the Evils of Literary Exposure

is the kind of influence enormously concerned with the events of the last quarter of an hour; above all things gossipy; if not smart, this is merely on account of lack of aptitude not of intention. Ordinarily its active agents are easy to recognize; if female, they wear jibbas and live in the garden suburb or ought to; if male, they foregather at Mr. Miles's and remark wearily, 'As I said to Shaw.' Products of an age pestilent with causes, each follows a cause always just on the eve of reforming the world. To be really clever one should belong to a committee or a sub-sub-committee of society responsible for a cause. It all sounds very antiquated and innocuous, but once bitten with it, it becomes very difficult to shed. At all events, it was an influence of this nature which Rebecca West had the bad fortune to meet in impressionable years, and the still greater bad fortune to acquire a heavy respect for. One always feels that it is under this influence that she has come by her standards of taste; one feels too that she not only values its approval but requires it; that it is the views on life and things acceptable to those who inspire it that she is prone to mirror; and one realizes that were she to require some new form in which to recast her forces this would be the direction in which she would turn for her new model."

Temperamentally Miss West is akin to the Brontës, says Dora Marsden. Clever as she is, she has a naturally tragic outlook on life. But she may be ashamed of her emotions. Comparing Rebecca West with the immortal Charlotte and Emily, Dora Marsden asserts:

"Altho the Brontës possess a sense of assuredness in regard to their work, a sense of their own sufficiency to be the ultimate judges of it which gives to their mental gestures a something of regality which does not belong to Rebecca West, there still remains a strong element of kinship in a common endowment of a self-centered, self-consuming, lava-like emotionability; and tho probably it is not possible to cite two works more widely separate in every way than 'Wuthering Heights' and 'The Return of the Soldier,' one would say that this likeness exists in relation to Emily Brontë in particular. Now, for the literary exploitation of a temperament of this kind one recognizes

that Emily Brontë in her solitariness, her deadness to the world and its opinion, and the complete absence of grounds for secondary motives in her choice of a literary form, was possessed of every favorable asset except indeed the power to keep her treacherous body alive. Rebecca West, on the other hand, living under exposed conditions in the 'age of the grin,' and just where the grin both as an offensive and defensive weapon counts for most, is handicapped in exact proportion to her sensitiveness to it. One can indeed imagine her calling to mind the picture which a Charlotte Brontë cut in the eyes of a Thackeray, and all her defensive instincts mounting in involuntary sympathy with the latter; and imagine her substituting

Emily for Charlotte, and taking note of the effect, swiftly deciding that a merciful heaven must spare her from being classifiable among these beings of whom emotion, elemental and unabashed, is the crowning distinction."

The literary prodigy of the present day, in short, no matter how richly he may be endowed with native talents and genius, is apt to succumb to the pitiless publicity and the literary exposure to which it is now the rule to subject him. He must be armed, in the view of our penetrating mentor, with "certain acquirable moral qualities without which even a rich native en-

dowment suffers a rot." Luckily Rebecca West seems still strong enough to resist the inroads of the evils to which she has recently been subjected. At least so Miss Marsden thinks:

"It is certain that Rebecca West possesses brilliant gifts. The world has acknowledged them, and we think it probable she possesses others of an even more solid worth. There exists, therefore, every hope that when she emerges from the groping twilight of the process of finding herself and her true form, she will be able to combine indisputable high gifts with the high, but necessary, moral forces of courage, independence, and unashamed truth."

## WATER-COLOR—A WEAPON OF WIT

IT is a difficult problem for the art critics to translate into words the varied essentials of Charles Demuth's water-colors. There is a sensitive Mephistophelian wit in his work. There is a delightful and delicate color-sense. There is a command of flowing line. There is intense subjectivism. There is a liberal quota of "modernism." There is also, they fear, a diabolistic decadence that stems from the naughty Nineties. Mr. Demuth is, in the opinion of Henry

McBride, a sympathetic interpreter of the N. Y. *Sun*, a genuine water-colorist, getting effects from a natural use of the flow of the water with the colors upon the paper. "Genuine water-colorists are none too plentiful," comments Mr. McBride, "most painters of the day, for some reason, preferring the heavy opaque gouaches in a semblance of oils." Yet even to the layman who cannot appreciate the technical problems of water-color, the wide and intense catholicity of Demuth's im-

## Art Critics Dispute the Diabolic Delicacies of Charles Demuth's Brush

pressions awakens vivid interest. To follow Mr. McBride, who wrote of a recent exhibition of these pictures at the Daniel Gallery:

"He goes to vaudeville shows and is entranced with those wonderful beings of both sexes who wear carmine tights and do marvels upon the flying trapeze or the trick bicycle. Mr. Demuth has not only painted a long series of these gifted acrobats, but also the two 'patter' in black face and clogs, the heavily built soprano with the yellow hair who sings 'The



MADEMOISELLE FIFI



ACROBATS

Here are two striking examples of the new language of water-color created by the young American artist Charles Demuth. Even in these half-tone reproductions not quite all of the delicate fluency, the acid-like wit, the Mephistophelian nuances, is lost.



Rosary,' and, last but not least, Mademoiselle Fifi, the world-renowned equestrienne. Of all these dazzling creatures, I like Mademoiselle Fifi best. That illustrates, perhaps, as well as anything how conventional at bottom my tastes really are. Mademoiselle Fifi rides a piebald horse, and she does some Isadora Duncan business at the same time, swirling scarves of yellow and red through the air very gracefully. All around Mademoiselle Fifi's head the air vibrates esoterically the way it does around Isadora when the latter is at her best."

Charles Demuth must also be named as the founder of a new school of American illustration. Whether the subtleties of his illustrational subjectivity will ever appeal to the followers of Harrison Fisher, James Montgomery Flagg, Penrhyn Stanlaws, or Reuben Goldberg, is a problem even an art expert can hardly decide. Mr. Demuth likes to illustrate the chromatic morbidities of Poe's "Mask of the Red Death"; Frank Wedekind's unladylike Lulu; or Zola's noisome, noxious Nana. He has penetrated into the secret psychology of Henry James's "The Turn of the Screw," which has curiously acquired a reputation as a ghost-story. Concerning these latter illustrations the critic of the *Sun* writes:

"Henry James himself would rub his eyes could he but see them. They are like a translation into French, and a translation into French is a process that helps mysteries. James becomes refined. Edward Fitzgerald confessed that he could never read Poe in the original. It was too raw for his taste. He was obliged to take it through the medium of Baudelaire. I've had the same feeling in regard to James, and especially in the things he wrote after he went to England. To say that he saw High Life as a parlor-maid might see it is a trifle of an exaggeration, but only a trifle. . . . If Mr. Demuth will only effect some further translations from

this admired writer I shall regard it as putting a personal obligation upon myself."

The conservative critic of the *N. Y. Times* is not dismayed by Mr. Demuth's coquetry with cubism in his studies of New England houses. Despite this, the *Times* critic claims, he has managed to combine style with truth to nature:

"To an extraordinary degree he has let nature do his work for him, settling himself down before the angle of a frame building in New Hampshire or Massachusetts and copying it literally, the texture of the material of which it is built, the color bestowed upon it by age and weather, the shapes of doorways and windows, whatever contributes to its character as a building. So much for literalism. But, belonging to the younger circle of artists, whose feeling for style is fresh and sincere, he must be a stylist. In pursuit of this end he lets his literalism go just so far as is necessary to affirm character and no farther. He breaks off his pictorial sentences long before he reaches the end of them, after the fashion of a well-known circle of stylists in literature. He leaves an opening for the imagination to enter and complete his picture. He lets his public do for him whatever nature has left undone, and out of the work of the two he creates a strong personal style of his own accentuated by his individual treatment of transitions.

"It is worth while to consider very thoughtfully such work as Mr. Demuth's, since, altho it appears to the casual glance easy-going and slight, it seems to foreshadow an acceptance on the part of the younger artists of external material in recognizable form when it is brought naturally into art and not made the reason for its being. Thus a design in which the field lily is used sacrifices nothing by presenting an excellent portrait of the lily in place of a conventionalization of its principal forms.

"The artist is working along lines that lead happily to the renaissance of decorative and industrial art, upon which we must depend for any permanent or extended renaissance of the so-called fine arts."

Still another critic, Guy Pène du Bois of the *N. Y. Evening Post*, is somewhat impatient of what strikes him as the abnormal sensitiveness of Charles Demuth's art. Nevertheless, he admits, they are real contributions to the art of our day.

"This color may contain over-much preciousness, a rarity or finesse the value of which only a democracy, demanding popular art as well as popular government, could question. Mr. Demuth's is, in this sense, an aristocratic note and quite nonchalant in the contemplation of reward. Purity, preciousness, finesse are words to be used often before his works. As small as the frames which enclose them, they contain none of the vulgar elements of documents of greater breadth of appeal and greater health. . . .

"He carries the memories of forms to his paper, primitive forms of man and nature: gables, oblong holes, windows of houses, delicately curving tree trunks, branches that reach out like tentacles. He plays the sharp rigidity of the one against the sinuousness of the other. The play concerns man and nature. The forms are opposites. Man plants his static cottage in the center of a fluent landscape. The lines of the cottage, short, precise, mathematically angular, are cut as with a knife. Mr. Demuth's brush is as precise as they. He hints timidly at the sensuous luxuriance of nature. His temper is meticulously refined; its estheticism verges on aridity, but it is not arid. It wants health above everything, but given health would it also have this tremendous sensitiveness?"

In a more recent review of Demuth's water-colors, Guy Pène du Bois, despite these strictures, declares "there is no greater master of water-color alive." Demuth's vitality, he finds, is expressed in the energy of his search for rare tints. His estheticism amounts to asceticism. He is, according to the *Post* critic, first of all things a Puritan. His resemblance to Beardsley is in his preciosity or exoticism.

## THE NOVELIST'S SHALLOW CONCEPTION OF LOVE

MODERN realistic novelists who use the English language are the recipients of a grave criticism from Edward Moore, the iconoclastic literary critic of the *London New Age* and author of a stimulating volume of essays entitled "We Moderns." The defects of our young realists are most painfully evident to this critic in their treatment of the theme of love. In this field especially, he thinks, they are entirely inadequate. Apparently they have not learned Stendhal's admirable lesson: have something worth saying and say it, and you will be interesting. So long as you

occupy our minds with something definite and real we cannot be bored. "On the other hand what wearies us is language without thought, where we flounder in a bog of words, with nothing of which we can catch hold."

"In writing of love the modern realistic schools have this striking defect, that their conception of it is neither romantically beautiful nor philosophically profound. But until one has discovered a profound conception of love, one has not the right to deny the romantic conception. The realists, however, fail both as artists and as thinkers. For some conception of love they are bound to have, as we shall see. Lacking the artist's illusion and the think-

## Trivial Love-Making and Women's Clothes Substituted for True Passion

er's profundity, they are left as intelligent men with one other possible attitude—that of men of the world. It is their attitude. Note the manner in which they all write of woman. They pride themselves far more upon knowing the mysteries of woman's toilet than on divining those of her heart. To be ignorant of psychology is to them of course a drawback, but to know nothing of millinery is fatal. Where they fail a last time, however, is as simple men of the world. For where a real member of the species, natural and unspoiled, would be at least entertaining, they write with, oh, such solemnity and precision! In two words, the modern realists are men of the world made bores by a little art—men of the world, that is to say, without a sense of humor."



# Voices of Living Poets

EVIDENTLY the praise accorded to modern, or rather contemporary, American poetry—as contrasted with what is being produced in England—by a writer in the London *Saturday Review* whom we quoted in these columns last month, has awakened a good deal of hostility on the other side. It was the contention of the writer—W. Bryher—that “inspiration here is a dead and lifeless thing,” whereas “America is producing book after book of fresh and exultant vision, young as any Elizabethan, just as definitely original.” To which a critic—Herbert Moore Pim—with a severe eye on certain Irish and American poets, retorts in the *Saturday Review*:

“Law is an essential feature of real poetry; and those who defy the laws, and pride themselves on their defiance of the laws, are simply like the fox who called the grapes sour because they were beyond his reach. Those who are in the succession of the great poets can follow the laws of poetry; and those who are not in the succession of the great poets are unable to prove themselves poets by the only test, obedience to law. Tho they shout from the housetops that they are above the law, and proud of their superiority, the truth is that not one among them is poet enough to stand the test of the sonnet, let alone the decasyllabic line in blank verse. We differ materially from the beasts in being able to express ourselves in words. Poetry is the highest form of human expression. Like genuine religion, true poetry has its attendant heresies. The struggle for law in poetry is just the old struggle between good and evil. . . . Esthetic heretics hate any great poet. Sometimes they merely keep silence for policy's sake; but sometimes they forget themselves. It is the ancient rage of Caliban. Poetry may be judged by any man of taste and knowledge. There is no mystery about what is good or bad.”

Other English critics concur anonymously but heartily in this indictment of “modern so-called poetry, largely imported from America.” One of them goes on to say that “these modern poets are not above the law, they are below it: they have neither rhyme nor rhythm nor meaning.” To be defiant or ignorant of prosody is bad enough, thinks another contributor to the same journal, who, however, grants that cacophonous prose, sawn into short lengths, might be pardoned if it conveyed any meaning. But he defies anybody to “extract any meaning from most of

this imported American verse.” Free verse or polyphonic prose is one thing but, we are solemnly reminded, poetry is quite another.

All the poems in her posthumous volume, “The Sad Years” (Doran), were written by Dora Sigerson (Mrs. Clement Shorter) since the war began and were arranged for publication shortly before she died last January broken-hearted as her friend, Katharine Tynan, declares, “over the events following Easter week, 1916, in Dublin,” and “for love of the Dark Rosaleen.” Nature's beauties and the lure of outdoor life seem to have been her great comfort in her sadness. Following is perhaps the best poem in the volume:

## THE COMFORTERS.

BY DORA SIGERSON.

WHEN I crept over the hill, broken  
with tears,  
When I crouched down on the  
grass, dumb in despair,  
I heard the soft croon of the wind bend  
to my ears,  
I felt the light kiss of the wind touch-  
ing my hair.

When I stood lone on the height my sor-  
row did speak,  
As I went down the hill I cried and I  
cried,  
The soft little hands of the rain stroking  
my cheek,  
The kind little feet of the rain ran by  
my side.

When I went to thy grave, broken with  
tears,  
When I crouched down in the grass,  
dumb in despair,  
I heard the sweet croon of the wind soft  
in my ears,  
I felt the kind lips of the wind touch-  
ing my hair.

When I stood lone by thy cross sorrow  
did speak.  
When I went down the long hill I cried  
and I cried.  
The soft little hands of the rain stroked  
my pale cheek,  
The kind little feet of the rain ran by  
my side.

In the poems of Miss Millay that have appeared periodically since the publication in book form of her “*Renascence*,” is a poignant lyrical quality—a display of subtle spiritual insight—that is rare enough in contemporary verse. For example, it is in this charming echo of the Arthurian legend which we find in *The Nation*:

ELAINE.

BY EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY.

O H, come again to Astolat!  
I will not ask you to be kind;  
And you may go when you will go,  
And I will stay behind!

I will not say how dear you are,  
Or ask you if you hold me dear,  
Or trouble you with things for you,  
The way I did last year.

So still the orchard, Lancelot,  
So very still the lake shall be,  
You could not guess—tho you should  
guess—  
What is become of me.

So wide shall be the garden-walk,  
The garden-seat so very wide,  
You needs must think—if you should  
think—  
The lily maid has died.

Save that a little way away  
I'd watch you for a little while,  
To see you speak, the way you speak,  
And smile—if you should smile.

A successful sonnet is such a rarity as to indicate that poets in the rank and file must neglect to put on their “singing robes” when they attempt this difficult verse-form. The author of the following, in *The Sonnet* (Williamsport, Penn.), seems to us to have had his “singing robes” on:

## NOVEMBER DUSK.

BY DAVID MORTON.

WHEN to your heart go home my  
long desires,  
Home to your eyes at last my  
tireless gaze,—  
Such time as lamps are lit and early  
fires,  
To keep us from the chill autumnal  
grays,—  
The world without appears a vasty space  
Where thin and whispering winds cry  
overmuch:  
But here is nearness, and your quiet face  
And usual words to say, and hands to  
touch.

A lean, black branch keeps tugging at the  
pane,  
And past our door the harried hosts  
blow by:  
The day goes out in gloom; a droning  
rain  
Sets in upon the roof. . . . And you  
and I  
By our own hearth—for all the great  
world grieves—  
Can smile to hear the forest dropping  
leaves.

Much the same may be said of Mr. Robinson, who contributes this sonnet to *The Outlook*:

# SOUVENIR.

BY EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON.

**A** VANISHED house that for an hour I knew  
By some forgotten chance when I was young  
Had once a glimmering window overhung  
With honeysuckle wet with evening dew.  
Along the path tall dusky dahlias grew,  
And shadowy hydrangeas reached and swung  
Fierciously; and over me, among  
The moths and mysteries, a blurred bat flew.

Somewhere within there were dim presences  
Of days that hovered and of years gone by.

I waited, and between their silences  
There was an evanescent faded noise;  
And tho a child, I knew it was the voice  
Of one whose occupation was to die.

Still another quotable sonnet is the following, which has the added merit of being timely in this hour of peace-table talk and momentous readjustments throughout the world. It is one of a sonnet sequence which we find in the *Boston Transcript* and is entitled:

1918—

BY SCUDDER MIDDLETON.

**L**ONG held content within your sea girt home,  
America, you child of work and mirth,  
Now you have snapped the ancient bars to roam,  
A giant stripling, over all the earth.  
Now all the glittering earth is yours to hold:  
The million-handed engines and the stone  
Piled Babel-wise and all the noisy gold,  
The proudest ships the world has ever known.  
O child, beware of your heroic part—  
The low satanic voice is in your ears.  
Look long and deep into that giant heart,  
For what you do will make the waiting years!  
Not in defeat but in the hour of might  
Comes on the test that reads the soul aright.

So far as known, the following is the only poem of genuine merit by Alan Seeger that has not been included in his collected work. It recently came to light and appears in *Ainslee's*:

# I WANDER IN THE THOUGHT OF THEE.

BY ALAN SEEGER.

**I** WANDER in the thought of thee  
As in a cloud of perfumed air,  
Sweet-burdened as a homing bee  
With powdered gold from field and hill,  
Or happy loiterer at Love's feast,  
Having in breast and hands and hair

Love's tender fragrance round him still  
As homeward through deserted ways  
He turns reluctant, when the east  
Pales with the dawn's first azure rays.  
O Love, I would 'twere mine this night  
To sleep and, waking, find thee near—  
To know once more the joys I knew,  
The whispered promptings that invite,  
The soft endearments that ensue.  
Now on the staring walls down here  
The firelight fades; around my room  
The silence throbs, so still it is.  
From wood and moor the winds recede  
And leave them voiceless as the tomb.  
How Love revives on nights like this,  
When Want is magnified by Need!

Also from *Ainslee's* we take this poem, in lighter vein:

# YVONNE.

BY WILLIAM GRIFFITH.

**O** F all things human,  
Short of divine,  
God made a woman—  
Yvonne—and wine;

And gave her passion,  
Beauty and grace,  
Folly to fashion  
Out of her face.

Then took the thunder,  
Shaking the skies,  
And put dark wonder  
Worlds in her eyes.

\* \* \* \*

No one so willing  
To take the best  
Things that are filling,  
And save the rest.

No one less quaintly  
Fickle or more  
Simple and saintly,  
Could one adore.

Who else so ready  
To laugh or weep,  
Keep Pierrot steady,  
Or bid him sleep?

She is the dearest  
Woman to all  
Men—and the nearest  
Them when they fall.

Half the time chaffing  
Some six or seven,  
Shall she die—laughing  
At them in heaven?

Religious feeling and pure lyrical rapture are, we think, very finely blended in these verses by a poet whose output makes up in quality for what it may lack in quantity. We reprint the poem from *America*:

# CANDLES THAT BURN.

BY ALINE KILMER.

**C**ANDLES that burn for a November birthday,  
Wreathed round with asters and with goldenrod,  
As you go upward in your radiant dying  
Carry my prayer to God.

Tell Him she is so small and so rebellious,  
Tell Him her words are music on her lips,  
Tell Him I love her in her wayward beauty  
Down to her fingertips.

Ask Him to keep her brave and true and lovely,  
Vivid and happy, gay as she is now;  
Ask Him to let no shadow touch her beauty,  
No sorrow mar her brow.

All the sweet Saints that came for her baptizing,  
Tell them I pray them to be always near;  
Ask them to keep her little feet from stumbling,  
Her gallant heart from fear.

Candles that burn for a November birthday,  
Set round with asters and with goldenrod,  
As you go upward in your radiant dying  
Carry my prayer to God.

When will Mr. Le Gallienne stop writing *poetry*? He has been at it for some thirty years, and the quality of the product does not show much, if any, deterioration. On the contrary, rather, as witness this poem from *Munsey's*:

# COURAGE.

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

**W**HEN all seems dark, and all the best of you  
Has done its all, and nothing done but lose,  
Comfort your heart, fear not! That you were true  
Helps all the world to keep its promise too;  
To the brave heart there never comes bad news.

But when the weariness and the long drain  
On your poor strength are breaking down the door,  
Think you: "To-night I see her face again,  
Lovely as starlight, blest as summer rain—  
How magical she is to see once more!"

And children think of laughing to see you home,  
Innocent hearts that break your heart to see—  
And think of lonely seas and wandering foam,  
Ships that from marvel unto marvel roam,  
Fearlessly voyaging through eternity.

And, howso hard the battle, it is won;  
Yea, all is won, tho you have lost it all;  
Courage has always been the best of fun,  
And thus to end is but to have begun—  
Laughter again, tho the high heavens should fall!

It is not infrequently the custom of poets to "burn their bridges behind them," but here is one who has "torn down all her fences" to some poetic effect in the *Independent*:

FENCES.

BY LOUISE AYER GARNETT.

I HAVE torn down all my fences:  
The challenging air blows free;  
I can look across the spaces  
Where new life is hailing me;  
My horizon is unrolling  
Like the vistas of the sea.

I have torn down all my fences—  
But I never can recall  
The seclusion of my garden  
With the world beyond the wall;  
My old way of looking upward  
Where the sky was all in all.

Here are some verses, taken from  
the *Sunset Magazine*, which tell a little  
story with not a little felicity of ex-  
pression:

AN AUTUMN VOYAGE.

BY ANNA ROZILLA CREVER.

VENTURE - CRAFT, *Thistledown*,  
braving the air,  
Ether-waves rolling invite thee to  
fare;  
Frail tho thy timbers, thy spirit is steel;  
Silken sails promise a voyage of weal.

Comes now disaster—a pitiless gale  
Whirling thy timbers and shredding thy  
sail—  
Wrecked, on a climbing rose—treacherous  
reef—  
Cast on the isolate isle of a leaf!

Without knowing exactly why, we  
are impressed by something more than  
the fine phrasing in these two "Songs  
of An Unknown Lover," under which  
title a rather unusual book of verse  
has achieved serial publication in  
Reedy's (St. Louis) *Mirror*:

FIRE.

BY WITTER BYNNER.

IS it your fault  
That winds from heaven sweep  
through me and I call it you?  
Is it your fault  
That the chin and throat of you are the  
curve  
Of a mountain-brook where I would  
drink,  
That your whole body is a heap of sting-  
ing sweetness from the pines,  
That when you sleep your silence is an  
arch of the moon, your motion  
thunder of the moon,  
And when you wake your eyes are the  
long path of ocean to a new hope,  
To a nest of phoenixes  
Whose golden wings  
Are tipped with flame?  
Is it your fault  
That phoenixes arise from fire—  
And dragons?

RUINS.

BY WITTER BYNNER.

O, TO be back in heaven,  
Beyond hope,  
Beyond the mountain-circled and  
forgotten dead,  
Beyond the curling wave of buried stone!

Can I who have seen heaven decaying  
Become enzealed for the earth,  
Whose ruins can not be  
So vast and beautiful  
As the ruins of heaven!

From the *Century* we take this lyric  
without other comment than that it  
displays the unique singing quality  
which characterizes nearly all the work  
of this poet:

DRIFTWOOD.

BY SARA TEASDALE.

MY forefathers gave me  
My spirit's shaken flame,  
The shape of hands, the beat of  
heart.  
The letters of my name.

But it was my lovers,  
And not my sleeping sires,  
Who taught my spirit how to flame  
With iridescent fires,

As the driftwood burning  
Learned its jewelled blaze  
From the sea's blue splendor  
Of colored nights and days.

To lovers of music and of children  
there may be more humorous truth  
than poetry in this striking fancy  
which could be appropriately entitled  
"Grotesque." It is printed in the  
*Pagan*:

LOVER OF CHILDREN.

BY LEONORA SPEYER.

WHEN my little girl plays Bee-  
thoven Sonatas,  
The big, black, Steinway piano  
flashes all its teeth at her  
In a wide, good-natured grin;  
And suddenly  
I hear a great, rumbling beautiful roar  
of laughter.

Just a picture, but a vivid one that  
stays in the mind and excites reflec-  
tions of various kinds. From the *Dial*:

DISTANCE.

BY BABETTE DEUTSCH.

TWO pale old men  
Sit by a squalid window playing  
chess.  
The heavy air and the shrill cries  
Beyond the sheltering pane are less  
To them than roof-blockaded skies.  
Life flowing past them:  
Women with gay eyes,  
Resurgent voices, and the noise  
Of peddlers showing urgent wares,  
Leaves their dark peace unchanged.  
They are innocent  
Of the street clamor as young children  
bent  
Absorbed over their toys.  
The old heads nod;  
A parchment-colored hand  
Hovers above the intricate dim board.  
And patient schemes are woven, where  
they sit  
So still  
And ravelled, and reknit with reverent  
skill.

And when a point is scored  
A flickering jest  
Brightens their eyes, a solemn beard is  
raised  
A moment, and then sunk on the thin  
chest.  
Heedless as happy children, or maybe  
Lovers creating their own solitude,  
Or worn philosophers, content to brood  
On an intangible reality.  
Shut in an ideal universe,  
Within their darkened window frame  
They ponder on their moves, rehearse  
The old designs,  
Two rusty skull caps bowed  
Above an endless game.

There is quite as much truth (per-  
haps of personal confessional charac-  
ter) as poetry in the first of the follow-  
ing two poems which indicate the pre-  
vailing excellence of Miss Widdemer's  
new volume, "The Old Road to Para-  
dise" (Henry Holt). As a rule, the  
voice of this recognized poet is silver-  
clarion clear, and while this poem is  
touched with mist, it is the kind of  
mist that does not blur the meaning:

THE GRAY MAGICIAN.

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER.

I WAS living very merrily on Middle  
Earth,  
As merry as a maid may be,  
Till the Gray Magician came down  
along the road  
And flung his cobweb cloak on me:

His cobweb cloak of gray brushed my  
eyes and my ears,  
And all the curtained air was thinned,  
And I came to the sight of the quiet  
Other People  
Who live in the water and the wind:

And I cannot go abroad to gather up the  
faggots,  
Singing to the honest air  
Because of the fingers of the brown wood-  
women  
Catching at my blowing hair:

And I cannot sit at home and be quiet at  
my spinning,  
Singing to the thread I spin,  
Because of the crying of the green sea-  
women  
Beneath my sill to be let in:

And I wish the Gray Magician had been  
swung to an oak  
Or drowned in the deep green sea  
Before he brushed my face with his cob-  
web cloak  
And stole the Middle Earth from me!

NEXT YEAR.

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER.

UP and down the street I know,  
Now that there are Grief and  
War,  
All day long the people go  
As they went before;

But when now the lads go by—  
Careless look and careless glance—  
My heart wonders—"Which shall lie  
Still next year in France?"



When the girls go fluttering—  
Flushing cheek and tossing head—  
My heart asks—"Next year shall bring  
Which a lover dead?"

Lord, let peace be kind and fleet—  
Put an end to Grief and War;  
Let them walk the little street  
Careless as before!

A poignant little poem based on fact  
is this from the *Bookman*:

#### A BLINDED POILU TO HIS NURSE.

BY AGNES LEE.

I KNOW you only by your tears . . .  
I felt them falling on my face.  
I had wakened on a hush of dark,  
And lay I knew not in what place.

O lady, not a dream was mine!  
Despair had told the truth to me,  
And I was fearful of life's call,  
And bitter with my destiny.

But the warm touches of your soul  
Guided me to the darkened years.  
Sweet reconciler of my days,  
I know you only by your tears.

## THE LIFE-LINE--THE TALE OF A NEW YORK AREAWAY

Barbara should have been a detective. Her study of her neighbor's clothes-lines showed rare powers of observation and analysis. At least they seem rare to a man. Women may not find them so rare. The tale is told in *Every Week* (now alas! no more) by Edmond McKenna.

WE hadn't been long in the flat, and, as it was our first venture in housekeeping, Barbara and I were greatly interested in our neighbors. Not in their private affairs, of course, but in themselves. We really didn't want to know their affairs at all, but we dearly loved to speculate about them.

We had bought second-hand furniture. It was a little more expensive than the brand-new kind; but then, it gave our four rooms a certain air of coziness. Barbara said that new things always gave her a feeling of insecurity. When a newly-married couple came to inspect the flat under ours, Barbara said the man looked to her like one who would buy new furniture. They were a cautious couple, the prospective tenants, and had been advised, no doubt, of the romantic quality that inheres in landlords and janitors, for they stopped at our door to check up some of the statements the janitor had made about heating and light and service. In a week they moved in, and it was with them as Barbara had predicted: every bit of furniture they had was new, even to the clothes-line.

Barbara had a way of tying the personalities of all our neighbors up in their clothes-lines. The areaway was criss-crossed with lines, and Barbara got a good deal of information from them. After the first wash she knew that the woman who lived just across from us had two babies. She ventured that some of our neighbors were of a certain nationality because they hung out variegated garments on their lines.

After a few weeks' observation she could tell, with a fair degree of accuracy, who of our neighbors were poor and who were not so poor. She could tell when the Delaney girls were going to a party, and when Mrs. Nolan's lumbago sent her back to bed.

BUT it was the bride's new clothes-line that interested Barbara the most. To her mind, it seemed to promise revelations of great importance. The first day the bride put clothes out on the new line, Barbara said to me, as we were sitting down to dinner:

"She wasn't raised in New York."

Without knowing of whom Barbara was speaking, I replied with the casualness I affect at such times in an effort to gloss over my lack of divination:

"What makes you think so, dear?"

"The bride—I mean."

Barbara said this decisively, to let me know she detected my subterfuge.

"You deduced that from the clothes-line?" I asked. A little railery often gets us over a strained moment.

"Indeed I did! She wiped the line with a wet cloth before she hung out the wash."

There is something beyond logic in some of Barbara's deductions. It turned out to be true that the girl came from a small town in the Middle West where housekeeping is still practised.

If, as I suspect, all women know things like that, what a revelation a New York areaway must be to them—especially in our district, where the week's history and biography is published freshly before their eyes every Monday.

I realized this keenly when, one day, I saw Mrs. Nolan reading my patched underwear with plain satisfaction. Mrs. Nolan had lived in that flat, or in similar places, some fifty odd years, and must have been erudite compared with Barbara: and underwear has no reticence at all.

It may be that Barbara is more sensitive than our neighbors, or has the gift of learning more from clothes-lines. Anyway, their stories made her buoyant at times and dejected at others. Indeed, I came to associate her periodic fits of the blues with the periodic appearance on the clothes-line of some gorgeous things belonging to one of the Delaney girls.

As "things" they were wonderful. But to Barbara they had moral and ethical implications that were terrifying. I had often looked at the same sort of gorgeous apparel in a window I pass on my way to work, and often wished I could buy them for Barbara. Their connotations, in my case, were impossible quantities of dollars.

I told this to Barbara, trying to be reasonable.

"That's just it," she sighed. "They are even more impossible for that girl than they are for me."

Of course, I didn't know anything about that; but the next day, when I passed the shop, I discovered the amazing difference between things in a window and things on a clothes-line. It was personality that made the difference. The garments in the window were beautiful; but they had no personality, beneficent or malign. Even if they had been very old and ugly and striped, like poor Mrs. Garbarino's clothes, they could never be pitiful.

I could see that it was Barbara's fault, in a way. She read personal meanings into the areaway news; but I could not edit out the morbid stories for her.

OUR affairs went along smoothly for several months, and, altho we kept pretty much to ourselves, we felt very wise about our neighbors. Then, one Monday night when the weather was getting warm, Barbara thought we should open all the windows and pin back the curtains, so the rooms would get a good airing.

It was just before bedtime, and before pinning back the curtains Barbara put

out the lights. She was standing by a window that overlooked the bride's apartment.

"Jim, come over here," she called to me; and in her voice was pity and fright.

I thought she had detected a murderer's shirt on one of the lines, or at least the evidence of some of the younger Miss Delaney's escapades.

"Look," she gasped.

I looked, and in the bride's apartment I saw the husband preparing to hang out the wash.

The windows were dark, but a light in an inner room revealed him silhouetted in the window-frame, with his sleeves rolled up, bent over a trayful of things on the window-sill. He seemed to be taking instructions from some one inside; for he went back several times, and then rehung a few pieces. He did it very well, I thought, on the whole.

"She must be terribly ill," Barbara said. "I wonder if she's happy?"

BARBARA had forgotten about the husband. She seemed never to remember him any more, altho I have never quite been able to forget him. Even to-day, when I see an areaway full of clothes-lines, the picture of that uncouth husband at his incongruous task blots out their multitudinous associations.

There were tears in Barbara's eyes the next morning when she looked at the meager line of woman's things swinging bravely in the sunlight.

"Oh, dear," she sighed. "I hope—"

"There, there, girl," I said, "don't take it so much to heart. She'll soon be all right."

"But it isn't that," Barbara said, refusing to be comforted. "If that Delaney girl hangs out anything now, it will swing against hers all day."

Which shows that there is no use trying to comfort Barbara when she won't be comforted.

She seemed to take the bride's line under her protection, and several times in the next three weeks, when the lights were out, just before bedtime, I saw her try to read it for five minutes together, altho nothing at all had been hung out in all that time.

But clothes-lines can't remain incommunicative forever—at least, not with Barbara around.

When I came home one night and found Barbara beaming, I knew the hempen oracle had made a revelation.

"It's a little girl!" she said.

"Oh, you have been over to see her?" I asked.

"No, goose; can't you see the little clothes on the line are different?"

# War Service *and* Reconstruction

## BUILDING FOR COMMUNITY DEMOCRACY AFTER THE WAR

Great Work Being Done  
by One Forward-Looking  
Government Agency

**T**HIS war more than any other in history has called into play huge physical resources and forces of destruction; but never before have these things weighed so little in the scales of victory. The figures by which manpower and money-cost are counted, and the vast achievements in mechanical invention, have staggered imagination; but victory was chiefly decided by forces—spiritual and moral—that cannot be seen or measured. It is what is being built into the soldier beyond physical strength and precise training for action. It has to do with his mind and spirit, with his morale and his moral steadiness. In the aggregate this spiritual rebuilding amounts to a national revival—and it has been held with the official backing of the Government.

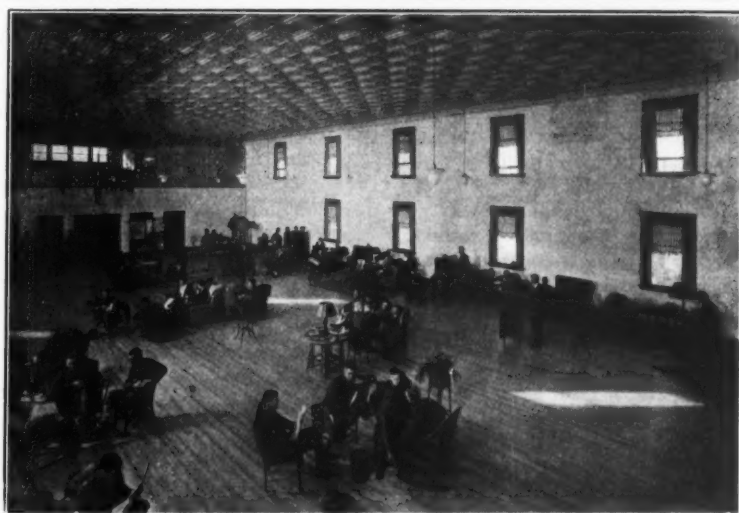
**A**T this time when we are beginning to realize that merely winning a military victory cannot make democracy permanent, when we are turning from an overconscious "win-the-war-and-that-only" sentiment to a realization of the problems of peace, it is comforting to find that certain of the immense morale-building war agencies have laid foundations for democratic service together after the war. This spirit that has been created in and back of the American army is, indeed, the first and best guarantee that America is rising to the opportunities for magnificent reconstruction, to the end that we may avoid the tragedy of post-Civil-War days, when the released energy took the direction of atrocious Soldiers' monuments, G. A. R. Conventions, and political intriguing and exploitation of the South. The agencies that have been charged by the military authorities with the building of that intangible thing called morale have been for the most part grouped under the Fosdick Commission. Throughout, however, there has been a wholesome un-Prussian freedom of action in each organization; and there has been a fine balance of a carefully articulated official machinery and a jealously preserved human-touch, personal-service method.

The agency that looms up as the most important possibility for the after-

the-war service, partly because it was founded on an organization with long experience in social work, and partly because it deals with the unit which must be the basis of any true democracy—the community—is War Camp Community Service. This organization, formed at the request of the Fosdick Commission out of the old Playground and Recreation Association of America, has very much the same ultimate military work to do outside the camps that the Y. M. C. A. and similar organizations have had to do inside. Necessarily the soldier has been the first concern of the W. C. C. S., and the record of its first success is to be found in that army which has been morally the cleanest, and spiritually the best cared for, of all that have existed in the history of the world. But the second concern of the organization has been the American community. Some cities and towns rose to the emergency of caring for thousands of soldier visitors without outside urging; but in most cases the community needed the stimulation and aid which the W. C. C. S. emissary brought. In hundreds of cases the work which started as a cure for soldier homesickness has developed into a comprehensive program of civic expressiveness and communal

service. Through a central social clearing-house committee, organized usually with the W. C. C. S. representative as executive secretary, and with sub-committees touching every phase of recreational and betterment work, each of these towns has been supplied with machinery through which local hospitality is expressing itself, and a community council to which a thousand and one matters of local interest are referred. Men who a year ago would have refused to sit together have been meeting weekly to discuss matters which are of importance to town and Government alike. Incidentally the people have learned that democracy consists not in every man doing his bit unguided but in taking joint action under leadership; the town has discovered that it can be generous in giving, and is patting itself on the back over this latest self-revelation; and all sorts of citizens are discovering unsuspected impulses for good, and examining undeveloped potentialities for neighborliness and service.

War Camp Community Service cannot claim credit for the entire wave of civic betterment which has come in the wake of war service. The War Chest movement, the Red Cross and other drives, and many lesser elements have



GENERAL RECEPTION ROOM IN A COMMUNITY HOUSE  
Military club houses are being transformed into Community Clubs owned by the cities and towns in which they are located.



contributed to arouse a new civic consciousness and bring a new meaning into community life. But the W. C. C. S. has best established a machine for coordinated betterment work, has best shown how local, personal service can be organized in touch with a national leadership. It has at once proved that trained direction and advice can be provided from above, while local action is accomplished through local resources and energy. It has proved, too, that in truly democratic service the community (or in large cities, the neighborhood) unit is the best one—for that is the largest group in which the personal touch can be preserved. When it comes to the matter of utilizing for reconstruction ends the vast amount of energy formerly expended in war service, and that new vigor which will come with the return of the army, it must be a community organization which leads the way.

Even if no particular problems of reconstruction are concerned, why, thoughtful people are asking, cannot some organization like the W. C. C. S. mobilize the good resources of the community for the ordinary citizen in peace-time as effectively as they have been mobilized for the soldier-visitor in war-time? The most hopeful material indication that the foundations laid by the W. C. C. S. are being solidified, that its machinery is being incorporated into community life permanently, is to be found in the impetus given to the Community House movement.

At Manhattan, Kansas, for instance, the city (by bonds), the Rotary Club and the War Camp Community Service have erected a substantial brick building, with the words "Community House" carved in stone over the door. For the period of the war this building was designed to be under the W. C. C. S., to be in effect a club for soldiers and their friends—which,

of course, includes every inhabitant of Manhattan. During the first week after its opening, it housed an officers' ball, a baby show, a convention of "The Capperpig Club," and a community reception, besides its usual soldier entertainment features. In it are the headquarters not only of the local W. C. C. S. committees, but of the Civilian Relief Bureau of the Red Cross, and similar betterment agencies. Presently the structure will revert to the city, and become strictly a clubhouse or meeting-place of a central community committee, gathering weekly to discuss not soldier entertainment but community comfort and welfare—thus becoming a focus for all that is vital in the social and recreational life of the city. The possibilities of such community houses as centers of reconstruction and other betterment work are unlimited. Naturally such projects as community recreation, community dancing, civic forums and united charity work would tend to centralize there. But the buildings might be utilized still further in the enrichment of the average citizen's life, by a development of the community arts. Already the W. C. C. S. has given a marked impetus to the community singing movement, by organizing regular "sings" at which civilians and men in uniform have joined. It has been suggested that each community house include a theater in which the local manifestation of the "little theater" movement can be developed; and it is not impossible that, in those towns which are too small to have art museums, the community house might be used as a picture-gallery, so that traveling exhibits sent out by the American Federation of Arts or similar organizations might be shown periodically. Only those who have lived in a culturally-starved small town can know what such a program means.

A method of financing the building of innumerable community houses has recently been suggested by Harold Buttenheim, of *The American City*. Each community, he urges, should turn into such a building all the funds which would otherwise go into soldiers' memorial statues and other purely ornamental testimonials to those who served or lost their lives in the war. A community house, he points out, would be a living memorial of the finest sort. Several influential organizations have already put their weight behind this really constructive idea—which would save many a public park from being disfigured by one more iron or granite statue, and at the same time provide a real center for community life. America, with this new community machinery building, with its immense material resources, with its hundred million people facing forward with an awakened spirit of service, with its armies soon to return from Europe eager to put new ideals and new energy into their daily lives, has a magnificent opportunity. It is to the problem of wisely mobilizing those resources, and directing the expenditure of that energy for organized constructive use of the nation at peace, for just economic and industrial readjustment, and for the development of the arts that all the war service agencies are now turning. It is because War Camp Community Service has foreseen the coming problems, and has partially solved them even while accomplishing its military work, that its activities take on a new importance at this time.

Before the war carpenters in Japan were paid the equivalent of 65 cents a day and now are getting 75 cents. Other trades by increases now receive as follows: Masons, 95 cents a day; roofers, 75 cents; bricklayers, \$1; joiners, 75 cents; gardeners 60 cents; shoemakers, 75 cents; foundrymen, \$1; printers and compositors, 67½ cents; unskilled laborers, 65 cents.

## ALL SORTS OF OPPORTUNITIES BEING FOUND FOR DISABLED MEN

RECENT surveys by the Red Cross Institute for Crippled and Disabled Men have brought out that the field open for reestablishment of such men in industrial life is much wider than may be supposed. Investigations of 542 factories have revealed 1,203 kinds of jobs open to leg cripples and 278 open to arm cripples. The report describes in detail the processes involved in each industry investigated; the advantages and disadvantages of each for arm and leg cripples; the wages paid; the organization of the trade and the general provisions for the safety of the workers. The surveys

have included the piano industry, leather, rubber and paper-goods industries, shoemaking, sheet-metal goods, the silk industry, cigar manufacture, drugs and chemicals, candy manufacture, the celluloid industry, optical goods and the motion-picture industry.

According to the *Vocational Summary* of the Federal Board for Vocational Education, in every million men sent overseas approximately 10,000 will be subjects for reeducation. This doesn't mean that 10,000 is the number wounded, which is considerably greater, but refers to men who have been so badly disabled through disease or in-

## Red Cross Finds 1,203 Kinds of Jobs Open to Leg Cripples and 278 to Arm Cripples

juries of violence that they are not able to return to the occupations in which they formerly made a living.

"Of the 10,000, one half, approximately, will be what is known as medical cases; that is to say, they will have, for instance, tuberculosis or may have gunshot wounds which incapacitate even though healed; or they may have been permanently disabled from gas, or have sciatic rheumatism, or a thousand and one ailments, which have rendered them unfit to return to their former civil occupations. The other 5,000 comprise within the number those who may be justly designated as cripples, but even at that the number of cripples is essentially small. Out of the 5,000 surgical



cases, approximately 500 of them may be really termed cripples—that is, where a man has lost an arm or a leg or most of the fingers of the hand, or lost a foot, and so on. Thus it may be seen that the word cripple is very largely a misnomer and the crippled and dismembered men comprise a minority of those who are disabled."

It is in the hospital work that so much misapprehension and confusion in the public mind arises. While the men are convalescing, steps are taken to keep them busy in various ways in order to accelerate their recovery, though many of these occupations have no value whatever aside from affording entertainment and diversion to the patients, while others are of direct curative value. Misinformation is so prevalent on this point that well-meaning people have a confused idea of rushing to hospitals and teaching soldiers to make bead bags, do embroidery, weave baskets, rugs and such other activities. It should be clearly understood that this is not "educating" them, but is simply done to keep them cheerful, to prevent too much introspection and to make the time pass more easily. If, we read, the soldier desires to leave the hospital without training, he may do so. Further:

"If after discharge and entering civil life he finds he is handicapped by reason of his injuries, he may still make application to the Federal Board and receive training. While he is engaged in taking the course which he has elected he is supported by an allowance from the War-



UNCLE SAM IS BUSY THESE DAYS TEACHING TRADES TO WOUNDED SOLDIERS  
A class in shoemaking being instructed at General Hospital No. 9, at Lakewood, New Jersey.

Risk Insurance Bureau. His allotments or allowances to his dependents are continued during his period of training precisely as if he were still in the Army or Navy. He is sent to a school, college, or technological institution which has been approved by the Federal Board and which has exceptionally good facilities for teaching the particular course which he has elected, or he is placed directly in the industry he has chosen, under the charge of skilled instructors; or in an office where, say, architecture is the business. His instruction is paid for, supervised, and looked after by the Federal Board for Vocational Education. It is thorough, practical in all its essentials, and designed to

turn out a practical man in the line who can at once 'cash in' on his newly acquired equipment in the way of trade or profession."

If, the statement concludes, it appears that the man is not profiting by the course or is not interested in that or in any other course, he will be discharged promptly from the class. Thereupon he falls back upon his compensation under the war-risk insurance act and has his pension alone to support him. It is usually less than the liberal provision made by the Federal Board for the soldier while in training for a vocation.

## NEEDED—COAL BRIQUETTES TO SOLVE THE FUEL PROBLEM

**T**O relieve the coal shortage in the United States it is urged that the enormous quantities of coal already mined and lying on the surface of the earth in huge culm piles be more immediately and extensively utilized to meet industrial and domestic needs. The soundness of the proposition is shown in the fact that British manufacturers are at the present moment demanding coal dust and screenings in form available for power purposes to an extent which, according to cable advices to the *New York Sun*, is responsible for the second largest deal in the history of the Welch coal fields:

"Dr. Llewellyn, of Abermare, purchased the Craigola Merthyr Company of Swansea, which owns the collieries in the Swansea Valley, covering 5,000 acres and having an annual output of 600,000 tons; also the Pannt fuel works of Swansea with an output of more than a million tons a year. The purchaser, who gave \$10,000,000 for

the properties, intends to expand the patent fuel factories, and hopes to solve the problem of using all the fine coal which hitherto has been discarded or used to fill old passages in the mines."

Patent fuel factories mentioned in the despatch are factories which make coal dust and siftings in one form or another of the briquettes familiar to coal consumers abroad. In fact, comments the *Evening World* (New York), Americans, with their vast coal resources and confident and prodigal demands upon the same, are almost the only people who have not studied an increasingly thrifty utilization of small sizes of coal which would otherwise go to waste in the culm piles. For many years, we are told, briquettes have been extensively manufactured and marketed at a low price in Great Britain. But the coal "barons" of this country have never seen enough profit in offering briquettes to

## Millions of Tons of Coal Dust and Siftings are Lying Idle in Huge Culm Piles

a public accustomed to consume coal wastefully at high prices.

In France coal briquettes have been for years as familiar to the small consumer as to the large. Describing what Parisians do with a scuttleful of coal during a war winter in the French capital, a writer in the *Saturday Evening Post* observes that "one commences by burning it for heating purposes, rejoicing in every second of its warmth and glow. One invites one's friends to such a gala. Naturally the coal dust has been left at the bottom of the receptacle, the sack in which it was delivered is well shaken for stray bits, and this together with the siftings, is mixed with potter's clay and sawdust—which latter has become a most appreciable possession in our day. The whole is then stirred together and made into bricks or balls which burn slowly but surely."

Millions of tons of what are known

as dust and smalls are, we are assured by expert investigators for the *Evening World*, obtainable from the culm piles of the Pennsylvania anthracite

district, with less labor than is required to mine new coal. Could this accumulated coal at any time be more thriftily used than in cheap briquettes

to help turn the wheels of American factories and to heat American homes? is a question for the Garfield administration to consider.

## WINTER WORK FOR FIVE MILLION POST-WAR GARDENERS

**T**HE National War Garden Commission, whose nationwide campaign for home food-production resulted last year in the planting of nearly five million back-yard and vacant-lot "munition plants," is urging the need of a winter "campaign of preparedness" in order that next year, "when the demand for food will be as great if not greater than this year," there may be even a more determined drive into the garden trenches. P. S. Ridsdale, Secretary of the Commission, tells in the *Touchstone Magazine* what should be done by every gardener who is determined to smash General Food Shortage and his hungry hordes. We read:

"Now is the time to make and draw to scale the plan for next year's garden. This will give proper order in planting and enable one to buy the right amount of seed in advance while the selection is good. Put in one general group small plants like beets, onions, lettuce, carrots, radishes and parsnips. In another general group put larger plants like corn, tomatoes and potatoes. Spreading ground vines, like melons and cucumbers, which need wider spacing, should be put in another general group. The reason for this grouping is that the various plants in a group need similar general treatment as well as spacing. Compare this plan with last year's plan so that a proper rotation of crops is secured. According to the crops which are grown and the insects and diseases which occur, preparation should be made to prevent their ravages next year. Insecticides and chemicals should be ordered. All spraying equipment

should be overhauled, cleaned and oiled in readiness for use in the spring and summer. Such preparation will mean the saving of crops, for a few days' delay in preventives and controls will result in serious losses from insect pests and diseases.

"The enemy is not asleep during the winter. The insects which will attack the garden next spring and summer are curled up in their hiding places only waiting for the chance to open up their guns on the fine rows of young and tender vegetables which they think are planted for their benefit. Remember that many people in the world will go hungry during the present year, until the crops are harvested next fall. While the armies of occupation are busy 'over there' this following winter, make your plans to raise food which will prevent starvation abroad. Owners of gardens will find that the saving of seed from this year's gardens will be of great help for next year's planting. While it is more satisfactory, ordinarily, to purchase seed from reliable dealers, the increased planting of home gardens, the poor crop of seed, the decrease of foreign importation, the exporting of certain seed

Secretary of National Commissions Appeals to All to Make Their Plans Without Delay



to Europe and the use of certain kinds of food have caused a shortage and, as an emergency measure, each gardener should save as much seed as possible. Saving seed is easily done tho it requires care and attention. In saving seed select healthy plants of a single variety grown by itself if possible. Where there are two or more varieties of the same vegetable growing side by side cross-fertilization takes place and standard seed cannot be obtained. It is well to learn all the features which make up the most desirable type of the variety of vegetable from which seed is to be saved. This article is intended to be helpful along this line. Seed saved where it is grown has two advantages. For one thing more careful selection can be given than is possible for all seed placed on the market. Another advantage is that plants from this seed will succeed best under local conditions. Select seed-plants which are free from disease, which show a vigorous growth, a good yield and quality, and mature early."

The average Government policy held by our soldiers and sailors amounts to \$8,500. The average British insurance of a British soldier is about \$95.00.

## DANGERS AND DISEASES FOR SOLDIERS TO GUARD AGAINST

**I**N view of the fact that the reeducation of disabled soldiers will soon be undertaken by the Federal Board for Vocational Education some idea of the range of disabilities is of interest. The following statistics of the character of the wounds and diseases of disabled men pensioned by the British government were recently given in the House of Commons by the Minister of Pensions. Up to the end of April, 1918, he said the number of disabled men who had received pensions was 341,025. He had worked out the percentages of different forms of disablement, and these were as follows:

	Per Cent.
Eyesight cases.....	2.8

Wounds and injuries to legs necessitating amputation.....	2.6
Wounds and injuries to arms necessitating amputation.....	1.4
Wounds, etc., to legs not necessitating amputation.....	11.9
Wounds, etc., to arms not necessitating amputation.....	8.45
Wounds, etc., to hands not necessitating amputation.....	4.45
Wounds, etc., to head.....	4.0
Hernia.....	.8
Miscellaneous wounds and injuries.....	5.55
Chest complaints and tuberculosis	11.60
Rheumatism.....	6.5
Heart disease.....	10.3
Epilepsy.....	1.0

## Tuberculosis and Chest Complaints are the Greatest of all Disabling Causes

Nervous diseases, shell shock, etc.	6.0
Insanity.....	.75
Deafness.....	2.0
Frostbite, including cases of amputation of feet or legs.....	.9
Miscellaneous diseases.....	18.36

The British Minister of Pensions further said that in the employment of disabled soldiers an armless man would probably in future be their greatest difficulty. Out of seventy messengers in the Ministry of Pensions, fifty-five were one-armed men. It is thus seen, however, that popular conception of the war-disabled man as being a man who has lost one or more of his limbs is far away from the reality.

# The Industrial World

## WAYS IN WHICH THE WAR HAS MADE AMERICA RICHER

**G**EORGE E. ROBERTS of the National City Bank (New York) maintains that the United States will pass out of the war period with more wealth than was possessed before the conflict began, despite the growing financial burden the country has had to carry since becoming one of the belligerents. Under the pressure of war needs, asserts this authority on big business, there has been much scientific development of industry—a whole new dye industry has been built up and agriculture has been stimulated as never before. Stocks of goods, it is true, have been heavily drawn down, but in his opinion it is not stocks that count in calculating a nation's wealth so much as the ability to keep up a flow of goods. Suppose, it is argued, the United States does owe \$20,000,000,000 or \$25,000,000,000. The bonds, which represent the indebtedness, are widely distributed. Of course, the taxes will be heavy, but they will pass out of the pockets of the taxpayers into the Treasury and out of the Treasury into the pockets of the bondholders, who come pretty near being the same people as the taxpayers. The capital, in other words, is not lost but is returned to the same communities for use in industry, for investment and in the employment of labor, all of which uses have equalizing, compensating influences, so that all classes will be practically reimbursed. However:

"I do not say that the United States might not have been richer if there had

been no war. That is another proposition. If we could have had all this industrial activity upon peace enterprises, in developing and upbuilding this country or other countries, no doubt we would be richer to-day. But as it is we have changed over from a debtor to a creditor nation, and I believe that in capacity for wealth production—that is to say, in capacity to turn out a stream of products and services which minister to the comfort and welfare of our people—we are decidedly ahead of where we stood at the beginning of the war. And so far as the future of business is concerned, there is no obstacle to the continuance of business activity except the difficulty of readjusting business to a peace basis. I do not minimize that difficulty; on the contrary, I think it a very serious one, but so far as this theory of the exhaustion of wealth by the war is concerned, there is nothing in it. The wealth-producing equipment of the world is only slightly impaired, and of this country is greater than ever.

"We are going to be peculiarly situated in our foreign relations after this war. We have paid off the greater part of what we owe abroad, and we have lent to foreign Governments some \$7,000,000,000 or \$8,000,000,000. Including all loans by the time the war is over probably there will be annual interest payments coming to us amounting to \$400,000,000 or \$500,000,000. How are we going to receive our pay? I am not questioning the ability of our debtors to raise this amount from their people. I have no doubt they can do it, but in what manner are they going to make payment to us? They can't pay it in gold; they haven't the gold to do it, and the total production of gold in the world outside of the United States wouldn't be enough to do it. We won't want them

## What It Means For Us to Be a Creditor Nation

to pay it in goods, for that would interfere seriously with our home industries.

"We have always had a balance in our favor in foreign trade, and we are ambitious to increase our exports. How are foreign countries going to settle balances in our favor? We have seen since we got into the war a very serious derangement of the exchanges, because gold was no longer available for settling balances. At this very time a man in Canada who has a payment to make in the United States must pay about \$2 per \$100 for exchanges. Only a few months ago a resident of this country who had a bill to pay in Spain was obliged to pay about \$150 to get a draft for \$100. Of course such conditions are ruinous to business relations. No trade could stand that in normal times. How, then, can we hope to increase our exports or even collect the interest payments due us, not to speak of payments on the principal? There is only one way out, and that is by extending more credit to them. We will have to capitalize the interest payments and reinvest them abroad. And if we want to sell goods to them we will have to take their bonds and stocks. In short, we will have to play the part that England has played in the past, of steadily increasing our foreign investments."

This means that the American investor will never get his pay in the sense of physically withdrawing what these countries will owe him. It means that he will be supplying foreign countries with capital to use even in competition with America—building up foreign industries that will compete with our own and aiding foreign banks to compete with American banks. Such is the future of American finance.

## GRAVITY OF THE WOMAN LABOR PROBLEM AFTER THE WAR

**"W**ATCH your 'ead!" is destined to become an after-the-war slogan which will cause some loss of sleep to party leaders and captains of industry in Great Britain and France and conceivably in this country. The war has opened up to women in the two former countries every source of industrial income, and in this country has placed women in branches of employment undreamed of as fitted to female labor two years ago. Far-seeing politicians and economists in England

and France, reports Martin Green who has been abroad studying the situation for the *New York Evening World*, have come to the conclusion that women who have taken the places of men in positions that yield good pay are going to insist on sticking to their jobs when their men come home. The situation has not become acute in this country but it has gone far enough to arouse interest and contemplation among captains of labor and industry. This investigator of conditions abroad,

## Millions of Women Here and Abroad Are Going to Stick to Good-Paying Jobs

which conditions may be indicative of forthcoming events at home, has found:

"First—Except in positions demanding more than normal strength—mostly confined to manual labor—women hold their own with men in every factor but speed and they gain speed by experience.

"Second—Women are, to say the least, as intelligent as men and in delicate work requiring close application and accuracy they are preferred by many employers.

"Third—Women are more dependable than men as to regularity in reporting for



work, despite natural handicaps. This is shown by the records of great institutions employing both men and women in England and France.

"Fourth—The necessity for the employment of women in industries and at tasks of labor in England and France has bettered working conditions and has created facilities for taking care of the children of working women which are little short of revolutionary.

"Fifth—Women, individually, are more persistent than men in forwarding a principle or cause working to their real or supposed advantage—as witness the Suffrage movement in England and the United States—and this is a very important matter for consideration in connection with the possible slogan of working womanhood, 'Watch yer 'ead!'"

Relative to the first two propositions the writer was an eye-witness of women abroad:

"Handling white hot metal in foundries, operating electric cranes and steam hammers in cannon factories, operating every sort of machine in munitions factories, running motor busses and trolley cars and acting as conductors of same, driving horse cabs and taxicabs, handling baggage

at the railway stations in Liverpool, London and Paris, selling tickets in railway stations—universally in the hands of women in France—acting as waitresses and cooks on dining cars, washing shop windows, painting signs, posting bills, cleaning the streets (in Paris), operating signal and switch towers in railroad yards, driving mercantile trucks, loading and unloading freight cars, wheeling light merchandise through the streets on hand trucks, cooking and serving tables in military camps (on the British front), driving ambulances under shell fire, setting mosaic flooring, conducting parties of soldiers on sightseeing tours in London and Paris, dismantling a yacht under the supervision of a woman foreman in the harbor at Havre, turning on electric street lamps at twilight, acting as gardeners in Paris parks, putting up street decorations for celebrations of festivals, replacing broken window panes and herding great flocks of sheep along roads congested with military traffic."

A member of the *Maison de la Presse* in Paris—the official press bureau of the Government—who was a professor in economics in a leading French university before the war, is quoted as saying:

"The war has given many French women their first taste of industrial independence. We have working in our factories indispensable to the war an army of women refugees from the north of France who never knew what it was to have a sou of their own before. Now they are receiving the equivalent of eight to ten American dollars a week. Will they go back to their devastated homes and take up their old lives? Perhaps—and perhaps not. For a long time after the war we shall need much woman labor in industries new to women because our man power has been shattered. The woman working in a man's place will thus become part of our industrial life. Women are observing. Their views have been widened by contact with American women and American methods and American money. My friend, it may be that the women of France will demand the vote."

Over 134 billion dollars have been diverted from the constructive uses of peace to the destructive uses of war. No human mind can comprehend this sum. It would take 2,550 years to count it at the rate of one hundred one-dollar bills per minute.

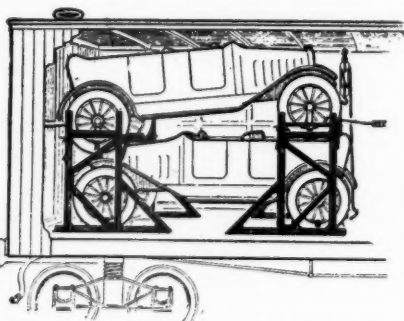
The United States Government has issued over 25 billion dollars of yearly term insurance to our soldiers and sailors.

## WAYS TO MAKE FREIGHT CARS DO MORE WORK

**F**EW people realize that approximately twenty cents out of every dollar they spend for things to eat, wear or otherwise use goes for freight, nor that in the case of perishable goods the cost of transportation from the point of origin to the final consumer is often as much as fifty cents for each dollar spent. But what are we going to do about it? The Government in taking over the railroads has eradicated many of the evils. No longer, for instance, will cars be held as warehouses for excessively long periods at ridiculously low charges, nor cars be loaded to only one-quarter capacity in order to meet a similar service in next-day delivery by a competing line. But all these steps toward efficiency do not solve the problem, according to a St. Louis engineer named Kirchner who, we read in *Popular Science Monthly*, would have the railroads employ a car in which a skeleton frame-work on wheels carries a number of boxlike steel sections which can be quickly loaded and unloaded by means of electric cranes.

"The sections are made in two main sizes, called the primary and secondary units. Five of the primary units, each of ten tons load capacity, go to make up the equipment of a 100,000-pound-capacity freight-car. The secondary units are of two and one-half tons capacity each, and twenty of them are carried on one car to make up the same fifty-ton capacity. The primary units are for through freight, while the secondary units are for local

freight. The secondary units may be used to carry still smaller units of from six to eight hundred pounds capacity, the latter units being so designed as to fit exactly inside of the secondary unit in much the same manner as a child's set of wood blocks fits into its outside box. All of the units are made of steel from three-sixteenths to a quarter of an inch thick, and are made water-, air-, and weather-proof, so that the goods contained in them



ONE WAY TO HELP THE RAILROADS  
By means of this trestle six, instead of three, automobiles can be shipped in a freight car.

cannot spoil. To prove this contention, two of the boxes have been filled with two different classes of materials, one with flour and one with sugar, and left to stand in the open air for two years. When opened the contents were in perfect condition. The advantages claimed for the method of shipping in units are that it would provide for greatly increased car mileage, resulting in increased car profits and decreased rates to the shipper; it would save back hauls of empties; it would practically eliminate demurrage

## One Device Is Equivalent to Adding 200,000 New Cars to Our Railroad Rolling Stock

charges; it would save the cost of handling and the cost of crating goods; it would save on insurance to cover breakage, since all the units are of steel; and it would eliminate the shoveling of coal or other bulk materials for loading or unloading."

A loading and shipping deck placed on the market by a western manufacturing concern for use in box cars or on flat cars is said to make it possible to increase the capacity of a car from sixty to a hundred per cent. To illustrate:

"Take the average flat car, which will hold three large automobiles, standing end to end on its platform. With the steel shipping deck three more automobiles of the same size may be placed above the three machines resting on the platform of the car, without exceeding the carrying capacity of the freight-car and without increasing the height of the load beyond the normal height of a box-car. This means a doubling of the loading capacity of the car and a large saving in freight charges for the shipper. The automobile industry in normal times uses about 90,000 freight-cars every month. Doubling the load of these cars would release one-half the number of cars every month for other purposes. It may not always be possible or feasible to use the double-deck method, but it is safe to assume that from 25,000 to 30,000 cars could be diverted for carrying other much needed freight. An increased load of two tons on every car would be the equivalent of adding 200,000 new cars to our rolling stock. These shipping decks would also be highly useful for shipping food."

## HOW THE FINANCIAL STRUCTURE OF GERMANY IS TOTTERING

GERMANY, on suing for peace, had accumulated a debt of about \$35,000,000,000, which was nearly half the total wealth of the empire. This, however, does not include the immense liabilities imposed on the individual German states, nor does it take into account the fact that Germany is in the grip of a panic. A survey of her financial condition reveals that paper money is about the only plentiful thing in the fatherland and that the ninth and last German loan was a failure. Nor does it take into account the curious fact that Germany has been spending \$32,000,000 a day on the war without being able to find the money either by taxation or by loan. In other words, Germany has for some time been living on temporary accommodation.

In view of the heavy indemnities under which she must stagger for years to come, it is interesting at this time to compare the condition of Germany with that of the United States. The former, with resources aggregating \$80,000,000,000, is at this writing \$35,000,000,000 in debt to herself, while the United States, with \$225,000,000,000 of assets, has as yet borrowed against those resources only about \$16,000,000,000. The *Economist* (London) estimates that the permanent revenue of the German Empire on the present basis of taxation will be \$1,750,000,000. If interest is to be paid on the debt, exclusive of indemnities, the expenditure will lie between \$3,000,000,000 and \$5,000,000,000. In other words, the German budget to-day does not cover one-half the certain outlay to be required of Germany in her first year of peace. As compared with the German revenue, we read in the *Economist* that the yearly revenue of Great Britain approximates \$4,200,000,000, which amply covers the national debt even as increased by the war. The revenue of the United States is at the rate of

\$8,000,000,000, which represents about the same proportion to its wealth as the British revenue does to the wealth of the United Kingdom. In both these democracies, writes P. W. Wilson in the *London Daily News*, credit is fully secured and for a simple reason:

"Our rich men and corporations are ready to pay taxes. They do it cheerfully and without loss of zeal for the war. But in Germany the wealthy capitalists, in alliance with the wealthy junkers, have done their utmost to force all taxation on the workers. Depending on wealth and aristocracy for his throne, the Kaiser dared not impose the kind of income tax which Republicans and Democrats, Liberals and Conservatives in the English-speaking countries loyally accept. The reason Germany cannot meet her liabilities is that she cannot go for money to the people who have money. Her position is precisely similar to that of France in the eighteenth century, when a revolution would have been avoided if the Bourbons had been able to persuade the privileged classes to forego their immunity from the burdens which fell so heavily on the peasants. Some people say that Germany can cut the Gordian knot by merely cancelling her debt, which means that nobody would pay taxes or receive interest. That is all very well, but the debt was the security on which commerce was to be rehabilitated after the war, and if a man's guaranteed assets disappear in the night how precisely will he meet his liabilities in the morning? Even Turkey, in her periods of spring cleaning, assumed responsibility for a proportion of her debts, only leaving, say, a half to the will of Allah! If Germany repudiates, then it is repudiation, and up to the present repudiation has been regarded as tantamount to national insolvency.

"Germany's position is the more serious because her trade, which abounded before the war, was largely speculative and based upon borrowed capital. Her balance sheet was inflated by ambition and was much less sound than the more cautious achievements of nations which regarded trade as human service rather than imperial ag-

## Dark Days Ahead With National Bankruptcy Threatening

gression. That trade has largely gone. Consider for one moment what Germany lost when she despised Great Britain. Before the war Britain was Germany's best customer, buying from her goods to the value of 1,000,000,000 marks a year. Even Austria-Hungary only purchased the value of 850,000,000 marks. We sold to Germany the value of 800,000,000 marks, and I suppose she paid the balance to us in freights and interest on our loans to her. Commercially we were by far the best friends that Germany ever had, yet to-day Germany has so antagonized our seamen that they will not carry as passenger a representative of the workers like Arthur Henderson because they think that he might be too ready to discuss peace by negotiation. The whole of that immense trade, passing to and fro between Germany and Great Britain, has been shattered and, while England will find other outlets, Germany, bereft of tonnage, is left helpless save in so far as she can prove a sincere repentance and desire to make reparation for the crimes she has committed."

All of which has a bearing on the ability of Germany to double or treble her taxes, or rather the revenue derived from them. In the opinion of this English writer the vast industries which Germany built up before the war will not quickly recover, and mid-Europe, dependent for 85 per cent. of its raw materials on Allied nations, will be driven back on agriculture as a main means of existence. The financial future of Germany therefore could hardly be darker. One result of her plight is likely to be a readiness to limit or abolish armaments until she has recovered something of her former prosperity.

Belfast, Ireland, has set a new record in shipbuilding that in ordinary times would be sure of standing perhaps for years. The workmen completed a ship in five working days after it was launched. Recently the Department of Labor was informed of a launching in Maine, where installation of machinery began within two hours after a vessel took the water.

## S. O. S. CALL FOR A BUNCH OF SHEEP ON EVERY FARM

IT is a matter of grave concern to the Government that the sheep-raising industry of the United States is being neglected to such an extent that there are to-day twelve million less sheep in the country than there were seventeen years ago. Facing the fact that range flocks in the West, especially in the Corn Belt States, are so rapidly being reduced, the Department of Agriculture is sending out an S. O. S. call to farmers in an effort to induce every farmer in the

Corn Belt to have a bunch of sheep. The situation is regarded as a very important war problem affecting both food and clothing.

In a canvass of five thousand farmers in all parts of the United States it develops that all but eighteen gave "dogs" as the main reason for the scarcity of sheep, and, by way of illustration, we read in a booklet issued by the International Harvester Company that during one night recently a Beaver County, Pennsylvania, farmer

## Uncle Sam Is Urged to Solve the Dog Problem and Restore Sheep-Raising to Its Former Importance

had fifty head of sheep, valued at \$1,000, killed and many others crippled by two dogs.

"Fifty ewes, producers of food and clothing, the product of years of skill and endeavor in breeding, the pride of a good farmer and a main source of his income, totally destroyed in one night by two worthless curs. This is but an incident in the history of the ravages of dogs. Farmers in every section are suffering as they have been for years. Sheep husbandry has been driven out of long-settled com-



munities and kept out of new ones because no adequate protection is afforded. All States have dog laws that if enforced would lessen such destruction, yet dog laws are nearer dead letters than anything on the statute books. What is the remedy? Put the dog in the same legal status as sheep, hogs, horses and cattle. Take away the right to run at large anywhere by day or night. Compel every dog-owner to keep his dog on his own premises or under his control when away from home. Any one has a right to own a dog, but no one has a right to maintain a nuisance. The dog problem is not solved by license. Licensing a dog, requiring the owner to buy a collar for him, or to pay a heavy tax on him, does not keep the dog from killing sheep or being a worthless cur. Require the dog-owner to be responsible for the whereabouts of his dog. Back this requirement with public sentiment and officers with backbone not of gristle, and sheep will come to their own. A medium-sized cow-bell on every tenth sheep will help to frighten dogs away and alarm the owner and neighbors. Don't use little dinky sheep-bells. They don't make enough noise. Use cow-bells."

The conclusion is that since the sheep and the goat are producers of food and clothing and the dog produces nothing, but is a consumer and de-



WHAT TWO STRAY DOGS DID IN ONE NIGHT

This is one of the reasons why there are twelve million less sheep in the country than there were seventeen years ago.

stroyer of one of the most important food resources, sentiment must be subordinated to the great and growing

need of the nation for meat and clothing, and the sheep and goat be substituted for the dog.

## AMERICAN DYE INDUSTRY NOW LEADS THE WORLD

**A**T the outbreak of the war there were only seven American manufacturers of artificial dyes and they gave employment to five hundred and twenty-eight persons. At present there are one hundred and ninety such establishments, employing more than twenty thousand people. Whereas, four years ago the total value of American-made dye products was \$3,000,000, it was \$87,000,000 last year. Behind these bald figures is the romance of the rise of a new industry—artificial dye making—in the United States. They represent, virtually, the creation of an industry, not the ordinary expansion of an established industry.

The story is told in the latest reports of the United States Tariff Commission. The figures point to a wonderful new field for American investors, a field so fertile that already it has attracted the financial interest of such great aggregations of capital as the E. I. du Pont de Nemours Company, the Eastman Kodak Company and

Thomas A. Edison, Inc. The du Ponts, like many other makers of munitions, have arranged to transform certain of their explosive manufacturing plants into dye works. The Tariff Commission reports show how American chemists, backed by American capital, have gone into Germany's pet field and virtually taken the world's dyestuff trade away from our late military antagonist. So completely has this been done that the United States to-day not only has overcome a \$65,000,000 German lead in the annual value of dye products, but is annually exporting dyes worth approximately \$20,000,000 to markets formerly dominated by the Teutons. We read:

"South America, the Far East and other centers have openly expressed preference for American-made dyes. Before the war Germany produced 75 per cent. of the dyes made throughout the world. More than \$9,000,000 worth of artificial dyes were brought to this country annually from Germany up to 1914. The last shipment

## Field Once Dominated by Germany in South America, Far East and Europe Invaded by Our Products

of German dyes was received here on March 15, 1915. In 1914 we exported only \$356,910 worth of dyestuffs. In the year ending June 30, 1916, we sent into foreign markets \$5,102,002 in dyes; in 1917, \$11,709,287, and in 1918, up to June 30, \$16,921,888. America now is exporting more than \$5,000,000 worth of dyes to South America and Asia and corresponding amounts to Italy, England and other countries.

"The end of the war means that the industry will boom as never before. Its total investment of capital will amount to hundreds of millions, because of the many munitions plants that will be turned into dye manufactories. There are now available not only thousands of workers but valuable chemicals hitherto needed to manufacture explosives. These latter include toluol, an essential raw material for scores of dyes; acetic acid, essential for the manufacture of indigo and many other dyes, and chlorine, required in making indigo, sulphur black and other dyes. Many of the munitions people have placed Government chemists at the head of their new dye works, notably that of the du Pont Powder Company."

## ORIGIN OF THE COLLAR AND ITS CURIOUS HISTORY

**T**HAT there is more in or behind a linen collar than a neck is shown by a glance at its history and at other interesting and little ad-

vertized facts about this common article of wearing apparel. For instance, the first detachable collar was the idea of the wife of a Troy, New York,

## How the Industry Has Grown Since Its Inception in 1829

blacksmith. She had the idea in 1825, previously to which shirts had always been made with collars and cuffs

(Continued on page 67)



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## Financial Department

### THE TRANSIT FROM WAR TO PEACE TIMES

By LOUIS GUENTHER

Editor of *The Financial World*.

In adding this *Financial Department* to the magazine, we are answering an insistent call to more extended service. Reconstruction and construction are the key-notes of the hour, and it is in that sense that the department is founded. We have nothing to pull down, but everything to build up and our main aim is, with the assistance of the best talent available, to furnish our readers a correct estimate of values and a knowledge of how to understand and use them. The success of the department, as a form of service, demands the cooperation of our readers, and all inquiries addressed to Financial Editor, CURRENT OPINION, 65 West 36th Street, New York, will receive prompt and careful attention.

NO gift of prophecy can foresee the developments arising from the reconstruction period we are about to enter upon. We may assume there are certain probabilities that likely can occur, if the precedents established by previous epochs, similar to what we are now in, correctly lead us to our conclusions. The very word "reconstruction" as applied to the immediate post-war conditions sufficiently suggests the momentous and laborious work the whole world faces. There is much wastage of property and loss of productive energy to be replaced, for those are the gaping wounds all wars cause, with but few exceptions. Readers of CURRENT OPINION must be thinking of this vital subject just as keenly and with equal perturbation as most other intelligent people. Probably some of you are wandering about in a circle of doubt because of the prevailing diversity of opinion about the effect upon business of the coming reconstruction. Lend an ear to the optimist and he will cram down it his message of hope and of the great prosperity he confidently expects is about setting in. But then comes along the pessimist with his dirge about probable serious labor disturbances, and the heavy burden on business of onerous taxation which soon withers the optimist's cheer into a spirit of apprehension and depression.

MUCH of a similar admixture of hope and doubt obsessed our people shortly after the Civil War, which, at least, to us, was relatively as important as was the struggle that has just ended. Then, there prevailed as much speculation as to the effect of the readjustment and as much uncertainty about the return of the country to the normalities of peace. Such questions as what should be done with the army after it was demobilized and with the workers, who had been withdrawn from their normal occupations for war-work; whether commodities would come down in price in the absence of inflationary influences that are coincident with the withdrawal of productive energy from peaceful pursuits, and the liquidation of what was then considered a heavy war-debt, absorbed national interest, because of their possible effect on business during the country's transition from war to peacetimes. Yet, none of these fears were realized until eight years after the Civil War. The panic of 1873 was the culmination of the inflation for which the read-

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justment of that period was responsible. And that panic was caused by conditions which do not prevail to-day. Then the country was heavily in debt, whereas it is now a creditor nation. Our economic structure was not so stable then, and we had not the great reserve wealth which we have accumulated in the years which have since intervened and which have been marked by the greatest development of our natural resources. Old financial records of this period speak about the ease with which the country rode through the reconstruction period; they mention that there was not so much as a ripple in the labor situation, for as fast as the army was demobilized, work was found for the soldiers. Will our experience in the coming reconstruction period turn out as fortunately?

IN less than nineteen months more than \$18,000,000,000 was raised through Liberty Loans and many more billions by tax levies. The end of such financing is not yet here, but now that a victorious goal has been reached, the balance of the road which still must be covered will not be difficult to journey over. Another good indication of the solidity of the nation's business and banking foundation is our commercial statistics, which fail to show any material increase in the number of failures. Despite the drain upon our capital from our large loans and taxes, there remains plenty of money in the country for investment in sound securities, as is evident from the quick absorption of numerous short-term note and bond issues offered by private investment houses. As for labor, it has benefited materially from increased wages resulting from the war, consequently this great working arm of the country is in splendid shape to adjust itself to peace conditions. Serious troubles are hardly likely from this source, when their engendering causes, soup kitchens and hard times, do not exist. Congress and the President himself view the reconstruction in a constructive manner. In his message to the National Legislature the President recommended that the states, cities, towns and villages proceed with public improvements which had been suspended during the war, employing for such work the residuum of the floating labor supply; that the arid lands, consisting of between fifteen and twenty million acres, be reclaimed by irrigation for the benefit of our returning soldiers who can not find employment elsewhere. Through these two sources alone should be taken up considerable slack in surplus labor, in the event it is not absorbed by industries, which had to curtail production during the war, and the shortage in farm labor.

Another underlying factor to which only passing thought is given, and which should also provide a strong stanchion for the maintenance of good business, as soon as the country finds its bearings, is the new capital the Government will create annually in the form of interest it will have to pay on its war debt. This already amounts to more than \$720,000,000 and will be considerably augmented before our war-bill has been fully financed. Commodity prices and the cost of labor revolve about the axis of profit. Living is not costly so far as high prices are concerned, when we are earning good profits, whether through work or having others work for us.

Next month Mr. Guenther will write an article for this magazine on "Variety in Investments," an analysis of why you should vary them and how to do so.

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(Continued from page 64)

attached. To a retired Methodist minister, however, goes the credit of originating the collar-manufacturing industry. According to the *American Exporter*, the Rev. Ebenezer Brown, in 1829, opened a dry-goods store in Troy and made the collar business an important feature of his small establishment. His wife and daughter made the collars, which were of the stand-up kind, with strings by which they were fastened around the neck, and the proprietor peddled them about. Brown's success soon attracted others in the haberdashery business and in 1834 a shirt-bosom and collar factory was started in Troy. From that time on the industry has grown steadily. However:

"It was not until 1851 that anyone entertained the idea that a product like collars could be made by machinery, all of the work, cutting, turning, stitching and buttonholing having been done entirely by hand before that time. The introduction of the sewing-machine gave the industry a great boom. Nathaniel Wheeler, of the Wheeler & Wilson Company, came to Troy in 1851 to introduce his machines, but the collar and shirt makers laughed at him when he declared that his invention would enable them to produce as good collars and at a lower cost than any human being could sew them. However, one manufacturer, Jefferson Gardner, took the machines into his factory and so immediate was his success that within twelve months all of the other factories of the city were supplied with similar machines. The next invention which gave the collar industry a sudden and amazing growth was the buttonhole sewing-machine, introduced in 1875. Without this timely discovery the manufacturers would never have been able to supply the market with the collars required. Numerous other inventions and improvements have been made in all branches of the industry."

**F**EW outside of the collar industry have any idea of the details that enter into the making of these small and common articles of wearing apparel. For instance:

"It takes about three yards of cloth to make an average dozen of collars. Some brands are manufactured of materials made from the short staple varieties of cotton known as carded yarns. Owing to the shortness of the staples it is not possible to comb this class of cotton, the result of which is that there is considerable unevenness in the finished cloth. The best collars are made from cloth in which the long staple variety of cotton is used. These staples run  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches or more in length, and all the yarns are combed before spinning. These long staple varieties are only found in the very finest grade of cotton, known as Sea Island Cotton, raised mostly on the Sea Islands and along the coast of South Carolina. It is considered the finest cotton grown, and when made into cloth gives a fine uniform evenness of finish which is responsible for the linen-like finish of the collars."



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## Shear Nonsense

### Futile Idealism.

Two political candidates were discussing a coming local election. "What did the audience say when you told them you had never paid a dollar for a vote?" queried one. "A few cheered, but the majority seemed to lose interest," returned the other.

### Lincoln's Big Feet.

Lincoln, the San Francisco *Argonaut* recalls, loved jokes on himself, and one day a congressman called at the White House and found the President had a cold, and he expressed his sympathy. "Well," said Lincoln, as he looked down at his feet, which were, of course, uncommonly large, "I expect colds. There's so much of me on the ground, you know."

### The Dog Ran Away with the Kettle

"I'll learn ye tae tie the kettle tae the dog's tail!" Tommy's mother yelled in her wrath.  
"It wisna' oor dog!" cried frightened Thomas.  
"Now, it wisna' oor dog," shrieked the enraged mother, "but it wis oor kettle!"—*Pearson's*.

### Scotch Thrills.

Sandy Macpherson came home after many years, and met his old sweetheart. Honey-laden memories thrilled through the twilight and flushed their glowing cheeks.  
"Ah, Mary," exclaimed Sandy, "ye're jist as beautiful as ye ever were, and I ha'e never forgotten ye, my bonnie lass."  
"And ye, Sandy," she cried, while her blue eyes moistened, "are jist as big a leear as ever, an' I believe ye jist the same."—*Reedy's Mirror*.

### He Licked Her Hand.

Shoeless, he climbed the stairs, opened the door of the room, entered, and closed it after him without being detected. Just as he was about to get into bed his wife, half-aroused from slumber, turned and sleepily said:  
"Is that you, Fido?"  
The husband, telling the rest of the story, said:  
"For once in my life I had real presence of mind. I licked her hand."—*Tit-Bits*.

### Penelope Up to Date

The sixth-grade class in reading had followed Ulysses through several years of wandering. Then the teacher asked:  
"What was Penelope doing all this time?"  
Louis answered, solemnly: "Well, every day she and her maids spun and wove all day; and every night Penelope raveled out all the cloth they had woven during the day. Finally she said to those suitors: 'I won't marry any of you fellows till I get this sweater done.'"  
—*Harper's Magazine*.

### "You Know Me, Al."

The following story is vouched for by William G. Shepherd, the war correspondent, and appears in *Everybody's*:  
In a baseball game at Constantinople between Turks and the crew of the *Scorpion*, an American Navy boat, the score was tied. With two men out in their half of the ninth inning, the hopes of the Turks centered on their star batter.  
As he came up to the plate, he raised his bat before his eyes, pointing it to high heaven, and with uplifted glance he murmured: "Oh, Allah! Give me a good eye!"  
"One strike," shouted the umpire, as the Turk missed the ball.  
Again the Turk raised his bat toward the sky. "Oh, Allah! Give me nerve!" he supplicated.  
"Two strikes," shouted the umpire, as the Turk missed again. A third time the Turk held his bat pointing upward. "Oh, Allah! Give me strength!" he begged.  
"Three strikes! You're out!" said the umpire.  
An American sailor came up to bat. He, too, raised his bat before his uplifted eyes. "You know me, Al," he murmured fervently. And then he knocked the home run that won the game.

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Just think a moment what a powerful rôle your nerves play in your life. It is your nerves that govern the action of the heart, so that your blood will circulate. It is your nerves that govern your breathing, so that your blood will be purified. It is your nerves that promote the process of digestion, assimilation and elimination. Every organ and muscle, before it can act, must receive from the nerves a current of Nerve Force to give it life and power.

Your body and all its organs and parts may be compared to a complex mass of individual electric motors and lights, which are connected with wires from a central electric station, where the electric power is generated. When the electric force from the central station becomes weak, every motor will slow down and every light will become dim.

If you wish a clear and alert brain; vital organs which will do their duty, and nerves that will not desert you in a crisis, you must give due care to the Central Nervous Station in your body. You must save your Nerve Force in every possible way.

We are living in the age of nerve strain, the "mile a minute life." Every man, woman and child is over-taxing the nerves, thus wrecking that delicate system. Nerve strain cannot be entirely avoided, but it can be modified. Much can be done to temper the nerves against strain.

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